# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 13, 1913

5cts. THE COPY

## Beginning THE GOLDFISH

# PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke –*

THE others are going to give him neckties and slippers and handkerchiefs and what not. If *you* are stumped and just don't know *what* to get, take this little tip from Santa Claus—just you slip around to any tobacco shop and tell the man you want a one-pound glass humidor full of Prince Albert. He will fix you up a spanking fine Christmas package and you can slip it on the mantel *for Him.* Maybe you don't know what a crackerjack Christmas present P. A. makes, but take it from your Uncle Nicholas—that father, husband, brother or sweetheart of yours will make a mental note that "there's one woman who understands a man." The pungent, spicy aroma of P. A. adds to the Christmasy smell of the house. *He* will be glad you chose P. A., because he knows he can smoke all he wants during his holiday without a burned tongue or parched throat. Prince Albert can't bite anyone's tongue. Our patented process removes the bite. Buy that package now while the stores have plenty.

***P. A. is also sold in 10c tidy red tins; 5c toppy red bags and in half-pound tin humidors.***

**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY**
**Winston-Salem, N. C.**

Cadillac
Standard of the World

# Cadillac again awarded the Dewar Trophy

## Europe's highest Motor Tribunal pronounces 1914 Cadillac mechanical achievements to be the greatest of the year, demonstrating the advancement of the industry

In our first announcement of the 1914 Cadillac, and its two-speed direct drive axle, we said:—"The Cadillac is about to endow the motor car with A new element of efficiency, A new quality of luxury, A new source of economy."

After several thousand purchasers had received demonstrations of the truth of this prediction, we said in a later announcement:

"Motoring as you know it, and motoring as the owner of a 1914 Cadillac knows it, are two distinct and different things."

And we added, that the Cadillac owner was enjoying luxuries to which you must remain a stranger as long as you did not drive a Cadillac.

*But we did not dream when we wrote the words, that so distinguished an endorsement as the second award of the Dewar Trophy was close at hand.*

You will recall that the first award of the Dewar Trophy to the Cadillac pronounced it the most thoroughly standardized car in the world.

In the test, three Cadillac cars were entirely dismantled, all of the parts thoroughly mixed, and eighty-nine parts removed from the heap and subetitute parts provided.

The three cars were then re-built into perfect running condition from the haphazard heap—wrenches and screw drivers being the only tools necessary.

Standardization was defined to mean in this test—as it always has meant—that every Cadillac part was exactly like every other part of its kind.

It did not mean nearly like it or almost like it, but absolutely like it, down to the one-thousandth part of an inch, where that degree of accuracy was essential.

In other words, that there was complete interchangeability, perfect alignment of parts and units, perfect harmony in their operating relations with each other, and a total absence of ill-fitting joints and bearings.

The Cadillac is the only car which has ever passed this tremendously significant test of what constitutes standardization; and the award to the Cadillac was the only one ever made upon such a test.

And that fact lends especial significance to this second award of the same trophy to the same car, but from a new angle of analysis.

It is one thing to feel sure that your manufacturing principles are sound and scientific.

THE DEWAR TROPHY

It is another, and a more pleasant thing, to have that fact almost universally appreciated by your own countrymen.

But it is gratifying in the extreme to have the approval of your own nation reinforced by an international verdict.

You, as a Cadillac owner—present or prospective—can take just pride in this second award of the Dewar Trophy.

It is more than a Cadillac achievement—it is a tribute from high sources to American skill and to American engineering initiative.

The Royal Automobile Club, which conducts the contests for the Dewar Trophy, is the most conservative tribunal of its type in the world.

The Dewar Trophy is the motor classic.

It is awarded for the most distinguished achievement of the year, demonstrating the advancement of the industry.

It takes into account manufacturing principles as well as performances.

Sir Thomas Dewar, when he instituted the Trophy, had it in mind to seek out, each year, the car of super-excellence.

So the awards are as disinterested, and as scientific, as the awards of the Nobel Prize in a totally different field of endeavor.

We may all of us feel justly reinforced, therefore, in our good opinion of this splendid American car, the Cadillac.

We may feel that its virtues have not been overstated.

We may all feel that these announcements have not overdrawn the advantages of the latest Cadillac development, the Cadillac two-speed direct drive axle.

It was not merely the point-by-point performance of the car over give-and-take roads for a thousand miles.

It was not merely the certainty and the endurance of the electrical devices in self-cranking, lighting and ignition.

It was not merely the remarkable record of 17.17 miles per gallon of gasoline (notwithstanding repeated stops and starts in testing the electric cranking device).

It was not alone the astonishing record of more than 1,000 miles per gallon of lubricating oil.

It was not only that the two-speed direct drive axle was a material factor in making possible these results; and that it gave to the word "luxury" a new meaning as applied to motoring.

It was not only the perfect record in the shifting of the rear axle gears from high to low and vice versa 520 times, by means of the electric shifting device.

No, the Dewar Trophy was awarded to the Cadillac for the second time—and the Cadillac is the only American car which has ever received it, and the only car in the world to which it has ever been awarded twice—because the Cadillac is the Cadillac, because it is what it is, and because it does what it does.

Because the Cadillac proved itself to be the car of all-around super-excellence as a complete entity.

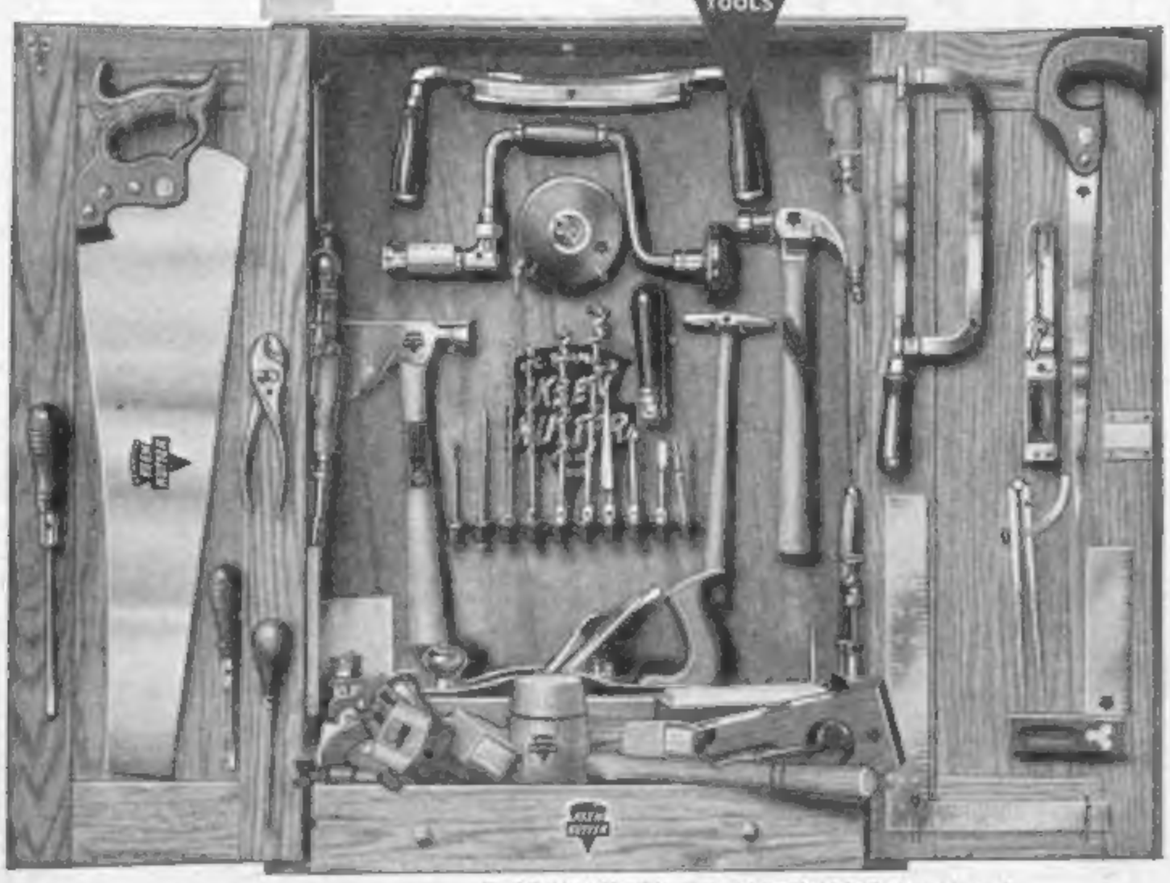
Because it proved its dominant characteristics to be those which make most for all-around constancy and serviceability.

Because, as we have said, no other car rides or drives like the Cadillac.

Because, in fact, it is the Standard of the World.

**Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.**

E. C. SIMMONS
KEEN KUTTER
TRADE MARK REG. CUTLERY U.S. PAT. OFF.
AND TOOLS



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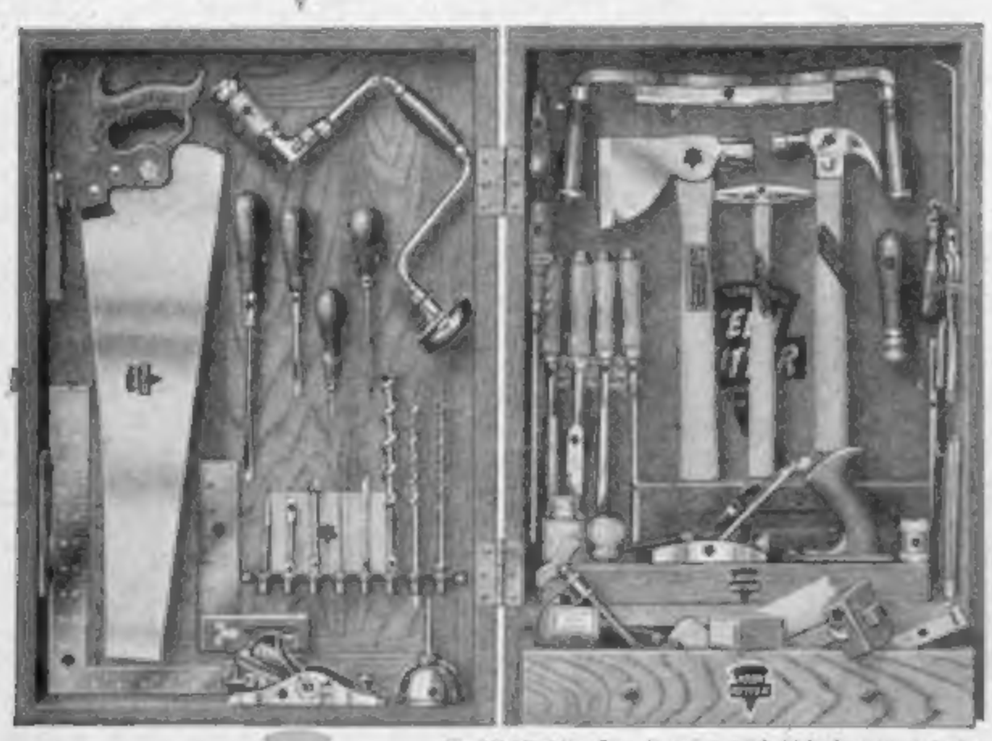

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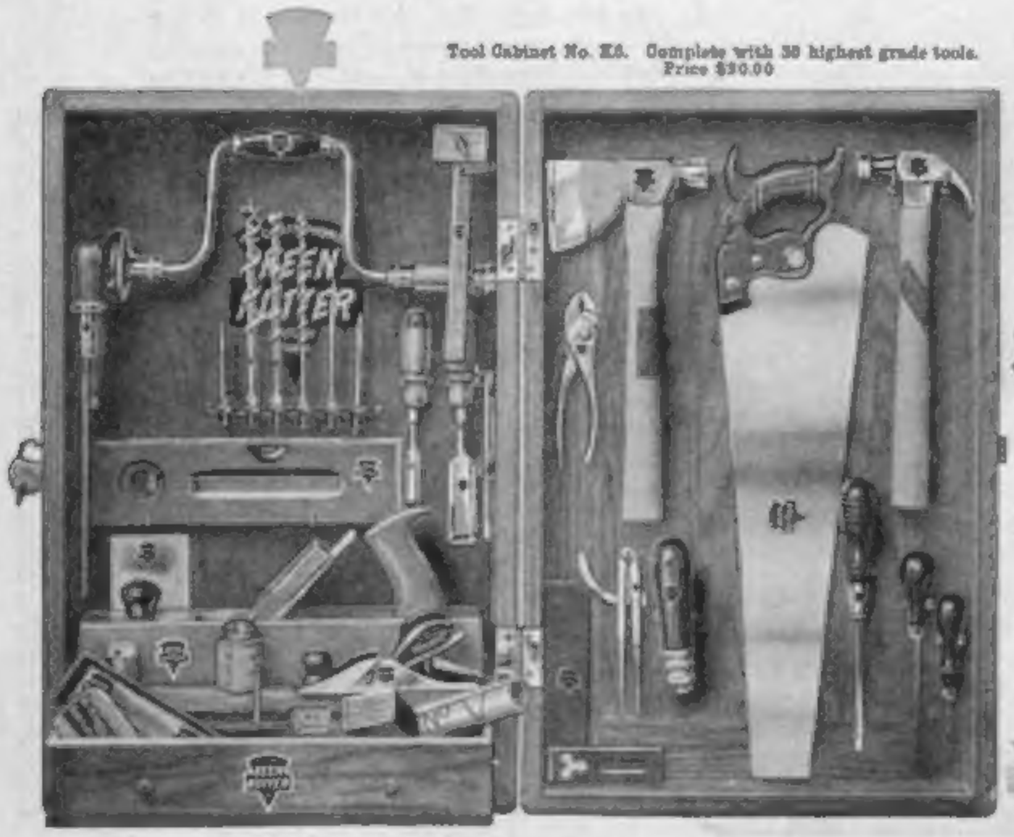


Tool Cabinet No. K6. Complete with 30 highest grade tools.
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# First Choice for Men

**Give "him" a *tool cabinet* or a *safety razor,* or a *pocket knife.***

Here are three famous articles bearing the Keen Kutter trade mark that will delight every man. Each is a necessity in a man's kit that makes for happiness and contentment. Any one or all three are *real* Christmas gifts—practical and sensible.

# KEEN KUTTER

tool cabinets contain only the standard Keen Kutter Quality Tools, whether you pay $8.50 or $125.00. The difference of price is simply in the *number* of tools. In small space is neatly arranged every tool any home-maker or carpenter has use for.

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# THE GOLDFISH*

## Being the Confessions of a Successful Man

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"My house, my affairs, my ache and my religion."

I AM fifty years old today. Half a century has hurried by since I first lay in my mother's wondering arms. To be sure, I am not old; but I can no longer deceive myself into believing that I am still young. After all, the illusion of youth is a mental habit consciously encouraged to defy and face down the reality of age. If, at twenty, one feels that he has reached man's estate he, nevertheless, tests his strength and abilities, his early successes or failures, by the temporary and fictitious standards of youth.

At thirty a professional man is younger than the business man of twenty-five. Less is expected of him; his work is less responsible; he has not been so long on his job. At forty the doctor or lawyer may still achieve an unexpected success. He has hardly won his spurs, though in his heart he well knows his own limitations. He can still say: "I am young yet!"

But at fifty! Ah, then he must face the facts! He either has or has not lived up to his expectations and he can never begin over again. A creature of physical and mental habit, he must for the rest of his life trudge along in the same path, eating the same food, thinking the same thoughts, seeking the same pleasures—until he acknowledges with reluctance that he is an old man.

I confess that I had so far deliberately tried to forget my approaching fiftieth milestone, or at least to dodge it with closed eyes as I passed it by, that my daughter's polite congratulation on my semicentennial anniversary gave me an unexpected and most unpleasant shock.

"You really ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she remarked as she joined me at breakfast.

"Why?" I asked, somewhat resenting being thus definitely proclaimed as having crossed into the valley of the shadows.

"To be so old and yet to look so young!" she answered with charming *savoir-faire*.

Then I knew the reason of my resentment against fate. It was because I was labeled as old while, in fact, I was still young. Of course that was it. Old? Ridiculous! When my daughter was gone I gazed searchingly at myself in the mirror. Old? Nonsense!

### How Old is a Man on His Fiftieth Birthday?

I SAW a man with no wrinkles and only a few crow's-feet such as anybody might have had; with hardly a gray hair on my temples and with not even a suggestion of a bald spot. My complexion and color were good and denoted vigorous health; my flesh was firm and hard on my cheeks; my teeth were sound, even and white; and my eyes were clear save for a slight cloudiness round the iris.

The only physical defect to which I was frankly willing to plead guilty was a flabbiness of the neck under the chin, which might by a hostile eye have been regarded as slightly double. For the rest I was strong and fairly well—not much inclined to exercise, to be sure, but able, if occasion offered, to wield a tennis racket or a driver with a vigor and accuracy that placed me well out of the duffer class.

Yes; I flattered myself that I looked like a youth of thirty, and I felt like one—except for things to be hereinafter noted—and yet middle-aged men called me "Sir" and waited for me to sit down before doing so themselves; and my contemporaries were accustomed to inquire jocularly after my arteries. I was fifty! Another similar stretch of time and there would be no I. Twenty years more—with ten years of physical effectiveness if I were lucky! Thirty, and I should be useless to everybody. Forty—I shuddered. Fifty—I should not be there. My room would be vacant. Another face would be looking into the mirror.

Unexpectedly on this legitimate festival of my birth a profound melancholy began to possess my spirit. I had lived. I had succeeded in the eyes of my fellows and of the general public. I was married to a charming woman. I had two marriageable daughters and a son who had already entered on his career as a lawyer. I was prosperous. I had amassed more than a comfortable fortune. And yet ——

### The Only Happy Man

THESE things had all come, with a moderate amount of striving, as a matter of course. Without them, undoubtedly I should be miserable; but with them—with reputation, money, comfort, affection—was I really happy? I was obliged to confess I was not. Some remark in Charles Reade's Christie Johnstone came into my mind—not accurately, for I find that I can no longer remember literally—to the effect that the only happy man is he who, having from nothing achieved money, fame and power, dies before discovering that they were not worth striving for.

I put to myself the question: Were they worth striving for? Really, I did not seem to be getting much satisfaction out of them. I began to be worried. Was not this an attitude of age? Was I not, in fact, old in spite of myself? If a man is as old as he feels was I not an old man, perhaps, regardless of my youthful face?

At any rate, it occurred to me sharply, as I had but a few more years of effective life, did it not behoove me to pause and see, if I could, in what direction I was going?—to stop, look and listen?—to take account of stock?—to form an idea of just what I was worth physically, mentally and morally?—to compute my assets and liabilities?—to find out for myself by a calm and dispassionate examination whether or not I was spiritually a bankrupt? That was the hideous thought which, like a death mask, suddenly leered at me from behind the arras of my mind—that I counted for nothing—cared really for nothing! That when I died I should have been but a hole in the water!

The previous evening I had taken my two distinctly blasé daughters to see a popular melodrama. The great audience that packed the theater to the roof went wild, and my young ladies, infected in spite of themselves with the same enthusiasm, gave evidences of a quite ordinary variety of excitement; but I felt no thrill. To me the heroine was but a painted dummy mechanically repeating the lines that some playwright had written for her as he puffed a reeking cigar in his rear office, and the villain but a popinjay with a black whisker stuck on with a bit of pitch. Yet I grinned and clapped to deceive them, and agreed that it was the most inspiriting performance I had seen in years.

*They [the rich] are like goldfish swimming round and round in a big bowl. They can look through, sort of dimly, but they can't get out.—*Hastings*.

In the last act there was a horserace cleverly devised to produce a convincing impression of reality. A rear section of the stage was made to revolve from left to right at such a rate that the horses were obliged to gallop at their utmost speed in order to avoid being swept behind the scenes. To enhance the realistic effect the scenery itself was made to move in the same direction. Thus, amid a whirlwind of excitement and the wild banging of the orchestra, the scenery flew by, and the horses, neck and neck, raced across the stage—without progressing a single foot.

And the thought came to me as I watched them that, after all, this horserace was very much like the life we all of us were living here in the city. The scenery was rushing by, time was flying, the band was playing—while we, like the animals on the stage, were in a breathless struggle to attain some goal to which we never got any nearer.

Now as I smoked my cigar after breakfast I asked myself what I had to show for my fifty years. What goal or goals had I attained? Had anything happened except that the scenery had gone by? What would be the result should I stop and go with the scenery? Was the race profiting me anything? Had it profited anything to me or anybody else? And how far was I typical? A moment's thought convinced me that I was the prototype of thousands all over the United States.

"A certain rich man!" I was he. I had yawned for years at dozens of sermons about men exactly like myself. Yet I had called them twaddle. I had rather resented them. I was not a sinner—that is, I was not a sinner in the ordinary sense at all. I was a good man—a very good man. I kept all the commandments and I acted in accordance with the requirements of every standard laid down by other men exactly like myself. Between us, I now suddenly saw, we made the Law and the Prophets. Yes; we were all judging ourselves by self-made tests. I was just like all the rest. What was true of me was true of them. And what were we, the crowning achievement of American civilization, like? I had not thought of it before. Here, then, was a question the answer to which might benefit others as well as myself. I resolved to answer it if I could—to write down in plain words and cold figures a truthful statement of what I was and what they were.

I had been a fairly wide reader in my youth, and yet I did not recall anywhere precisely this sort of self-analysis. Confessions, so called, were usually amatory episodes in the lives of the authors, highly spiced and colored by emotions often not felt at the time, but rather inspired by memory. Other analyses were the contented narratives of supposedly poverty-stricken people who pretended they had no desires in the world save to milk the cows and watch the grass grow. Adventures in contentment interested me no more than adventures in unbridled passion.

### *Weighed in the Balance of Good and Evil*

I WAS going to try and see myself as I was—naked. To be of the slightest value, everything I set down must be absolutely accurate and the result of faithful observation. I believed I was a good observer. I had heard myself described as a cold proposition, and coldness was a *sine qua non* of my enterprise. I must brief my case as if I were an attorney in an action at law. No; rather I must make an analytical statement of fact like that which usually prefaces a judicial opinion. I must not act as a pleader, but first as a keen and truthful witness and then as impartial judge. And at the end I must either declare myself innocent or guilty of a breach of trust—pronounce myself a faithful or an unworthy servant.

I must dispassionately examine and set forth the actual conditions of my home life, my business career, my social pleasures, the motives animating myself, my family, my professional associates and my friends—weigh our comparative influence for good or evil on the community and diagnose the general mental, moral and physical condition of the class to which I belonged.

To do this aright I must see clearly things as they were without regard to popular favor or prejudice, and must not hesitate to call them by their right names. I must spare neither myself nor anybody else. It would not be altogether pleasant. The disclosures of the microscope are often more terrifying than the work of the surgeon's knife; but by thus studying both myself and my contemporaries I might perhaps arrive at the solution of the problem that was troubling me—that is to say, why I, with every ostensible reason in the world for being happy, was not!

I have already indicated that I am a sound, moderately healthy, vigorous man, with a slight tendency to run to fat. I am five feet ten inches tall, weigh a hundred and eighty-two pounds, have gray eyes, a rather aquiline nose, and a close-clipped dark-brown mustache, with enough gray hairs in it to give it dignity. My movements are quick; I walk with a spring. I usually sleep, except when worried over business. I do not wear glasses and I have no organic trouble of which I am aware. My life insurance company has just reinsured me after a thorough physical examination. My appetite for food is not particularly good, and my other appetites, in spite of my vigor, are by no means keen. Eating is about the most active pleasure that I can experience; but in order to enjoy my dinner I have to drink a cocktail, and my doctor says that is very bad for my health.

*"If Only Your Father Could See You Now!"*

My personal habits are careful, regular and somewhat luxurious. I bathe always once and generally twice a day. Incidentally I am accustomed to scatter a spoonful of scented powder in the water for the sake of the odor. I like hot baths and spend a good deal of time in the Turkish bath at my club. After steaming myself for half an hour and taking a cold plunge, an alcohol rub and a cocktail, I feel younger than ever; but the nakedness of my fellow men in the Turkish bath revolts me. Almost without exception they have flabby, pendulous stomachs out of all proportion to the rest of their bodies. Most of them are bald and their feet are excessively ugly, so that, as they lie stretched out on glass slabs to be rubbed down with salt and scrubbed, they appear to be deformed. I speak now of the men of my age. Sometimes a boy comes in that looks like a Greek god; but generally the boys are as weird-looking as the men.

I am rambling, however. Anyhow I am less repulsive than most of them. Yet, unless the human race has steadily deteriorated, I am surprised that the Creator was not discouraged after His first attempt.

I clothe my body in the choicest apparel that my purse can buy, but am careful to avoid the expression of fancy against which Polonius warns us. My overcoats and suits are made in London, and so are my underclothes, which are of silk and cotton woven to order. My shoes cost me fourteen dollars a pair; my silk socks, six dollars; my ordinary shirts, five dollars; and my silk shirts, fifteen dollars each. On brisk evenings I wear to dinner and the opera a mink-lined overcoat, for which my wife paid seven hundred and fifty dollars. The storage and insurance on this coat come to twenty-five dollars annually and the repairs to about forty-five. I am rather fond of overcoats and own half a dozen of them, all made in Inverness.

I wear silk pajamas—pearl-gray, pink, buff and blue, with frogs, cuffs and monograms—which by the set cost me forty dollars. I also have a pair of pearl evening studs to wear with my dress suit, for which my wife paid five hundred and fifty dollars, and my cuff buttons cost me a hundred and seventy-five. Thus, if I am not an exquisite—which I distinctly am not—I am exceedingly well dressed, and I am glad to be so. If I did not have a fur coat to wear to the opera I should feel embarrassed, out of place and shabby. All the men who sit in the boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House have fur overcoats. As a boy I had very few clothes indeed, and what I had were made to last a long time.

Now without fine raiment I am sure I should be miserable. I cannot imagine myself shabby. Yet I can imagine any one of my friends being shabby without my feeling any uneasiness about it—that is to say, I am the first to profess a democracy of spirit in which clothes cut no figure at all. I assert that it is the man, and not his clothes, that I value. But in my own case my silk-and-cotton undershirt is a necessity, and if deprived of it I should, I know, lose some attribute of self.

At any rate, my bluff, easy, confident manner among my fellow men, which has played so important a part in my success, would be impossible. I could never patronize anybody if my necktie were frayed or my sleeves too short. I know that my clothes are as much a part of my entity as my hair, eyes and voice—more than any of the rest of me.

Based on the figures given above I am worth—the material part of me—as I step out of my front door to go out to dinner, approximately nineteen hundred dollars. If I were killed in a railroad accident all these things would be packed carefully in a box, inventoried, and receive a much greater degree of attention than my mere body. I saw Napoleon's boots and waistcoat the other day in Paris and I felt that he himself must be there in the glass case beside me.

### *Expression in Possessions*

ANY one who at Abbotsford has felt of the white beaver hat of Sir Walter Scott knows that he has touched part—and a very considerable part—of Sir Walter. The hat, the boots, the waistcoat are far less ephemeral than the body they protect, and indicate almost as much of the wearer's character as do his hands and face. So I am not ashamed of my silk pajamas or of the geranium powder I throw in my bath. They are part of me.

But is this *me* limited to my body and my clothes? I drink a cup of coffee or a cocktail. After they are consumed they are part of me—are they not part of me as I hold the cup or the glass in my hand? Is my coat more characteristic of me than my house—my sleevelinks than my wife or my collie dog? I know a gentlewoman whose sensitive, quivering, aristocratic nature is expressed far more in the Russian wolfhound that shrinks always beside her than in the aloof, though charming, expression of her face. No; not only my body and my personal effects but everything that is mine is part of me—my chair with the rubbed arm; my book with its marked pages; my office; my bank account, and in some measure my friend himself.

Let us agree that in the widest sense all that I have, feel or think is part of me—of either my physical or mental being; for surely my thoughts are more so than the books that suggest them, and my sensations of pleasure or satisfaction equally so with the dinner I have eaten or the cigar I have smoked. My ego is the sum total of all these things. And if the cigar is consumed, the dinner digested, the pleasure flown, the thought forgotten, the waistcoat or shirt discarded—so, too, do the tissues of the body dissolve, disintegrate and change. I can no more retain permanently the physical elements of my personality than I can the mental or spiritual.

What, then, am I—who, the Scriptures assert, am made in the image of God? Who and what is this being that has gradually been evolved during fifty years of life and which I call myself? For whom my father and my mother, their fathers and mothers, and all my ancestors back through the gray mists of the forgotten past, struggled, starved, labored, suffered, and at last died, that I might exist at the present moment? To what end did they do these things? To produce me? God forbid!

Would the vision of me as I am today have inspired my grandfather to undergo, as cheerfully as he did, the privations and austerities of his long and arduous service as a country clergyman—or my father to die at the head of his

regiment at Little Round Top? What have I ever done, now that I come to think of it, to deserve those sacrifices? Have I ever even inconvenienced myself for others in any way? Have I ever repaid this debt? Have I advanced the flag that they and hundreds of thousands of others, equally unselfish, carried forward?

Have I ever considered my obligation to those who by their patient labors in the field of scientific discovery have contributed toward my well-being and the very continuance of my life? Or have I been content for all these years to reap where I have not sown? To accept, as a matter of course and as my due, the benefits others gave years of labor to secure for me? It is easy enough for me to say: No—that I have thought of them and am grateful to them. Perhaps I am, in a vague fashion. But has whatever feeling of obligation I may possess been evidenced in my conduct toward my fellows?

I am proud of my father's heroic death at Gettysburg; in fact I am a member, by virtue of his rank in the Union Army, of what is called the Loyal Legion. But have I ever fully considered that he died for me? Have I been loyal to him? Would he be proud or otherwise—is he proud or otherwise—of me, his son? That is a question I can answer only after I have ascertained just what I am.

### *A Shining Example of Success*

NOW for over a quarter of a century I have worked hard—harder, I believe, than most men. From a child I was ambitious. As a boy people would point to me and say that I would get ahead. Well, I have got ahead. Back in the town where I was born I am spoken of as a big man. Old men and women stop me on the main street and murmur: "If only your father could see you now!" They all seem tremendously proud of me and feel confident that if he *could* see me he would be happy forevermore. And I know they are quite honest about it all. For they assume in their simple hearts that my success is a real success. Yet I have no such assurance about it.

Every year I go back and address the graduating class in the high school—the high school I attended as a boy. And I am Exhibit A—the tangible personification of all that fathers and mothers hope their children will become. It is the same way with the Faculty of my college. They have given me an honorary degree and I have given them a drinking fountain for the campus. We are a mutual-admiration society.

I am always picked by my classmates to preside at our reunions, for I am the conspicuous, shining example of success among them. They are proud of me without envy. "Well, old man," they say, "you've certainly made a name for yourself!" They take it for granted that, because I have made money and they read my wife's name in the society columns of the New York papers, I must be completely satisfied.

And in a way I am satisfied with having achieved that material success which argues the possession of brains and industry; but the encomiums of the high-school principal and the congratulations of my college mates, sincere and well-meaning as they are, no longer quicken my blood; for I know they are based on a total ignorance of the person they seek to honor. They see a heavily built, well-groomed, shrewd-looking man, with clear-cut features, a ready smile and a sort of brusk frankness that seems to them the index of an honest heart. They hear him speak in a straightforward, direct way about the Old Home, and the Dear Old College, and All Our Friends—quite touching at times, I assure you—and they nod and say: "Good fellow, this! No frills—straight from the heart! No wonder he has got on in the city! Sterling chap! Hurrah!"

Perhaps, after all, the best part of me comes out on these occasions. But it is not the me that I have worked for the best part of a lifetime to build up; it is rather what is left of the me that knelt at my mother's side forty years ago. Yet I have no doubt that should these good parents of mine see how I live in New York they would only be the more convinced of the greatness of my success—the success to achieve which I have given the unremitting toil of thirty years.

*For Over a Quarter of a Century I Have Worked Hard*

And as I now clearly see that the results of this striving and the objects of my ambition have been largely material, I shall take the space to set forth in full detail just what this success amounts to, in order that I may the better determine whether it has been worth struggling for.

Not only are the figures that follow accurate and honest, but I am inclined to believe that they represent the very minimum of expenditure in the class of New York families to which mine belongs. They may at first sight seem extravagant; but if the reader takes the trouble to verify them—as I have done, alas! many times to my own dismay and discouragement—he will find them economically sound. This, then, is the catalogue of my success:

I possess securities worth about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars and I earn at my profession from thirty to forty thousand dollars a year. This gives me an annual income of from sixty-five thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars. In addition I own a house on the sunny side of an uptown cross street near Central Park which cost me, fifteen years ago, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and is now worth two hundred and fifty thousand. I could sell it for that. The taxes alone amount to thirty-two hundred dollars—the repairs and annual improvements to about twenty-five hundred. As the interest on the value of the property would be twelve thousand five hundred dollars, it will be seen that merely to have a roof over my head costs me annually eighteen thousand two hundred dollars.

My electric-light bills are over one hundred dollars a month. My coal and wood cost me even more, for I have two furnaces to heat the house, an engine to pump the water, and a second range in the laundry. One man is kept busy all the time attending to these matters and cleaning the windows. I pay my butler eighty dollars a month; my footmen fifty-five each; my valet sixty; my cook seventy; the two kitchen maids twenty-five each; the head laundress forty-five; the two second laundresses thirty-five each; the parlor maid thirty; the two housemaids twenty-five each; my wife's maid thirty-five; my daughters' maid thirty; the useful man fifty; pantry maid twenty-five. My house payroll is, therefore, seven hundred and five dollars a month, or eighty-four hundred and sixty dollars a year.

We could not possibly get along without any one of these servants. To discharge any of them would mean that the work would have to be done in some other way at a vastly greater expense. Add this to the yearly sum represented by the house itself, and the cost of heating and lighting, and you have well over twenty-five thousand dollars.

Unforeseen extras make this, in fact, nearer thirty thousand dollars than twenty-five thousand. There is usually some alteration under way—a partition to be taken out, a hall to be paneled, a parquet floor to be relaid, a new sort of heating apparatus to be installed, and always plumbing. Generally, also, at least one room has to be done over and refurnished every year, and this is an expensive matter.

Our food, largely on account of the number of servants, costs us from eight hundred to a thousand dollars a month. In the spring and autumn it is a trifle less—in the winter it is frequently more; but it averages, with wine, cigars, ice, spring water and sundries, over thirteen thousand dollars a year.

We rent a house at the seashore or in the country at from six thousand to eight thousand dollars, and usually find it necessary to employ a couple of men about the place in summer. Our three saddle-horses cost us about two thousand dollars for stabling, shoeing and incidentals; but they save me at least that in doctors' bills.

### *Where the Rest of the Money Goes*

SINCE my wife and daughters are fond of society, and have different friends and different nightly engagements, we are forced to keep two motors and two chauffeurs, one of them exclusively for nightwork. I pay these men one hundred and twenty-five dollars each a month, and the garage bill is usually two hundred and fifty more, not counting tires. At least one car has to be overhauled each year at an average expense of from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars. Both cars have to be painted yearly. My motor service winter and summer costs on a conservative estimate at least eight thousand dollars.

I allow my wife five thousand dollars; my daughters three thousand each; and my son, who is not entirely independent, twenty-five hundred. This is supposed to cover everything; but it does not—it barely covers their bodies. I myself expend, having no vices, about twenty-five hundred dollars.

The bills of our family doctor, the specialists and the dentist are never less than a thousand dollars, and that is a minimum. They would average more than double that, but for these purposes we will call it an even thousand.

Our miscellaneous subscriptions to charity and the like come to about fifteen hundred dollars. Our spring trip to Paris, for rest and clothing, has never cost me less than thirty-five hundred dollars, and when it comes to less than four thousand it is a matter of mutual congratulation.

Lastly, our special entertaining, our opera box, the theater and social frivolities aggregate no inconsiderable sum, which I will not overestimate at thirty-five hundred dollars.

The expenses already recited total about seventy-three thousand dollars, or nearly as much as my maximum income. And this annual budget contains no allowance for insurance, books, losses at cards, transportation, sundries, the purchase of new furniture, horses, automobiles, or for

*He Could Not Have Cost My Grandfather Much Over a Hundred Dollars a Year*

any of that class of expenditure usually referred to as principal or plant. I inevitably am obliged to purchase a new motor every two or three years—usually for about six thousand dollars; and, as I have said, the furnishing of our city house is never completed.

It is a fact that for the last ten years I have found it an absolute impossibility to get along on seventy-five thousand dollars a year, even living without apparent extravagance. I do not run a yacht or keep hunters or polo ponies. My wife does not appear to be particularly lavish and continually complains of the insufficiency of her allowance.

Our table is not Lucullian, by any means; and we rarely have game out of season, hothouse fruit or many flowers. Indeed, there is an elaborate fiction maintained by my wife, cook and butler that our establishment is run economically and strictly on a business basis. Perhaps it is. I hope so. I do not know anything about it. Anyhow, here is the smallest annual budget on which I can possibly maintain my household of five adults:

ANNUAL BUDGET—MINIMUM—FOR FAMILY OF FIVE PERSONS

| | |
|---|---|
| Taxes on city house | $3,200 |
| Repairs, improvements and minor alterations | 2,500 |
| Rent of country house—average | 7,000 |
| Gardeners and stablemen, and so on | 800 |
| Servants' payroll | 8,400 |
| Food supplies | 13,000 |
| Light and heat—gas, electricity, coal and wood | 2,400 |
| Saddle-horses—board, and so on | 2,000 |
| Automobile expenses | 8,000 |
| Wife's allowance—emphatically insufficient | 5,000 |
| Daughters' allowance—two | 6,000 |
| Son's allowance | 2,500 |
| Self—clubs, clothes, and so on | 2,500 |
| Medical attendance—including dentist | 1,000 |
| Charity | 1,500 |
| Travel—wife's annual spring trip to Paris | 3,500 |
| Opera, theater, music, entertaining at restaurants, and so on | 3,500 |
| Total | $72,860 |

Any attempt to keep house in the old-fashioned meaning of the phrase would soon result in domestic disruption. No cook who was not allowed to do the ordering would stay with us. It is hopeless to try to save money in our domestic arrangements. I have endeavored to do so once or twice and repented of my rashness. One cannot live in the city without motors, and there is no object in living at all if one cannot keep up a scale of living that means comfort and lack of worry in one's household.

The result is that I am always pressed for money. And every year I draw a little on my capital. Sometimes a lucky stroke on the market or an unexpected fee pays me back and sets me a little ahead; but usually January first sees me selling a few bonds to meet an annual deficit. Needless to say, I pay no personal taxes. If I did I might as well give up the struggle at once.

As it is, my finances are a constant source of mild anxiety; but one is always looking forward to the unexpected and hoping that something will happen to even things up. When I write it all down in cold words I confess it seems ridiculous. Yet my family could not be happy living in any other way.

It may be remarked that the item for charity in the preceding schedule is somewhat disproportionate to the amount of the total expenditure. I offer no excuse and proffer no justification. I am engaged in an honest exposition of fact—for my own personal satisfaction and profit, and for what lessons others may be able to draw from it. My charities are negligible.

The only explanation which suggests itself to my mind is that I lead so circumscribed and guarded a life that these matters do not obtrude themselves on me. I am not brought into contact with the maimed, the halt and the blind; if I were I should probably behave toward them like a gentleman. The people I am thrown with are all sleek and well fed; but even among those of my friends who make a fad of charity I have never observed any disposition to deprive themselves of luxuries for the sake of others.

Outside of the really poor, is there such a thing as genuine charity among us? The church certainly does not demand anything approximating self-sacrifice. A few dollars will suffice for any appeal. The church regards me tolerantly and takes my money when it can get it. But how little it gets! I give frequently—almost constantly—but in most instances my giving is less an act of benevolence than the payment of a tax upon my social standing. I am compelled to give. If I could not be relied upon to take tickets to charity entertainments and to add my name to the subscription lists for hospitals and relief funds I should lose caste. One cannot be too cold a proposition. I give to these things grudgingly and because I cannot avoid it.

Of course the aggregate amount thus disposed of is really not large and I never feel the loss of it. Frankly, people of my class rarely inconvenience themselves for the sake of anybody, whether their own immediate friends or the sick, suffering and sorrowful. It is trite to say that the clerk earning one thousand dollars deprives himself of more in giving away fifty than the man with an income of twenty thousand dollars in giving away five thousand. It really costs the clerk more to go down into his pocket for that sum than the rich man to draw his check for those thousands.

When there is necessity for generous and immediate relief I occasionally, but very rarely, contribute two hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars to some public charity. My donation is always known and usually is noticed with others of like amount in the daily papers. I am glad to give the money and I have a sensation of making a substantial sacrifice in doing so. Obviously, however, it has cost me really nothing! I frequently spend two hundred and fifty dollars or more on an evening's entertainment for fifteen or twenty of my friends and think nothing of it. It is part of my manner of living, and my manner of living is an advertisement of my success—and advertising in various subtle ways is a business necessity. Yet if I give two hundred and fifty dollars to a relief fund I have an inflation of the chest and feel conscious of my generosity.

I can frankly say, therefore, that so far as I am concerned my response to the ordinary appeal for charity is purely perfunctory and largely, if not entirely, dictated by policy; and the sum total of my charities on an income of

(Continued on Page 30)

# THE FIRM

## By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

"IT IS moved and seconded that the meeting adjourn," said Lucia mechanically. "All in favor of this motion ——"

There was a scented rustling. Two sable neckpieces bent low over the leashes of two intertwined Pomeranians; an amber-shaded bird-of-paradise plume dipped gracefully to the recovery of a gold-meshed handbag. Marie Fitch grinned maliciously at her neighbor.

"I've often wondered why we don't adopt that dog-fight as a regular closing ceremony," she whispered; "let that be the motion, and when Her Highness picks up that bag call it the seconding!"

Her neighbor flashed a scared glance at the bird-of-paradise, dangerously near them. But she was too delighted to have been the confidante of the famous Mrs. Ranny Fitch to fail in her reply.

"It does seem to be the one thing we always do in the same way," she admitted shyly. "I—I didn't think we accomplished so very much today, did you? And I broke my dentist's appointment too."

Marie smiled, but loyalty to what a popular novelist would call "her caste" prevented any widening of this conversational opening. The little neighbor had been asked to join the committee because of her curious but definite ability to wheedle large subscriptions out of hitherto unheard-of millionaires. Her personal views on prison reform were not required.

"Oh, I don't know," she said tolerantly; "these big boards are difficult to handle, you know. I've been on a great many and they seem to have to be run this way. Of course the directors can't go into all these details with the board as a whole."

"Oh, of course not! And Miss Stanchon is so wonderful, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed," Marie agreed gravely; "she's really born for this sort of thing —— Hello, Celestine, you don't say you're back in the fold?"

"Not so you'd notice it," and Celestine Varnham put her arm over Marie's shoulder affectionately. "What makes you look so tired, my dear? I just dropped in to see you all, and Lucia made me stay through the meeting. I told her I didn't believe it was according to Hoyle exactly ——"

"Oh, well, what Lutie doesn't know about parliamentary law would need a new office to hold it!"

They laughed intimately. The little neighbor realized that they were out of her depth.

"I thought I'd lunch with the crowd. Were you going anywhere specially? Come on with me and I'll lunch you all at my new club."

"For Heaven's Sake, Lucia, Hang Up That Receiver!"

"Great idea, Tina! You must be feeling awfully wealthy, my dear—I judge eggs are going up."

"Oh, you idiot! In April? Why, everything on two legs is laying day and night! I'm down to forty cents. But we're bottling our water now. I say, Lutie, will you take Hawkfield table water for the office?"

"Why not?" Lucia answered across the din of leave-takings, luncheon appointments and telephone messages. But she did not turn her head. The two older women smiled significantly.

"Of course we can't pay more than for Ferncliff water," Lucia went on, telephone receiver at ear, pencil in hand. ("Who is this, please? Not at all; I don't want the secretary; I want Mr. Siegelheim himself! What do you think I am—an office-boy?) Miss Ferris, what do we pay for Ferncliff water? Look and see, please. (Oh, how do you do, Mr. Siegelheim! This is Miss Stanchon, of the woman's auxiliary of the prison reform, you know. Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Siegelheim! I understand that there is a possibility of our getting the use of your employees' baseball team for our charity game for the league? Oh, yes, indeed; Mr. Goldberg and Mr. Max agreed long ago! Now that's very good of you, Mr. Siegelheim! I'll see that all the details are sent you. What? A hundred? Now that is really kind—Mr. Max gave us only fifty! Indeed, I will with pleasure, Mr. Siegelheim, any day you like. Goodby!) Can't you get this office cleared out, Miss Ferris? I've got work to do here. Indeed, yes, Mrs.—er—er," turning to the little neighbor. "We all appreciate what you've done, tremendously. I wish I had more like you on my committee. Every single one of those last circulars is wrong, Miss Ferris. Will you ask the stenographer to step here?"

"For heaven's sake, Lucia, hang up that receiver! You can't take it to bed with you, can you?"

Celestine advanced with determination and planted herself in front of the harassed figure in the swivel-chair. "Come on out to lunch with us and stop scowling—I'm not Mr. Siegelheim!"

"Can't possibly," said Lucia briefly. "Are you ready to go over those circulars, Marie? They're all wrong, you know. I shall bounce that stenographer tomorrow."

"Marie's going with us. Come on, my dear, be a sport! We'll let you off early," Celestine persisted.

"You can't very well let me off, for I shan't be on," said Lucia briefly. "Marie will do as she pleases, of course, but I've ordered some sandwiches in. I can't leave till four. Then I must go."

"Pleasant for Mr. Fiancé," Marie commented dryly. "I never was much of a crystal-gazer, but I foresee a jolly motor ride for him at four, with mademoiselle in this frame of mind! Don't tease her, Tina—she's young, you know, and it's all gone to her head a little. I told her I'd stay here and I won't go back on it. Goodby. See you later."

The last thin silhouette had slipped through the door, the last goodby was swallowed in the descending lift.

"Do open the windows, Marie, and air this place out," Lucia muttered irritably. "I believe that what's-her-name woman takes her bath in chypre! It always gives me a headache."

Marie threw up the sashes in silence. The faithful Miss Ferris moved deftly about, putting back the chairs, collecting the odd papers, evening the window-shades. Lucia threw herself back till the patient swivel creaked.

"Ouf! I'm tired!" she said.

"Those meetings would tire an ox," Marie agreed; "but wasn't Her Majesty killing? Do you suppose she hands out that sort of talk to her husband? I wonder if she ever really had a thought in her life."

"Who knows?" replied the benefactress of prisoners listlessly. "But I'm glad I'm not him. When do you think those sandwiches will get here, Miss Ferris?"

"I think there's the boy now, Miss Stanchon," said the plump and patient secretary. She adored Lucia; only her adoration enabled her to swallow her college training, as Marie said, and insert her tactful personality between the sharp edges of the temperaments of her employers. It was never knowing what Miss Stanchon was going to do, she said, that made her so interesting. Sometimes she would sit glum for hours with the faithful telephone receiver; sometimes she would catch Miss Ferris about her tightly corseted waist and violently teach her the tango; and again at other times she would interrupt her coolly, with raised brows and a tone that the younger and better educated woman would never have tolerated from any one but Lucia.

Now she received the tray in silence from the freckled office boy, only raising her brows expressively at the single bottle on the white napkin.

"Aren't you lunching, Miss Ferris?" asked Lucia Stanchon.

"Not here, Miss Stanchon. I thought you might have things to talk over with Mrs. Fitch perhaps. I'll be back later. Are the sandwiches all right? I told them especially about the French mustard."

"You're a regular brick, Miss Ferris!" and Lucia untwisted her forehead and flashed her the smile that more than paid the girl for all the nervous fatigue of the day.

"Will Mrs. Fitch have some ale too?" the secretary asked, her hand on the doorknob.

"She won't have any of this," Lucia returned imperturbably. "Want to send for some, Marie?"

"No, thanks; I never drink it, Miss Ferris."

"Afraid of her figure!" Lucia jeered. "Thank heaven, I'm not vain!"

"Just keep on with a pint of ale a day and you'll never have any excuse for being, my dear," said Marie placidly. "Are there any chicken sandwiches? And I told that boy French vichy! Henry! Henry!"

"I'll send it up, Mrs. Fitch; Henry's gone for his lunch. If you want me, Miss Stanchon, just telephone and they'll page me at the grillroom. Goodby."

"That girl's a gilt-edged treasure," said Lucia solemnly as the door closed gently. With one gesture she poured out her ale and bit hungrily into a neat, crusty rectangle.

"Heavens, but I'm starved! Marie, how can you keep thin? Have a roast-beef—they're corking."

"I'm off red meats," quoth Marie, nibbling. "Ferris certainly is an investment. But then, look what we're paying! Fourteen hundred, and six weeks' vacation, and her lunch half the time—that's something, you know, Lucia."

Lucia was in the midst of a long, luxurious swallow and only shook her head impatiently.

"That's all very well, Marie—I'd rather have that stuff than all the champagne *brut* ever bottled—but you must remember she turned down sixteen with that College Women's Bureau if we'd raise her to fifteen in the fall—which I shall do."

"Oh, really?"

"Certainly. She's worth it. Hand me another, will you, Marie, and take one yourself? You don't mean to say that's all you eat for lunch?"

"It certainly is, till I get back to Two-hundred-and-two. I'm only supposed to have a hard biscuit with the vichy, really."

"For heaven's sake!"

"But then I take what I like for dinner. It's really the best way. Black coffee and dry toast in the morning ——"

"Oh, you make me sick, Marie! See if those brown-bread ones are Swiss cheese, will you? Thanks. Where does that ass of a Henry hide the matches?"

Lucia subsided into an appeased silence, and the atmosphere of the office loosened tension almost visibly before them. An early street-organ sounded not unpleasantly in the distance; from where the chairman of the woman's auxiliary tipped her swiveled seat the new green of the trees in the little mid-city park stained the vivid April blue.

"You know, this is an awfully pretty place for an office!" said Lucia dreamily.

Marie grinned.

"Before you've fed at noon I'd hate to have the office at Palm Beach or—or Burlingame," she suggested. "Afterward, any subway station would look beautiful."

"No, but honestly," and Lucia smiled appreciatively, "I don't believe there's a better feeling in the world than when you've worked hard all the morning, and then clear all the idiots out and have a good lunch! It's—it's ——" Miss Stanchon struggled with a somewhat limited vocabulary, gave it up and ended: "It's great!"

*"We're All of Us to Agree With Him Before He Gets It, That's All!"*

Marie nodded comprehendingly.

"Of course," she said, "everybody knows about that who ever worked. The only funny thing about it is that you girls haven't found it out sooner. And you make such a fuss about it. Why, Miss Ferris has had all your sensations for years and probably never notices them."

"Don't you believe it! Ferris and I have a whole lot of heart-to-hearts that you don't know about!"

"Don't doubt it, my dear. But Ferris would swear black was white to please you, so remember to discount it."

"Nonsense!"

Lucia flushed a little.

"But of course she likes me; I know that."

"Likes you? Why do you suppose she stays? Not for the pleasure of putting up with these wrangling women, I hope! My dear child, that's your greatest point in this work, next to your enthusiasm—your power of attaching people and getting them to work for you."

Lucia played with her chased silver cigarette case and bit her lip.

"Oh, I don't know about that——" she began; but Marie went on firmly.

"Well, it's true, whether you know it or not," she said briskly. "We all know it, and that's why we put up with a lot of things we don't always like. Now don't get wrathy, Lucia, you can't scare me! That's what we're going to miss the most when you leave."

"When I leave? When I leave?"

Lucia's feet dropped from the chair she was using as a footstool; the match box slipped from her hand to the floor.

"What do you mean, Marie Fitch?" she cried.

"There, there, my dear; be calm!"

Mrs. Fitch shook out the last drops of her vichy on to her napkin and wiped her fingers daintily with it.

"That makes a pint and a half a day," she added thoughtfully, "and Betty swears you can take off two pounds a week on vichy alone. Why, all I mean, my dear, is that after October—the twenty-seventh, isn't it?—we can hardly count on quite so much work from you, can we?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, don't be mulish, Lutie! You see what I mean perfectly well."

"Why not?" Lucia repeated coldly.

"Oh, Lord!"

Marie's brows arched dangerously. "I should suppose," she began with great restraint, "that Mrs. Max Fettauer's time could hardly be so free as Miss Lucia Stanchon's."

And again Lucia asked: "Why not?"

Marie glanced about the businesslike apartment.

"I don't see anything just the right size and shape to throw at you, Lute, or I'd get up and get it," she said. "But as I have really, *au fond*, a gentle and generous nature, I'll simply go on with the conversation. Do I understand that you are planning to get down to the office at ten, and spend the day here, or dashing about between here and Ossining, or interviewing possible employers of convict labor from here to the Battery until teatime?"

Lucia opened her lips, but her friend rose hastily and stood with a threatening arm outstretched.

"Now if you say 'Why not' again, Lutie darling, I'll throw the matches out of the window—and there's only that one box!" she added warningly.

Lucia grabbed for the little yellow carton, missed it, dived helplessly at Marie's supple, escaping figure and capitulated.

"Don't you dare!" she cried; and then: "Well, if I can't say 'Why not,' I'll have to ask you why in heaven's name I shouldn't continue to do what interests me as well as you? You're at your place, at Two-hundred-and-two, three mornings a week, aren't you, and out hunting stuff the rest of the time? And you've been Mrs. Randall Fitch a long time."

"A long time, yes," the older woman repeated—"twenty-two years; as long as I was Miss Marie Trimblee, in fact. But I hadn't any place at Two-hundred-and-two then, Lutie, and I wasn't out hunting stuff."

"No, naturally you weren't, because girls didn't do that so much then."

"But you won't be a girl, Lucia; you'll be a married woman. And they sometimes develop other responsibilities."

"You didn't," said Lucia briskly.

"No, I didn't," Marie repeated slowly. "That's true enough."

"Very well; why should I, then—for the first few years? I never could see why everything should happen at once anyway," pursued Lucia argumentatively.

"That's what I said."

Marie shuffled through the files of reports and pledges that lay neatly stacked on the big table near her, staring at the little printed pages with empty eyes.

"That's just what I said, Lutie, my dear, and the first few years passed by and—and I haven't any now."

"You mean that you really wanted ——"

"I mean that I can give you a list, any time you want it, of women I know who've saved out those 'first few years' and have nothing to show for the others," said Marie Fitch somberly. "It's quite true and logical, what you say, my dear girl; but somehow Nature seems to intend all those responsibilities to come at once. I don't know why, but it seems to be the game. And when you get to my age you accept the game as it is—you don't try to improve the rules. You simply try to win any way you can."

"Your age!"

Lucia swept the trim figure with a gaze persistently light and on the surface, but Marie met her squarely, and the force of the older woman's personality vanquished even friendly joking.

"Yes, my age," she said. "It's there, Lucia, though I can outride you and outskate you, and I know it as well as you do. I hate to see you make a fool of yourself—and Max."

"Oh, you needn't bother about Max, Ri-ri. We've had it all out and he thinks just as I do."

"Um!" said Marie skeptically; "he wants to marry you, Lutie, and of course he thinks just as you do."

"Now, there's where you're dead wrong!" Lucia swung the swivel-chair sharply. "Max is no such fool! I wouldn't have any respect ——"

"Oh, I know! I know!" Marie smiled a little sadly. "I know all about that, my dear," she said. "It's queer how you never change, you girls, in that way! All the modern feminism in the world never has succeeded there, has it? So Max agrees to the office, and the motoring to Ossining, and all the rest, after October?"

"Max wants me to do exactly as I think is best."

Lucia uttered this brilliant conviction with all the fervor of a Columbus, and the other woman looked back along that road of rose-blinded youth behind her and sighed.

"Because he thinks he knows what you will think is best," she said thoughtfully. "What does your father say?"

"Father? Oh, father's just the same old angel of a brick you might know he'd be. He says: 'Work it out yourselves, children, work it out yourselves!' You know he never turned a hair when Max refused to live with us?"

"That was stunning of him! Your father's a wonder, Lutie!"

"Isn't he?" and Lucia's smile was so exactly the doctor's own that Marie smiled back, unguarded, as she did to few people beyond Doctor Stanchon. And it was that smile that unlocked something in his daughter's breast that all her years of friendship with Marie never had.

"Marie," she said, and her earnestness and confidence swept youth and innocence into her face as a painter's brush will sweep youth and innocence into the canvas he works on—"Marie, I'm going to tell you something. Nobody knows it but father and Max and me: This winter I'm to be paid for working."

"Paid? Why, Lucia, how? Who ——"

"I'm going to have definite charge of all this prison work in the East round New York. My job is to be turned into a working chairmanship—like what they call a field secretary on some of those boards—and I'm to have fifteen hundred a year for the equivalent of three days' work a week. Then Ferris will stay—she handed in her resignation when she heard about October."

"But, child, you're not going to tie yourself hand and foot just to keep Ferris? Do you appreciate at all the difference it will make or ——"

"Of course I appreciate it, idiot!" cried Lucia. "What do you take me for? I know just what I have to expect, believe me, Marie Fitch! But I'm perfectly willing to call my own bluff. I've talked a lot about being the same thing as a real working woman—heaven knows I've worked harder than any one in this office, except Ferris—and I've seen enough of my friends making good to know that I can."

"But—but it isn't quite the same, is it, Lucia?"

Marie was clearly, to use their easy-going vernacular, "staggered." Her eyes searched Lucia's curiously.

"You're certainly a good little sport, Lutie dear," she went on quietly, "and I'm the last woman in the world to discourage you from wage earning in one way. Personally I regard my own financial independence as the greatest comfort of my life. But ——"

"But you don't want me to have that comfort? Thank you, Marie!"

"Don't be unfair, Lute, it isn't that."

"Well, then, what is it? You can hardly say I'll lose socially. Look at yourself!"

"I know. Things have grown so different that way. What does your Max think of that end of the proposition?"

Lucia met her friend's eyes squarely, but with a little effort.

"Oh, I don't want to lie about this, Marie," she said frankly. "I don't believe Max is awfully anxious to have me do it!"

Marie laughed dryly.

"Thank you for being honest, child," she said. "And I know Max, you know!"

"But he sees the point," Lucia pursued slowly, weighing her words now, "and after a certain conversation that we had one evening—he and dad and I—he can't very well stand in my way. It was he, I always felt, that brought father to reason. You know father offered me what I could earn as field secretary, last year, to drop this work and consider myself his professional housekeeper."

"Really?"

Marie leaned forward, deeply interested. "I always said it must come to that," she murmured, half to herself. "If the men don't want us in the office they must pay us for the home job, that's all. But why didn't you accept, Lutie? It wouldn't have taken all your time to run that establishment; then you'd have been that much to the good."

Lucia looked at her quizzically. And in that look, though she never guessed it, lay the difference that the fifteen years between them had already made, so fast have standards changed.

"Isn't that a little—it's not cricket exactly, is it, Marie?" she asked almost shyly. "If father hired a housekeeper, she couldn't quite do that, could she?"

Marie drew a long breath.

"I suppose not, Lute," she said. "I suppose not. You're quite right, of course, and I'm a bounder to think of it. But when I went through all this, you see, my father and my—*my* Max"—she looked away from Lucia—"were not quite so well trained. It makes a difference."

Lucia wanted to take her hand, but dared not. Some echoes of Mr. Leroy Trimblee's vivid career had penetrated even to his daughter's younger friends, and no one ever spoke of Randall Fitch to his wife unless by definite invitation.

"So, as I don't care for housekeeping, I preferred to stick to my old allowance and just do what I could, which of course I'd naturally do anyhow," she went on hastily, "and Max backed me up. He told father that this prison work was what I had a real gift for, and I had just as much right to it as—as you have to the decorating business, for instance, or Betty Girard to art. And he can't go back on that now very well, can he? It applies to him just as much as it did to dad, doesn't it?"

Marie looked down at her nervous, ringed little hands, twisting and untwisting on her knees.

"I don't know, Lucia, I don't know," she said softly. "I suppose it does, but—I don't know."

"Well, why don't you know?" Lucia burst out impatiently. "What's the difference?"

"Oh, Lucia, you've never been married!" Marie cried helplessly. "You don't understand!"

"Apparently not," said Miss Stanchon sulkily. "But if it means that every reasonable statement you make, under any other circumstances, doesn't apply to married people, I'm beginning to think I'd rather not understand!"

"I know. I know." Marie's smile was wistful. "It seems idiotic. And if you are

*"He Wants to Marry You, Lutie, and of Course He Thinks Just as You Do"*

*"You're too Shrinking, Lucia"*

thirty years old, and can earn your own living and have an allowance besides, and everybody treats you like a girl and yet gives you the independence of a woman—oh, it's no wonder so many of you don't marry!"

"You certainly have to want to a lot," Lucia agreed.

"And it seems to me you're wanting it less and less. I know I'd have called myself badly in love, twenty years ago, with less of an affair than you had with little Van Wynken."

"Oh, Van!"

"That's all very well, my dear, but you were what we used to call in love. And the calm way you analyzed it and decided just about what it was worth ——"

"Oh, well, I was older, Ri-ri."

"Yes, but you didn't feel any older than I did at twenty. And we all treat you pretty young, Lutie."

"I know."

Lucia looked hard at her friend. Never had Marie been so intimate, so unguarded; instinctively the younger woman pushed her opportunity.

"I told Max I'd meet him at your place at four," she said tentatively. "Why don't we start along now? There'll be nothing now Ferris can't handle—it's Saturday, you know."

"All right. Has he made up his mind what he wants for that wedding present?"

"Either a sundial or some little garden statue or other. The man for whom he wants it was at Johns Hopkins with him, and Max knows the girl too. She's a doctor too, you know, and they'll practice together in the country when they're married. Max says she's a better surgeon than the man is."

"How funny! If I were a doctor I don't think I'd like that."

"Oh, I don't know," said Lucia tolerantly. "Why not?"

Marie shook her head as they slipped on their fur collars and went out of the quiet office. Even the telephone had succumbed to the half-holiday.

"Well, well, it's a matter of taste, I suppose," she admitted; "but somehow, today, Lutie, I feel my age. I've always stood between you and your father, more or less, but just now I feel I'm quite over the line with him!"

"Nonsense!" and Lucia linked arms companionably. "Don't be an ass, Ri-ri! Here, taxi—you free?"

They stepped into the taxicab lightly, athletically, with a free swing from the hip. Marie's thin, square shoulders; her pale, coin-clear profile, framed in the modish, caplike hat, clear to the little ears; her hard, bright glance, all made her fifteen years' experience seem incredibly unimportant beside Lucia's vigorous, confident personality. If anything, the older woman's knowledge had softened and intimidated her. Lucia in a crisis would have gone straighter to the point, shouldered her way more maturely through the inessential, one felt.

Spring whispered through the New York side streets. Hyacinths and daffodils filled the windowboxes and the florists' pavements. That curious tang of the sea beaches that sometimes sets in through the stony city breathed the marshes and the wharves into the cab and relaxed the two women's taut nerves. As they stopped near a great puddle where sparrows bathed and twittered in reflected blue, cloud-dappled, they sighed softly.

"You can't work these days," said Lucia; and Marie shook her head, but did not speak.

"Don't you love these days?" Lucia went on, her gray eyes drooping as the sun struck across her thick molasses-colored hair. "I feel as if everything was going to happen. Oh, I do like town in the spring!"

"Love them? Heavens, no!" Marie's mouth was a hard line; three straight creases appeared in her smooth forehead. "I loathe them!" she said between her teeth.

"Why—why, Marie! What is it?"

"Oh, only that I'm forty-four and three months!" said Mrs. Ranny Fitch lightly. "Let it go at that! I like it better when it's too hot or too cold, my dear. No perfect weather for me, thank you!"

"But you haven't always —— You didn't ——"

"Oh, no indeed! That's the trouble. Here, here, driver! This is Two-hundred-and-two! Nonsense, Lucia, I'll pay my half."

"Not at all. All my taxis this week were from the stables. They were charged, and I might as well get used to paying, you know, sometime."

"There's something in that," Marie agreed. "Do you know you use taxis a lot, Lutie?"

"My dear girl, I have to! I haven't the time to walk, as dad's always preaching. My time's too valuable."

"At fifteen hundred a year?" said Marie swiftly, leaving the bronze lift and drawing out a key for the heavy oak

door with *M. Randall Fitch, decorator. Country house and garden fittings particularly,* in old English lettering in the center panel.

"Oh, well, I'm not down to that yet," said Lucia easily.

"No. But you're not up to it, either, are you?"

"What do you mean, Ri-ri?"

They were in the big studio, which the heavy curtains dimmed mysteriously. Against green lattices on the rough gray stucco walls the great stone vases stood out softly. English ivy wreathed old bits of balustrade; quaint fiddle-back settees jostled marble benches; here and there the metal of odd sundials glowed gently.

"What do I mean?"

Marie stripped off her coat and reached out for a shrine-shaped flower-holder in heavily wrought iron.

"A pair of these for each side of an entrance porch is very effective," she said. "I should keep nasturtiums in them and carry out the torch effect. Why, my child, I mean that as a matter of fact you never earned fifteen hundred a year in your life. That's all."

"Oh, of course. But the work I do ——"

"All very well, and you certainly have your results to show. But if you think you're worth as much more than fifteen hundred as you seem to imply, why, ask for it and see if you can get it."

"Oh, I know that. But still, Marie, I think perhaps you underestimate ——"

"Bosh!" Mrs. Fitch interrupted rudely. "I'm the last woman to underestimate you, Lucia. Your energy and high spirits and vitality and magnetism have a distinct value in any market. You have a clear head and the gift of making all your friends enthusiastic where you are. By following every idea that comes into your head you naturally follow some good ones—you're bound to. But do you suppose the bureau that we got Ferris from would recommend you? Do you suppose they would class you with her for a moment?"

"Why, of course, she's a trained ——"

"Exactly. And she's worth fifteen hundred in the open market. But you don't see her going about in taxis—nor any man—on that salary. In other words, their time really isn't worth as much as that. You can value yours any way you want, and at present you seem to be using a vague sort of opinion as your standard of value."

Lucia smiled bravely.

"At any rate, Ri-ri dear, your opinion about me isn't very vague, is it?" she asked, fingering the iron vases.

"I'm not a vague person," Marie conceded bluntly. "And since we're on the subject, my dear, who offers this famous fifteen hundred of yours? Not the board, surely? I thought we were six hundred short on this year's budget."

"Good gracious, no! The board indeed! No, three men are putting up five hundred a year apiece for three years. A funny old patient of Max's, that I called on at a sanatorium and told about what we were doing to cheer him up, is one; Mattie Forsythe's uncle; and somebody that little woman that gets so much money for us—what is her name?—got hold of. She wanted to get five men to give three hundred apiece, but this seemed easier. Uncle Henry's very much interested."

"So I see," said Marie dryly. "And he's much interested in the new tango steps you teach him, too, isn't he?"

"Oh, well," Lucia grinned, "that may have something to do with it; but still he could get tango lessons cheaper, you know, Ri-ri! The other man is some one of the big chocolate people—always crazy about prisons, it seems. He read an account of one of our athletic field-days and wrote Miss Ferris to ask if he could help, and she set little Mrs.—is it Walters or Williams?—on him. Isn't it wonderful, the money people have that you never heard of?"

"I wish they'd hand me some of it," Marie suggested. "We haven't cleared but a hundred and eighty-five dollars over our expenses this month."

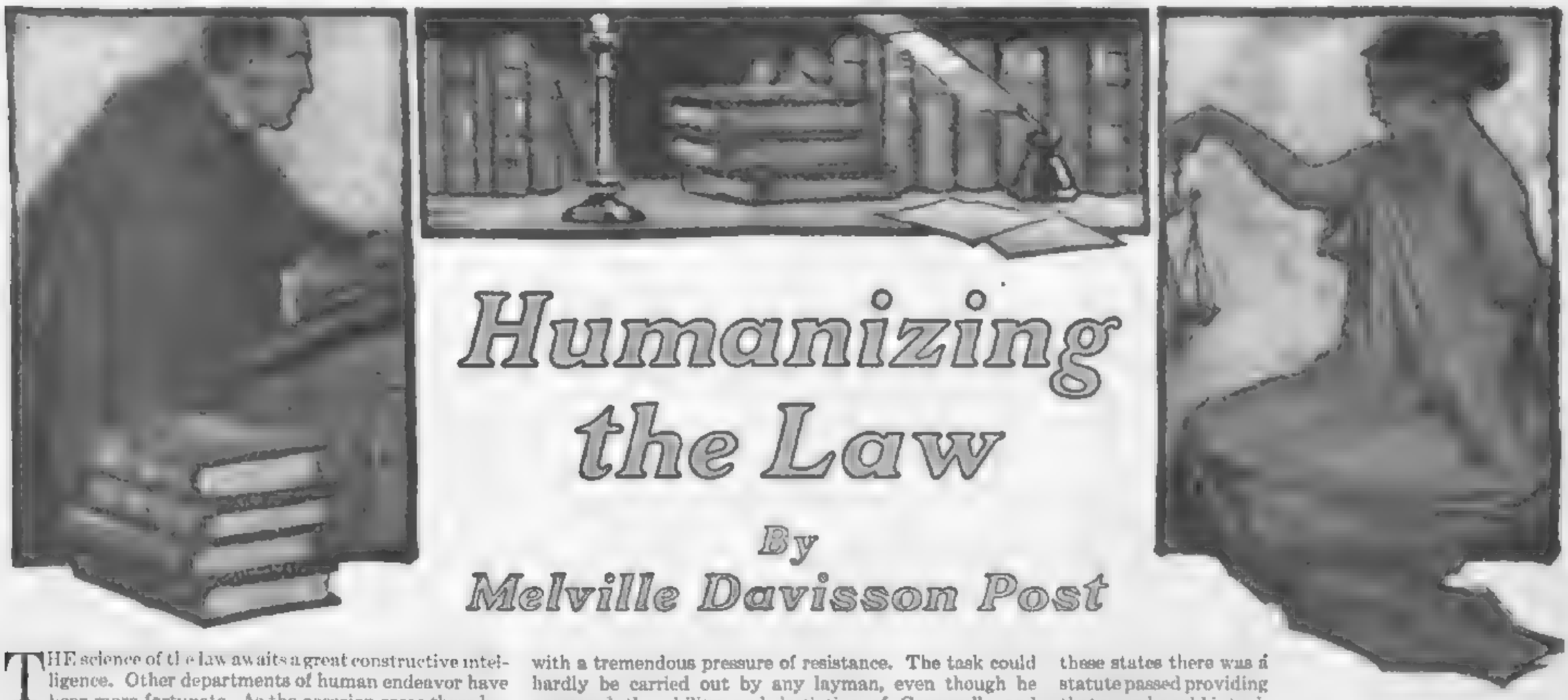
"So you don't ride in taxis?" Lucia added with a friendly slap on the shoulder.

"So I don't ride in taxis," Marie repeated. "No, I take a Madison Avenue car."

"With these round your neck!" And Lucia touched the matched pearls that circled the slender throat under the filmy gauze of Marie's blouse.

The older woman shrugged her shoulders. "They were given me," she said. "I didn't earn them. It's not my idea of an investment, but it was Ranny's—at the time—and I regard them merely as something to fall back on. They're not real, you know; the real ones are in safe deposit. These are the most perfect imitations he has ever seen, Marcus tells me. A funny little old French jeweler did them for me as a labor of love. I sold the woodwork of his old family house for a whopping price to a rich tobacco man, who put it into a big country place in Virginia. He makes the best imitation jewelry in Europe—I mean he's the real workman. His firm doesn't know about this."

*(Continued on Page 22)*



# Humanizing the Law

By Melville Davisson Post

THE science of the law awaits a great constructive intelligence. Other departments of human endeavor have been more fortunate. As the occasion arose there has come some one able enough to formulate a philosophy to meet the need. Physical science, religion, and the science of government have had, from time to time, their great reconstructive periods.

When human knowledge has been sufficiently enlarged there comes a Newton to formulate it, and when human rights have attained to a wider horizon there comes a Jefferson to put the science of government upon the basis of a broader philosophy. But in three hundred years the law has lacked a Newton or a Jefferson. The philosophy of it has remained the philosophy that emerged from the legends of the West Saxons.

The trunk of this philosophy, rooted in the obscure customs of Alfred, continues to be the trunk of the whole structure of the law. We have pruned and grafted this tree, trained and contorted all its branches, but it has remained the identical tree inherited from the barbarities of the Middle Ages.

Our whole idea of human relations has changed; our conception of the obligation of the individual to the state has changed; our idea of the source of authority has changed; we have come to require a larger distribution of the perils of civilization, a wider distribution of its benefits, and the recognition of the right of the humblest citizen to some sort of share in every good thing that we possess. These ideas are too comprehensive for the ancient theory of justice unless that theory can be reconstructed by some master hand.

Granted that we may find an intelligence competent to accomplish this titanic labor, the undertaking would meet with a tremendous pressure of resistance. The task could hardly be carried out by any layman, even though he possessed the ability and initiative of Cromwell; and unfortunately the law is so tyrannical a mistress that her devotees are almost always satisfied with her as she appears to them, and every change is resisted as an instrumentality of destruction.

Wise and humane changes have been made in the law, but they have been made almost uniformly against the pressure of the great judges. Even trial by wager of battle—a perfectly inhuman device of the common law—was maintained by Lord Hope as "a noble remedy," which, he said, "touched the rights and liberties of Englishmen." And one remembers how Sir Matthew Hale defended witchcraft upon what he considered three unassailable grounds: First, because it was asserted by the Scriptures; second, because all nations had made laws against it; and third, because the human testimony in support of it was simply overwhelming.

It was said by an early Virginia lawyer that the common law was so superior and just that it must obtain in the kingdom of heaven, and yet the common law abounded in the most conspicuous absurdities; as, for instance, under it no one was supposed to be injured by the death of an individual! If one were injured by the intent or negligence of another the common law gave a right of action for damages, but if that injury advanced to the extent of death there was no right of action—that is to say, if one received a small injury compensation could be had, but if he received the very greatest injury known to the race no compensation could be had.

Most of the states in this country have adopted the common law as a basis of their judicial system. In one of these states there was a statute passed providing that one who sold intoxicating liquors to a drunkard should be responsible to his family for any damage resulting to him by reason thereof. Under this statute an intoxicated man lost his life, and his widow sued to recover. The Supreme Court, in an opinion that was almost a textbook, decided that, as the common law obtained, the widow could have recovered for any injury to the husband which did not result in death, but could not recover for his death. That decision stood for a long time as the law of the state, in spite of its glaring absurdity.

In spite of the resistance of the courts, as civilization advanced it presently became certain that this philosophy of the common law could no longer stand, and statutes were passed giving the right to recover for death. But in a great many jurisdictions to this day the right to recover for the death of a husband or wife or child is based upon the antiquated philosophy of the common law of England. It may surprise a man who is not a lawyer to learn that if his child is killed by the gross negligence or intention of another the only damages that he can recover is the "pecuniary value of the child's services during his minority."

But we do not put children out to service under our modern ideas! It is the enlightened humanity of juries, then, and not the philosophy of the law, that sets other than a nominal value on a child's life.

The same rule of the law applies for the wrongful death of the wife:

If statutes confer a right of action on the husband for the death of his wife he is entitled to recover for the loss of her services, and this is, in most cases, the limit of his right of recovery.

Here we follow the antiquated philosophy of the common law that the wife is a sort of upper servant, valuable only for services which she may be able to render. The rule outrages the modern idea of domestic relations. As our civilization now stands, nobody could estimate the value of the services of a wife to her husband or family.

Again, this measure of value by which the law undertakes to measure does not exist. If any man were called upon in the courts actually to prove, according to the strict ruling of the law, the damages which he may suffer by reason of the wrongful death of his wife, he would be compelled to abandon the endeavor as impossible.

It is true, perhaps, that juries are accustomed to award adequate damages; but they award them in defiance of the law, and the judges permit these awards to stand by an elastic construction of the law equal in fact to a contradiction of it. We might perhaps be content to permit the philosophy of the common law to remain in estimating the value of a man killed by wrongful act. His earning power is an estimable quantity, but it certainly does not cover the injury which results to the wife and family from the husband's death.

The rule of the law was clearly stated by a Federal judge in a decision in Ohio, where a wife sued for the death of her husband:

> This is not a solace given for affliction and wounded feelings of affection; not at all. It is a cold, unsympathetic and unimpassioned matter of dollars and cents—compensation for the loss of decedent's services as a bread-and-meat winner, so to speak. . . . The idea . . . of compensating them [the wife and son] for her suffering, or for his suffering, in mind or body, does not enter into the calculation in the least.

It is true that in some jurisdictions this philosophy of the law has been modified, but it is generally the law in this country.

In another branch of the law the advance of human ideas of justice has supplanted the ancient philosophy: namely, with respect to what is called the doctrine of fellow servants. Under the ancient rule, attributed generally to a decision of Lord Abinger, an employee was without a remedy of any character if he happened to be injured by the negligence of another employee.

### *The Followers of Cain's Heresy*

THIS doctrine, pushed to extreme length by the great corporations of this country, especially the railroads, resulted in turning loose upon society a vast army of incapacitated persons to be cared for. Conductors on trains were held to be fellow servants of brakemen; a brakeman, a fellow servant of the workman who filled the sand-box; a master of a vessel, a fellow servant of the seaman; a mining boss, a fellow servant of the miner; a hod-carrier, a fellow servant of the foreman; a foreman, a fellow servant of the laborer, and so forth.

Under this philosophy absurd decisions were rendered. It was held in Massachusetts that: "If a workman knows that a foreman under whom he works is incompetent, but continues to work under him, making no complaint to the master, he must be held to assume the risk arising therefrom." Now it is perfectly clear that such a doctrine is a denial of any remedy to the laborer. As industries are commonly run, the foreman over the laborer is, in fact, his employer. The laborer cannot question him. He must either obey the foreman or cease to earn his living under him.

This philosophy of the early English law was rejected by France, Italy and, later, by the German Empire. It was based upon the Roman rule that the employer's negligence was limited to his intelligence in selection and supervision. In speaking of the effect of this doctrine in Prussia, Professor Brun said:

> These rules are not sufficient to meet the exigencies of modern life . . . the profit gained and the risk incurred by the employer would be out of proportion to each other, and almost the whole risk would be transferred to the public and the workmen.

The tendency of the law in this country is toward a different philosophy from that heretofore obtaining. The idea is to provide, out of the gains of an industry, an adequate compensation for the injuries incident to it, and laws have been enacted in various jurisdictions looking toward this end. It is not the intention to harass or injure the employer, but to distribute more evenly the perils of our industrial civilization.

The ancient philosophy of the law followed what Mr. Stevenson so fitly called "Cain's heresy."

Along innumerable other lines the philosophy of the law is changing. With respect to the treatment of children the present philosophy is diametric to the early one. We are disinclined at the present time to charge any child with a crime. We are adverse to confining any young person in an institution where he is associated with abandoned criminals and apt to be trained to become an enemy of society. We are moving toward a protective authority over children, toward the abolition of child labor.

At the present time the whole conception of the duty of organized society to the immature is one of protection and reformation. This is all in striking contrast to the laws enacted by the early settlers of Massachusetts Bay, which proposed to punish disobedient children with the penalty of death!

In domestic relations the modern philosophy of human rights is adverse to that of the early English law. We seem about to recognize that the accident of sex shall not make a difference in the benefits accruing to the individual from our modern civilization. The early philosophy of the law was conspicuously unfair to women, and it remains so in many jurisdictions to this day. According to the early statutes of descents in the Virginias, if an unmarried son or daughter died his or her entire estate went exclusively to the father. No matter what the conditions were, the mother did not receive a dollar of it.

If the early Massachusetts Bay settlers by their laws showed the value they put upon their children, these statutes of descents show Virginia's idea of the value of a mother. Again, the law declared that if the wife died without issue, under certain conditions her whole real estate went to the husband for his life; but if the husband so died the wife took only a proportion; as, for instance, a third of his real estate for her life.

Such discriminations were all manifestly unfair, and are at the base of the great movement among the English-speaking peoples for an equal franchise.

In the matter of the theory of divorce an enlightened philosophy is beginning to move in advance of the older theory of the law. Under the philosophy of the law, as it now stands, a separation of two persons who can no longer live in amicable relations can hardly be accomplished in any decent manner. In order to effect it one or the other of them must be subjected to a hopeless defamation of character. A decent separation is practically impossible.

We all recognize that one of the greatest inheritances descending to the child is respect for his parents, and one of the rights which he demands from society is that he be permitted to hold them in honor. But the doctrine of the law with respect to divorce denies him this.

Moreover, recognizing the fact that a relation which has become intolerable can be escaped from only by means of such defamation of character, this means is not infrequently voluntarily resorted to. And things not infrequently are pretended and asserted that do not, in fact, exist. That royal person who is said to have remarked that there are circumstances under which a man must "perjure himself like a gentleman," if he did not know the standard of the law, at least knew the standard of a man of honor.

But the department of the law in which a newer philosophy is coming conspicuously to replace the older one is that of criminal procedure. The controlling idea in the old philosophy of crimes was that of revenge. Sir James Stephen very frankly admits this in his Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. This was the moving idea. It was the eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth theory of the Hebrew Scriptures.

Humane persons have undertaken to couple with this the idea of the reformation of the criminal, but this idea was not included in the early philosophy of crimes. It was also pretended that the idea of the law was to protect society from the criminal, and an early judge was quoted as saying to a man about to be hanged for stealing a horse: "Thou art not to be hanged only for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen."

### *Viewing Crime From a Right Angle*

BUT this idea of an example to society was incidental to the main intent of the law. This has been again and again made certain by familiar illustrations; as, for instance, the law has always hideously punished the traitor to his country. But it is quite clear that we do not need the constant shadow of the gallows to encourage patriotism.

It is true that society must protect itself from the irresponsible and the vicious. But at the same time an enlightened humanity will not wish to visit these persons merely with revenge. Instead of a destructive system of criminal procedure, modern ideas move toward a constructive system. The Bill of Rights of the Constitution of New Hampshire had the correct philosophy: ". . . the true design of all punishment being to reform and not to exterminate mankind."

The new philosophy of crimes should contemplate three ideas: To protect society; to deter the weak and the vicious; and to change the criminal into a useful member of the commonwealth.

We are getting away from the dogma of eternal damnation and of total depravity. We no longer believe that because a woman has for once been indiscreet, or a man for once dishonest, they are everlastingly criminals. We are coming more and more to consider these unfortunate persons as a great authority is said to have considered them. In spite of his exalted position he declared that he never looked at a prisoner in the dock without saying to himself: "There, but for the grace of God, I stand."

In an advanced conception of human responsibility we have come to consider conditions of heredity, of education, of environment. We have come to see that the criminal is often a sort of cripple or a sort of child—a dangerous cripple

(Concluded on Page 39)

# BRUNETTE! MEDIUM

## By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

WE WERE a very sophisticated lot down at the Globe Theater, beginning with the carriage man out in front and not ending until you came to the stage doorkeeper in the alley. If the carriage man's function was rather more ornamental than necessary—and, being a dollar house, we could not expect more than an occasional taxi, though the stage door did quite a thriving business in that way after the show—the way he rose to his rare occasions was wonderful. He opened the door and helped you down with an air that admitted he knew perfectly well who you were, but assured you that you might rely on him to be discreet about it.

The man in the box office was breezier, as befitted his more democratic occupation—breezier, but just as wise. He was glad to see you back, old chap—too bad he had nothing nearer the stage for you! Then the ushers exchanged knowing glances as they passed each other in the aisles; and the orchestra leader, during the show, frequently indulged in esoteric jocularities with the principals, at which the first five rows of the audience always rocked with laughter—to show that they were—as Lou Heminway, the press agent, would say—contiguous.

To tell the truth, they were afraid not to laugh at any of the meaningful obscurities that came across. If they did not—well, the way the featured lady from one of the London halls, or the second comedian, whose line may be horticulturally described as hardy perennials—they had persisted immune to frost since the days of Hanlon's Superba—the way either of those worthies could josh a slow audience when their more recondite points failed to register was something to scare a knowing snicker out of anybody.

We were all in the family and we were all in the know—an oasis, a rather moist and luxuriant oasis, in a vast desert of unsophistication. Why, the bartenders outside the Loop did not even know Lou Heminway's first name! If Freddy Boldt, the stage manager, had ever written a book about rubes it would have included practically the entire population of the habitable globe, except Lou and W. Ransome Lord, the owner of the show—and, of course, Freddy himself and his chorus.

Freddy ought to know the world if anybody did. Had he not danced his way up from a chorus man right there at the Globe to a position that the title of stage manager hardly did justice to? As Freddy would explain to you, you could see for yourself that a man who acted as producer for all the Number Two companies, cutting the production down to fit smaller stages and sharpening its points for benighted minds out in the bush—a man who composed the dances and dressed the songs for the productions of the Globe itself—well, stage manager did not mean what he was at all. But the boss was queer about some things and Freddy was not going to quarrel with him; though we all knew that if he chose ——

Freddy, as I think I said, knew the world. He knew all about business men who sat at mahogany desks and gave curt orders that such and such rivals should be crushed; who unhooked the telephone receiver and relentlessly ordered whoever answered the call—presumably the operator—to sell X. Y. Z. off three points, and thereby created panics in Wall Street and closed the Stock Exchange. He knew about politicians—rude, two-fisted men sometimes, who were called grafters, but had hearts of gold; sometimes reformers in eyeglasses who were found to have pasts and were obliged to give up ambition and let the great reform bill perish without their vote, in order to shield the reputation of a woman.

He knew that artists always wore velvet caps and corduroy trousers, and went about with a three-legged easel under one arm and a model under the other—and that they had to make love to the model in order to induce her to pose for them; that men who wore riding breeches and spoke with an English accent were almost invariably homewreckers; and that you could tell a farmer when you saw him by the fact that he wore chin whiskers and chewed a straw.

Millionaires, Freddy was well aware, were always on the point of disinheriting their only sons for failure to comply with their eccentric matrimonial requirements; but they could, as a rule, be prevented from carrying out this unpleasant intention by dressing somebody up in somebody else's clothes, or by inducing some naughty grisette—a grisette always wore a bright red dress—to chuck them under the chin just as their wives were coming in the door.

Well, it took all sorts to make a world—the theatrical world especially. If people of that sort did not exist where would the musical comedy plots come from?—not that there was anything sacred about a plot to Freddy Boldt! Give him enough changes of costume for his chorus, plenty of electricity and three good tunes, and he would keep the show going as long as necessary.

He was justly proud of his chorus. It was a famous institution—and he knew it. There was not one of the twenty-four girls—pony, medium or showgirl—who had not her personal following in the house. They were seasoned veterans all—young in years, many of them, but old in experience. Freddy had trained them all himself; and, like Sherman's army marching to the sea, they were impervious to surprise or to disaster—perfectly capable, when cut off from their base of supplies by the total disappearance of the plot, of going ahead and, as it were, living off the country.

That being the nature and quality of the Globe, you will understand what it means when I say that the appearance of the new wardrobe mistress caused a shock of undisguisable astonishment to the entire staff and chorus. The principals at the Globe were, as a rule, incapable of wondering about anything, except how certain other principals managed to hold their jobs; but everybody else, after one look into the little cubbyhole where the sewing machine was, positively jumped and then withdrew to join some little group that had already looked and discuss the portent in incredulous whispers.

What they saw was a nice, white-haired old lady with a fine, deep-lined, square old face and ironbowed spectacles, and big, competent, motherly hands. She belonged in an illustrated edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley; and the mere thought of how she would look mending a rent in some rag of arsenic-green chiffon that had the effrontery to call itself a dress, or hooking a half-clad, disreputable-looking pony up the back, was enough to make you catch your breath.

Freddy Boldt had all the information there was concerning her. She had been wished on them, he said, by the boss himself that morning after the previous incumbent had appeared, suffering from her chronic complaint—a complication of cocaine and alcohol. He had sent the new one round to the theater just previous to his departure for the Coast, with a note to Freddy, telling him to instruct her in her duties.

So there was nothing further to be got out of W. Ransome Lord, even if any one had felt free to approach him on the subject, which, as a matter of fact, no one would have—unless perhaps Lou Heminway, who was known to fear neither God nor man.

Freddy had talked with her and learned that her name was Keziah Strong and that she came from East Weston, Massachusetts. According to Freddy, she used a dialect that, judged by his description of it, might have come straight out of the pages of Samantha Allen. And there arose a warm argument concerning its good faith—one party holding that the old lady and her dialect were both bona fide, and the other that they were in the presence of a frame-up—a cunning attempt on the part of the boss to string them.

Like most oracles, Freddy was noncommittal; but in his heart he inclined to the latter party. She was too good to be true! She had made a trip to Boston once, she told him, but had never been to New York in her life; and she had never visited the theater. She confided to Freddy that she had once thought of going to see a performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin—secretly had rather wanted to—but had refrained on account of her boy, Newton, who was at that period just at the growing age. If Freddy was a parent himself he would understand that. He came away from the interview gasping. One finishing touch had settled him.

"She calls the boss 'Willy'!" he told the electrician. "Now what do you know about that!"

Well, they wondered their fill about her and then gave her up and took her for granted, just as one takes for granted other stubbornly persistent miracles, like sunrise and the success of certain shows, and the ability of Joe Deland, composer-in-ordinary to the Globe, to go on thinking up new tunes, always sloppier, sappier and more inevitably whistlable than those he had thought of before.

Nine days is as long as you can wonder about anything; and at the end of that time the new theme of speculation down under the stage of the Globe was whether Hazel Dering, one of the brunette mediums, was going to fall for Cocktail Johnny—or, to put it as some of her less popular sisters in the chorus did, whether Cocktail Johnny was going to fall for her.

I am sorry to say I cannot present Miss Hazel Dering as an object for unqualified approbation. She was not a prime favorite with Globe audiences, who, as a rule, liked their chorus girls to have plump legs, round eyes, and a eupeptic air of good humor and high spirits. Hazel was so slender that nothing but the most perfect roundness of limb kept her from looking scrawny. She had black hair, green eyes and, in the main, a languid manner that flashed up now and then in a positively breath-taking way. She had perhaps a rather remarkable talent as a dancer; but in the ordinary jiggings and prancings of the chorus evolutions it did not show. Altogether there was something a little exotic about her, which brought to the knowingness of Globe audiences a touch of misgiving.

Nor was her popularity any greater among her associates back of the stage. She gave no handle for an active dislike, but she kept her own counsel in a very cagey way. She seemed very little interested in any one else's affairs. She treated the chorus men like dirt—which, broadly speaking, is what they were—walking round them when they stood in her path, with an unseeing eye that incited them and their few friends among the girls to subdued explosions of wrath.

With the other girls, and especially her mates in the Number Six dressing room, she was not what you could call unfriendly. She would sit on a trunk and swing her thin legs and contribute languid and somewhat cynical fragments to the conversation that was going round; but even here she was felt to be rather upstage and superior. Apparently she never was in love with anybody; or if she was she kept it dark—a proceeding that, to the normally-minded chorus girl, looked distinctly suspicious.

Altogether if she had the deliberate purpose of distinguishing herself from all the rest, of coming to be a person who would be thought of all by herself rather than as one of a group of others, she succeeded admirably.

The consequence was that when Cocktail Johnny began coming every night and sitting in the front row; when he pointed his attentions by getting introduced to Hazel at Max's Café, one night after the show; when he took to sending monstrous bunches of violets for her round to the stage door—speculation on a number of angles of the affair grew rife.

Cocktail Johnny was the disrespectful manner of designating one John Sebold, Jr.—the original John Sebold being a wealthy manufacturer of saws, and quite as sharp and hard and rasping as any of the well-known objects of his manufacture. Having had a penurious and unlovely youth of his own, his notion of compensatory justice had been to let Johnny run loose.

Really it is hard to see what else there was for a busy man to do, after three highly expensive private schools had declined to be responsible for the boy any longer. He could not go to college; it was absurd to expect him to go to work; and the only alternative to sewing him up in a sack and drowning him seemed to be to grease his ways with an ample allowance and, as it were, let him slide. The amplitude of the allowance was perhaps debatable; but Johnny found it easier to graft his regular monthly deficit from a credulous and adoring mother than to take the budget into committee with the old man.

And then Johnny was not without a touch of his father's thrift—at least, he had a notion of making his money go as far as possible. No admiring Gibbon will ever chronicle his orgies into imperishable history. Many a man in high boots and a fur overcoat, who has ridden into town with a trainload of cattle, has scattered more of the commodity known as kale seed about the brightly lighted district in one night than Cocktail Johnny parted with in a month.

If you were on confidential terms with a person like Lou Heminway you might get the impression that the gilding on Cocktail Johnny was laid on very thin; but a bright red automobile, a bright red supper party now and then at one of the louder restaurants, and a sort of knack for providing avid reporters with feature stories that would make the front page, supplied him with an aureole of fame that was—to him at least—entirely satisfactory.

The consensus of opinion in Number Six, arrived at after Hazel had gone home one night, was that, as an ornamental trifle for the frivolous, Johnny might do very well; but approached seriously, as a good thing, he would assay very little to the ton—distinctly not enough to be worth a hard-working girl's trouble to smelt.

What puzzled them about Hazel was that she was not frivolous at all. She never, so far as they knew, went out for a good time with anybody. She must be too wise to suppose that anything more solidly advantageous than a good time could be had out of Johnny. Yet she was playing her hand, so far as they could see, exactly as though she thought there could—stringing him along, stalling him off, working the Sunday-school act.

Why, the night he met her at Max's she had declined the mixture of champagne, stout and maraschino, which Johnny wanted to buy, in favor of a simple glass of light beer, and explained that the doctor made her drink that every night in the hope of fattening her up. Also she had positively refused to be taken home in the bright red automobile. In certain circumstances it would all have been very proper, but as a play for Johnny it was downright ridiculous—and Hazel ought to be smart enough to know it.

Freddy Boldt was puzzled about her too—a state of mind unusual with him and correspondingly distressing. He did not admire Hazel exactly. His taste in women was that of the Globe audiences, which is, of course, why he managed so successfully to give those audiences what they wanted. His notion of a real girl was some one plump and jolly, with lots of prance and lots of pep. He had been on the point two or three times of canning Hazel for the somewhat contemptuous languor with which she executed the chorus maneuvers—only he could not quite bring himself to do it. She was a disconcerting sort of girl.

She had a blank way of looking at him out of her green eyes that disquieted him—made his face flush and his throat turn rather dry. It was a look that troubled his memory, too, after she had turned it away from him; and it reduced him eventually to a sort of frenzy of exasperation with her. There was no satisfaction in bawling her out in rehearsal. She neither cried nor tried to get fresh with him in any tangible way—just looked at him again, and then went ahead and seemed to try to carry out his instructions, but left him feeling always that the victory was with her.

So he shifted from severity to a sort of ferocious friendliness, but did not go very far with it. She never resisted a rough hug—never pulled any of this unhand-me-sir! stuff; but there was a cool indifference about her that chilled him to the bones. Once, when he meant to kiss her, gripped her shoulders and pulled her up to him, the blank look in her green eyes flared up suddenly in a way that made the edges of his soul shrivel like the white of a fried egg. He went through with it and kissed her, but he never tried it again. What worried Freddy most was her sudden making up to the new wardrobe mistress.

*His Manner Was Very Different From What It Had Been Two Weeks Before*

As the days went by the conviction had grown in the stage manager's mind that the new wardrobe mistress was phony—not so far as the performance of her duties was concerned; they had never had any one at the Globe who was in her class at all. Gradually under her ministrations the costumes, which at the end of a hundred and fifty nights of wear and neglect had become almost too shabby for the patrons of the Globe, began to freshen and bloom again. And if the immaculateness of their white serge suits could possibly have made the chorus men look like the naval officers they were supposed, in the second act, to be, the illusion would have been complete.

Keziah Strong worked fast and she worked tirelessly; and, though Freddy Boldt had told her the girls were supposed to take care of their own tights and stockings, the discovery was soon made that if a girl perched herself on the stool opposite the sewing machine, borrowed a needleful of thread, and made a bluff at going to work at her mending, grandma was certain to take compassion on her clumsiness and do the job herself in no time at all. But she asked no questions; she never grumbled; she never assured Freddy that if she were absent for a day the show would have to close.

For these and some other reasons Freddy found it wholly impossible to believe in her. Her casual way of speaking of the Olympian who owned the production as Willy Lord troubled his imagination exceedingly. A person must be very deep indeed to appear as simple as all that. But what secret depths was she exploring? What was her game? And what did that young devil of a Hazel mean by making up to her like that—spending all her spare time in the wardrobe room! When one of the other girls told him that the two had set up housekeeping together in a tiny flat on the North Side, Freddy nearly exploded.

The truth was that at the beginning Hazel Dering's notion of old Keziah Strong had been much the same as Freddy's own. Nobody in the world could be so innocent as that old lady seemed. The thing that took her into the wardrobe room one night was nothing deeper than a rather incredulous curiosity. It was late in the second act, when the showgirls were being guests at the hotel, and the ponies and chorus men had a dance to the refrain of the Pumpkin-vine Rag, a hit that was always safe for half a dozen encores. All the other mediums but two were busy dressing as Chianti Girls, and as her own last change only involved taking off a few more clothes there was nothing for Hazel to do; so she picked up Johnny's latest bunch of violets and dropped in on Keziah.

The wardrobe mistress was sitting with her back to her as she came in, and with a flicker of mischief across her face she stole up close and thrust the heavy, odorous mass of violets into Keziah's face.

The act might pass for a little manifestation of friendliness, you see, but it was sure to be surprising; and there is nothing like a surprise for revealing, momentarily, the true colors of a masquerader. Hazel would not have been astonished to hear the nice old lady demand in language far from polite what she thought she was doing.

What Keziah did cry out, however, was: "Sakes alive!" And then, with a glance up at Hazel, she caught up the great purple and green mass, which the medium's hand relinquished disdainfully enough, pressed it to her face again and drew in two or three long breaths of the fragrance of it.

Hazel dropped into a chair, stretched out her long, slim, silk-clad legs, hooked her French heels into the lower round of the stool, and yawned.

"My!" said Keziah. "That smell does take me straight back home. The medder lot is just blue with them the first week in June."

She took a last sniff and held them out to Hazel. Hazel did not seem anxious to be incumbered with them, so Keziah laid them down gently on the extension to her sewing machine.

"I didn't know the violets you picked had any smell," said Hazel—"only the kind you buy at the florist's."

"That's queer too!" said Keziah. "I never thought of their raising a common pasture flower like violets at a greenhouse. But I might have know'd it! I'd plumb forgot it was January—just for the minute."

"January is right!" said Hazel. "That bunch must have reduced Johnny about ten bucks."

Keziah thought she knew how much a buck was, but this statement staggered her.

"You don't ever mean ten dollars!" she exclaimed.

Hazel assured her she did and provided her with a number of other synonyms not in the thesaurus.

"It seems downright sinful!" mused the wardrobe mistress; but her face softened into a smile and she added: "But I 'spose just now to that young man money don't matter. Nothing he can get seems good enough. Why, I can remember ——"

The memory itself, however, superseded the power to tell about it for a minute; and Hazel, with an answering smile of a rather different quality, spoke.

"You said something then," she said philosophically. "'Just now' is right."

"No; it don't last—that feeling don't," said Keziah. "And perhaps it's just as well." And she added with another glance at the violets: "I hope he can afford it."

Hazel laughed.

"You don't have to worry about him!" she said. "His elastic's never been stretched very bad yet. Johnny's wad is always wrapped up good and tight."

"Well," said Keziah, "thrift ain't a bad quality—afterward. I s'pose," she went on, "you're calc'latin' to get married pretty soon?"

She looked round placidly into the girl's face as she said it. Hazel did not move. The long, slim legs were stretched out indolently in front of her, the heels hooked into the round of the stool, her hands clasped behind her head, supporting it; but for just a minute the lazy, relaxed body

*"I S'pose You're Calc'latin' to Get Married Pretty Soon?"*

might have been changed to marble, so rigid did it look. Her eyes, which met Keziah's, had gone blank.

It was a little trick of Hazel's, really—that cold, unfocused stare—and never until now had it failed to work. She had been just a child when she discovered it—discovered that something about her green, wide-set eyes and the shape of her face worried people when she looked at them like that—made them want to look away and be unable to—frightened them a little sometimes. It was a valuable discovery, and she had never abused it, never told any one that she knew how she did it. Her mirror was the only thing that knew how carefully worked up an effect it was. But this time it missed fire completely. Keziah beamed at her through her big ironbowed spectacles and went on with her sewing.

Slowly Hazel took down her legs, pulled herself back into the chair, leaned forward, her elbow on the arm of it, her chin in her hand, and searched the placid, motherly old face of the wardrobe mistress. How in the world could the innocent old party she seemed to be have laid her finger like that upon the very kernel of the girl's secret design? Because that was what she had done.

Hazel was calculating the feasibility of no less a feat than marrying little Johnny Sebold! Anybody else there at the Globe would have laughed at the very idea. Johnny would be the first to laugh at it himself. And Hazel by no means underrated the difficulties of the campaign. She approached it precisely as an ambitious young salesman would approach the possibility of landing a big contract. If she played it skillfully enough—made no mistakes; if the luck broke right—it just might be managed.

A marriage, Hazel knew—a marriage with Cocktail Johnny—might not be a very permanent arrangement; but the position it would leave her in when it was over would be far from undesirable. Why, the publicity alone would be worth all the effort of the campaign—even if Johnny's father never came across at all. The trouble with the plan, the thing that made it seem to Hazel's dispassionate calculation almost hopeless from the first, was that it could not be executed on a bare stage. It needed a setting which Hazel's solitary existence in a cheap boarding house did not provide her. She could not play the game alone. She might as well make up her mind to that.

So you will understand there was a good deal for the girl to think about in the long silence which followed Keziah's remark that she supposed Hazel was calculating to get married pretty soon. Her slim fingers pressed hard into her cheek; her brows drew together in a thoughtful frown. She caught her breath as if to speak, but checked the impulse and drew back.

Should she try it? What was behind that grave, kindly old face? From it her eyes fell upon the hands—those big, motherly, skillful hands. Absurdly enough, the thought came to the girl that it would feel good to have those hands touch her—to relax for the space of a breath or two in the firm, strong hold of them.

The idea was gone again almost before she could smile at it. Was she getting loony? No—not so you would notice it. She leaned back in the chair, but did not resume her old attitude. The slim legs bent decorously to the floor; the tunic was hitched down as far over her thighs as it would go; the arms rested at her side and the hands were folded in her lap. She had taken her decision. She was going to try to play the game.

It was a long, rather shaky sigh that made the wardrobe mistress look up again. And what she saw was a relaxed, tired-looking girl with a thoughtful face.

"I really don't know," said Hazel, "whether I'm going to get married at all or not." Then, with a little catch in her throat, she added as if to herself: "Oh, but I wish't I did!"

With due regard for her makeup, she pressed her hands to her eyes; but if she had any idea that the old wardrobe mistress herself would go loony now, come over to her with caresses and endearments, and comfortably want to be told all about it, it was because Hazel had as yet a very inadequate conception of the sort of people who came from East Weston, Massachusetts.

Keziah went on with her sewing. She did, indeed, look up in a friendly enough way.

"Well," she said, "a husband lasts a long time and it ain't a bad idea for a girl to be sure she knows what she's getting. If she ain't just sure what she thinks about him ——"

Naturally enough this struck Hazel as funny; but the scene acted all right, the laugh mixing up with a sob in quite a hysterical way.

"I know what I think about him, all right!" she said—which was entirely true. Hazel's confidential opinion of little Johnny Sebold was something I would not even attempt to paraphrase.

Keziah finished stitching a seam before she looked up again.

"Well," she said, "I guess there ain't much doubt what he thinks of you. So I suppose what you're thinking about is going on here and getting to be a famous actress."

For just a second Hazel went rigid again. Could you beat it—the way the old lady went on ringing the bell that way at every shot! That was precisely what Hazel was thinking about. The wife of Johnny Sebold would be notorious enough—for a few days anyway—to be sure of a chance. And a chance, Hazel was convinced, was all she needed. But the next minute she saw what Keziah meant.

"I wouldn't think about that, though, if I was you," the old lady went on. "It's probably all right to be a great actress and have your picture in the paper; but it ain't like having a good home and somebody that loves you to take care of you."

Hazel choked and the tears came into her eyes. It was lucky for her that the emotions of extreme mirth and a much deeper feeling look so much alike. The good home and the loving care Keziah was talking about were to come from Johnny Sebold! But somehow the placid dignity of the old lady sobered her, and she was not acting a bit when she said, a moment later, rather harshly:

"I don't know anything about a home. I never had one—nor any one to care about me either."

"And a peaked, pale-complected, thin little thing like you, too," said Keziah—"with no more strength than a rabbit! I wish't I'd 'a' had the care of you!"

"That goes—double," said the girl.

She ought to have broken down and cried a little just then; and, despite her makeup, she would have done it if the Chianti Girls had not begun coming in to get hooked up the back. Hazel got up to go. Her eyes fell on the bunch of violets. She hesitated, picked them up, and held them out to Keziah.

"Want 'em?" she asked rather harshly; and she pushed them into the old lady's reluctant hand. "Aw, take 'em! On the level! Keep them to remember the—the medder lot by." And she crowded past one of the Chianti Girls into the passage; but she stopped outside—a puzzled, rather wry, smile on her face, as if what she had just done, or the feeling that accompanied it, had taken her by surprise. She stood there for the better part of a minute; then she shrugged her white shoulders and gave a short laugh.

*"Grandma's Right Next Door and It Don't Take a Very Loud Yelp for Her to Hear"*

"It was just good business," she observed to herself. "Maybe I can't pull this Old Homestead stuff myself!"

She pulled open the door of the Number Six dressing room, shut it again rather quickly behind her, leaned back against it, and stood for a moment listening to the chatter that ran round before the mirrors.

"Say," she said presently, "do you see that sign?" And she indicated the dingy placard with a gesture that had a certain insolent defiance about it. "Well, that goes for me!" she concluded. "Grandma's right next door and it don't take a very loud yelp for her to hear."

What the sign said was that profane or indecent language was strictly forbidden. The rest of Number Six dressing room was much amused.

"I ain't kiddin' neither!" said Hazel.

And that made it all the funnier.

The game worked so smoothly afterward that Hazel was almost frightened about it. It was the very next day, when she dropped into the wardrobe room, that Keziah of her own accord mentioned the subject of boarding houses. Keziah had never boarded out in her life before she came to Chicago; and though, in her friendly, uncomplaining way, she expressed a good deal of sympathy for her harassed landlady and credited her with doing the best she could, it was plain to see that she hated the place down to the depths of her soul.

Hazel expressed a similar sentiment, hesitated a second, and then took the plunge.

"Say!" she exclaimed a little breathlessly. "What's the matter with us hooking up for a while—you and me? We could find a little mutt of an apartment somewhere that we wouldn't have to pay more than forty a month for. We could stand that, I guess. A straight fifty-fifty proposition—and wrastle up the eats ourselves!"

The details of the plan needed a little more explaining before Keziah quite took them in; but her delight in it—when she did understand—was almost pathetic.

They went flat hunting the next afternoon; and as Hazel was not very particular, and as everything that Keziah saw looked to her like a miracle of modernity and convenience, they soon found a place that would do, and the bargain was struck. They had been gloating over their new acquisition for about ten minutes, Hazel assuring herself in a somewhat puzzled way that her share of the enthusiasm was merely histrionic, when she thought of something that made her jump.

"My gracious!" she said. "We're a pair of simps, all right! We ain't got anything to live on—beds and tables and things!"

Keziah did not seem perturbed.

"I know we ain't," she assented placidly; "but I brought along some things with me, and the rest I sold before I left East Weston. I guess the money's just as good here as it is there, though."

Hazel digested this proposition a minute in silence.

"Not on your life!" she said at last. "There's no Let George Do It about this proposition. This is straight fifty-fifty! I can make the ante thirty-five. I haven't got it, but I know where I can raise it. And if you can see that I guess we'll get along all right. We can buy anything else we need on time."

Keziah was, of course, a little puzzled over this speech—it required quite an extensive glossary before she fully understood; but her bewilderment over it was as nothing to Hazel's.

All the way to the pawnbroker's with her one good ring, which she had raised money on so often that she came to regard it rather as negotiable collateral than as a mere ornament, and all the way back, Hazel wondered why she had said it—why she had not allowed the old lady to go ahead and furnish the flat all by herself if she liked.

She arrived at last at the not very plausible explanation that it had been just a part of the game of stringing Keziah—in other words, of keeping up the illusion. The old lady must have no misgivings that she was being used merely to furnish the stage setting in the play Hazel meant to make for Cocktail Johnny.

*(Continued on Page 36)*

# THE MAN BEHIND THE TICKET

## By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

THE primary schools of railroading are the little red and yellow and gray buildings that one finds up and down the steel highways of the nation, dotting big lines and small. You find at least one in every town in America that thinks itself worthy of the title. And they are hardly less to the towns themselves than the red schoolhouses of only a little greater traditional lore. To the railroad their importance can hardly be minimized. They are its tentacles, the high spots and the low where it touches its territory and its patrons. Previous articles have told of the passenger head of a great transportation system playing the rôle of Prince Charming, of the brigade of uniformed conductors that ride upon its trains as its diplomats; now what shall we say of that little-honored, little-organized human factor of the individual of the tentacle—the station agent?

Romance has dealt kindly with the profession of the man in the engine cab, it has spun its meshes round those who sit at the dispatcher's desk and direct the operation of a hundred intermingled trains as the man on the bridge directs the course of a single ship, it has given passing attention to the men who build the bridges over great rivers and deep cañons and thrust the line forward into little-traveled countries; but Romance picks up her skirts at the small and grimy depot in the country town and merely remarks that it is sordid. Romance does not know the primary school of railroading. Romance, not being concerned with such purely commercial things as traffic returns, cannot imagine that the railroad meets only one class of patrons through the train conductors and the solicitors of passenger traffic. Your big railroader does not underestimate the value of the freight however. He knows that his earning-sheet will show that it is producing from sixty to seventy-five per cent of the revenue of the property. And so he will listen indulgently to the appeals of his general passenger agent to place a new limited train in service to help dig into the other fellow, but will send him scooting out of the place when the freight man comes in to say that another half-million must be spent on the interchange yard at Dusenbury Junction. The limited can wait until another summer, but Dusenbury Junction will have its "eastbound classification" started before snow flies and the heavy freight season begins—even if the boss himself has to go down into Wall Street and peddle bonds from one bank to another.

To understand how a station agent measures to a job, take one of them who is typical. Here is one man who in personality and environment is representative, and the small New York State town in which he is the railroad's agent is typical of tens of thousands of others all the way from Maine to California. Briar Hill is an old-fashioned village of less than ten thousand population, albeit it is a county seat and the gateway to a prosperous and beautiful farming district. Two railroads reach it by their sidelines, which means competition and that the agent for each must be a considerable man and on the job about all the time. Our man—we will call him Blinks and his road the Great Midland—has never lived or worked in another town. Thirty years ago he entered the service of the G. M. as a general utility boy round the old brick depot at $12 a month. The old brick depot is still in service and so is Blinks.

### Teamwork at Briar Hill

IN THIRTY years his pay has been advanced. He now gets $110 a month. In addition his commissions amount to $40 or $50 a month. Engineers and conductors get more, but the station agent is not a member of a powerful labor organization. There is an Order of Railroad Station Agents, to be sure, but it is hardly to be compared with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers or the Order of Railroad Trainmen. In some cases the station agents, rising from a telegraph key, have never relinquished their membership in the telegraphers' union; but with the telephone almost accepted as a complete success in the dispatching of trains, the railroads see a new opportunity for the efficient use of men who have been crippled in the service, in some cases for the widows and the daughters of men who have died in the ranks. It takes aptitude, long months and sometimes years to learn the rapid use of the telegraph. A clear mind and quick wit are the main requirements when the long-distance telephone moves the trains up and down the line.

Blinks does not belong to a labor organization. Although he was an expert telegrapher with a high-speed rate, he did not happen to belong to the telegraphers' organization. Instead there is a rather fine vein of old-fashioned loyalty to the property. He was all but born in the service of the Great Midland—he expects to die in the harness there in his homely, old-fashioned office in the brick depot at Briar Hill.

*The Young Ticket Clerk Tears Madly Through a Few Dozen Tariffs*

His is the sort of loyalty whose value to the road can hardly be expressed in mere dollars and cents.

If you would like to know the truth of the matter you will quickly come to know that the real reason why Blinks has never joined a union is because he holds an innate and unexpressed feeling that he is a captain in the railroad army, rather than a private in its ranks. For he is secretly proud of the force that reports to him—chief clerk, ticket agent, two clerks, a baggage-master and three freight-house men. Not a man of these draws less than $70 a month, so there is not much difference in their social status and that of the boss. No one has been quicker than he to recognize such democracy. He prides himself that he is an easy captain.

"We work here together like a big family," he will tell you, "although I'm quite of the opinion that we're about the best little collection of teamwork here in the village. Together we make quite an aggregate. Only two concerns here employ more help—the paper mill and the collar factory."

You are a bit astonished at that, and you begin to think—not of the relation of the town to the railroad but rather of the railroad to the town. You ask Blinks as to the volume of the business his road does at his station. He hesitates in replying. That is rather a state secret. Finally he tells you—although still as a secret.

"We do a business of $50,000 a month," he says quietly, "which is as much as any two industries here—and this time I'm making no exceptions of the paper mill or the collar factory."

Quickly he explains that this is no unusual figure. And figures do not always indicate. Smithville up on another division is only a third as large and does a business of $20,000 a month. There are great paper mills there, and inasmuch as they handle their products in carload lots on their own sidings there is no need of a large force round about the station. On the other hand, a neighboring town of the same size shows about the same monthly revenue and needs a station force much larger than Blinks', for its leading industry is a paint factory without siding facilities. Its products move in comparatively small individual boxes, requiring individual care and handling. There is a city of not more than thirty thousand inhabitants up in Northern New York where the railroad does a business of more than a million dollars a month, and so, despite the fact that the small city is a brisk industrial center, becomes its chief enterprise.

"You work long hours and hard hours?" you may demand of Blinks.

He shakes his head slowly. "Long hours a good deal of the time, but not very often hard hours," he tells you. "My work is complicated and diverse, but it is largely a case of having it organized."

Indeed it is complicated and diverse. There are only four passenger trains each day up and down the line, but the rush of freight is heavy, particularly at certain seasons of the year. And both of these functions of the railroad as they relate to Blinks' town come under his watchful eye. In addition, remember that he is the express agent and is paid a commission on the business bound in as well as the business bound out of his office, and is also the representative of the telegraph company. The telegraph company pays him nothing for handling its messages, but from the express company he will probably average $45 a month, particularly as his brisk county-seat town is one in which the small package traffic does not greatly vary at any season of the year. Down in the Southwest, where a great amount of foodstuffs moves out by express within a very few weeks, there are men who may in two months take several hundred dollars—perhaps a check into four figures—from the express company. The gateway to a summer resort is regarded as something of the same sort of a bonanza to the station agent.

### Blinks, the Human Encyclopedia

STILL Blinks, if he would, could tell you of a man at a famous gateway who lost his job through too much of this sort of business. The president of his road was a stickler for appearances. On a bright summer day, when vacation traffic was running at flood height, his car came rolling into the place. Word of it came to the station agent, but the station agent was lost in an avalanche of express way-bills. He should have been out on the platform in his pretty new cap and uniform—at least that was what the president thought. So nowadays that station agent gives all his time to the express way-bills. There is a new man for the cap and uniform, and when the president of that railroad arrives in the town he is greeted with sufficient formality.

As a matter of fact the express companies prefer to maintain officers wherever it is at all possible. The bonanza offices for the railroad agents are few and far between, and when the railroad begins to find them it is apt to put a stop to them. So Blinks can consider himself lucky that his commissions do not run over fifty dollars a month. That means that the express company will not attempt anything so suicidal as establishing its own office in Briar Hill, and Blinks' own modest perquisite is not apt to be interrupted.

His is routine work and intricate work. He writes enough letters in a week to do credit to a respectable correspondence school, and he makes enough reports in seven days to run three businesses. His incoming mail arrives like a flood. There are tariffs, bulletins, more tariffs, instructions, more tariffs, suggestions—and still more tariffs. The tariffs, both freight and passenger, are fairly encyclopedic in dimensions, and the folks down at headquarters fondly imagine that he has memorized them. At least that seems to be their assumption, if Blinks can judge from their letters. Every department of the road requests information of him—and gets it. And when he is done with the railroad he realizes that he is violating Biblical injunction and serving two masters—at least. For the express company is fairly prolific with its own tariffs and other literature. And the telegraph company has many things also to say at Blinks, there in the old brick depot.

Yet the wonder of it is that Blinks endures it all—not only endures but actually thrives under it. In a single hour, while you are sitting in his dingy, homey little office just back of the ticket cage, you can see the press of work upon him. He has just finished a four-page report to the legal department, explaining the likelihood of the road's being able to stave off that demand for an overhead crossing just back of the town; there is a letter on his desk from the general freight agent asking him for a picture of the business at Briar Hill—which means a careful analysis of its industries and trade—not an easy job of itself. Over in the corner of the ticket cage there is an express package of $25,000 in gold addressed to a local bank. Blinks keeps a bit of watchfulness for that "value package" down in the corner of his mind, while a thousand things press in upon it. Number Four is almost within hearing when a young man and his wife appear at the window, baggage in hand, and demand a ticket by way of Cincinnati, St. Louis and

Sedalia to Muskogee. The young ticket clerk tears madly through a few dozen tariffs, scratches his head blankly—and Blinks has to jump into the breach. In thirty seconds he has the right tariff.

"I think the through one way is thirty-four sixteen," he smiles at the patrons, "but I had better look up and make sure."

His memory was right, but Blinks takes no chances.

"Can we get a stop-over at Urbana?" asks the woman.

Blinks dives into a tariff, and after a moment nods "Yes."

"Wonder if we could go round by Jefferson City and stop off there?" inquires the man. "I've relatives there."

Blinks starts to say "Yes," then hesitates. Wasn't there a special bulletin issued by the Missouri Pacific covering that détour? Or was it the Frisco? Blinks finds his way through twenty or thirty tariff supplements. He knows that if he makes a mistake he not only will be censured, but will probably be forced to make good the mistake from his own pocket—according to the ruling of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which he feels is yet to be his nemesis.

Number Four is almost near enough to hear the hissing of her valves, but Blinks tells his patrons not to worry—she has a deal of express matter to handle this morning and will tarry two or three minutes at the station. He finds the right ticket forms, clips and pastes them, stamps and punches them until he has two long green and yellow contracts each calling for the passage of a person from his town to Muskogee. Incidentally he finds time to sell a little sheaf of travelers' checks and an accident insurance policy, in addition to promising to telegraph down to the junction to reserve Pullman space. In six or seven minutes he has completed an important passenger transaction with rare accuracy. Rare accuracy, did we say? We were mistaken. That sort of accuracy is common among the station agents of America.

When the nervous, hurried, accurate transaction is done you might expect Blinks to rail against the judgment of travelers who wait until the last minute to buy tickets involving a trip over a group of railroads. But that is not the way of Blinks.

### *Chaperoning Hattie the Soubrette*

"I COULD have sent them down to the junction on a local ticket and let them get their through tickets there; but I like those tickets on my receipt totals, and I'm rather proud of the fact that they've made this a coupon station. My rival here on the R—— road has to send to headquarters for blank tickets and a punch whenever he hears in advance of a party that's going to make a trip, and a clerk down there figures out the rate. We make our own rates, and folks know they can get through tickets at short notice."

That means business and Blinks knows that it means business.

"But he almost had me stumped on that alternative route by way of Jefferson City," he laughs. "They catch us up mighty quickly these days if we make mistakes."

The interstate commerce law is a pretty rigid thing, and lest a perfectly virtuous railroad should be accused of making purposeful mistakes in quoting the wrong rate, it insists that the agent himself shall pay the difference when he fails to charge the patron the fully established rate for either passenger or freight transportation. In fact it does more: it demands that the agent shall seek out the patron and make him pay the dollars and cents of the error, which is rather nice in theory, but difficult in execution. The average citizen does not live in any great fear of the interstate commerce law.

It is far, far different with the man behind the ticket and the way-bill. For instance, there is a statute which says that in certain cases the shipment must be accepted by the consignee. The agent has no option in such cases. Yet he is often like the man who, when his lawyer said "They can't put you in jail," stubbornly replied, "I am in jail."

Here was the case of a circus—a frightfully hard-up circus—to which had been consigned an elephant. The elephant reached the circus all right at a little town in Iowa; but the circus was a little more hard up than usual, if that were possible. The season was almost over and business had been bad, rains heavy. The man who owned the show went down to the depot, dolefully shaking his head. The elephant greeted him joyfully, but the showman still shook his head. The agent palavered, but the headshakes were still negative.

"Do you s'pose I'm a-goin' to accept that valuable beast in this condition?" he demanded in sudden anger.

The station agent put on his reading glasses, the better to see the condition of the beast. It looked all right to him; but the owner showed him a scratch on the hindleg of the pachyderm. It was not two inches long. The station agent grinned at sight of it.

"It's no laughing matter," stormed the showman. "S'pose she's 'noculated? I once had a bull that was scratched an' 'noculated, an' it took a company of th' militia to subdue him. S'pose this one goes mad and wrecks my show an' puts me out of business!"

He shook his head.

"No, sir," he added with a dignified solemnity, "I ain't a-goin' to accept that shipment."

"What am I going to do with it?" groaned the agent.

"That ain't my lookout," said the circus man. "All I know is that I ain't a-goin' to accept that damaged beast."

The agent went to his telegraph key and sent a five-page dispatch to his superintendent. But the super was engrossed in a hundred other troubles and merely wired back:

"Must accept shipment. Law requires it."

The circus man did not accept shipment. The agent had the switching crew from up the branch put the stock car in which his pachyderm was riding into an abandoned roundhouse and began his practical experience chaperoning a zoo. To begin with, the elephant would not drink. The agent pleaded with her and called her affectionately by her first name, which was Hattie, but Hattie did not respond. The agent became alarmed. Suppose that Hattie should die from thirst! The agent did not know the value of an elephant, but guessed that $10,000 was a fair estimate. If the elephant should die the road would have to pay the shipper $10,000, which was a little more than his own salary for a decade.

That night he went to the local library and dug into the encyclopedia. That portentous work was prolific on elephants, on their habits, their stamping grounds—everything except practical hints as to their diet and their upkeep. The agent despaired. It was finally a horse-trainer who suggested that he heat the water—it was already October and chill.

Hattie drank the warm water. You could handle Hattie—if you knew elephants. And by the time that the road had assumed about half the real value of the creature and its agent at one town was the best practical elephant expert within a radius of two hundred miles—the circus man

*"I Guess the X — Thinks a Good Deal of My Business"*

saw a great light and compromised.

Blinks enjoys that story of the elephant. He has had too many of the same sort of experiences himself. If he had time he could sit down and tell you of them by the dozen. But, being a practical sort of railroader, he is more anxious to tell you of the line as it works today, of the problems and the perplexities that constantly confront him. And occasionally he gives thought to his rival, whose little depot is on the far side of the village.

"Now Fremont is up against it," he tells you confidentially. "His road is different from ours. We have built up a pretty good reputation for our service. My job is a man's job, but at least I don't have to apologize for our road. Fremont does. His road is rotten and he knows it. He knows when he sells a man a ticket through to California or even down to New York that the train is going to be a poor one, made up of old equipment, probably late, and certainly overcrowded. And in the case of a shipment of goods Fremont knows that there is a fair chance that his car is going to get caught in some one of his line's inadequate yards and perhaps held a week on a back siding.

"It keeps Fremont guessing. His business is not more than half of mine and he has to work three times as hard to get it. He catches it from every corner and worries along on a bare eighty dollars a month. And they do not even give him anything like this."

### *Hard Sledding Along the Road*

HE DELVES into an inner pocket and pulls out a leather pass-wallet. In it is a system annual—a magic card which permits his wife or himself to travel over all the main lines and side lines of the big road at their will. He gives it a look of genuine affection.

"When a man's been fifteen years in the station service of the Midland he gets one of these for himself, and at twenty-five they make it include his wife and any dependent members of his family—which is as far as the law goes. They do something of the same sort for the older engineers and conductors, but they are less keen on that these days. Since the roads and the big brotherhoods have begun to quarrel so much there has been a good deal of serious talk among the operating heads as to having a comeback by pulling off all transportation favors to the rank and file. It will come. The roads have been steadily growing closer on deadheads ever since they began on the editors and the politicians eight or nine years ago.

"Fremont's road is a close corporation. They work their men hard, make them stretch the truth round a sixteen-acre lot to get business and then treat them badly into the bargain. It's hard sledding for Fremont."

It was hard sledding once for the ticket agent of one of the differential lines who was located in a considerable town of Ohio. His road offered a through passenger service—indifferent, to put it lightly. Two other roads reached his town, which modestly advertised themselves as the best in creation and then made some real effort to live up to that reputation. And it was a particularly dull day in a particularly dull month when

(Continued on Page 49)

*"All I Know is That I Ain't a-Goin' to Accept That Damaged Beast"*

# The Fifth Tube

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

## INFALLIBLE GODAHL TURNS A TRICK WITH GRAVITY

IT WILL be observed," noted the pharmacopœia, "that the size of the drops of different liquids bears no relation to their density; sulphuric acid is stated by Durand to yield ninety drops to the fluid drachm, while water yields but forty-five, and oil of anise, according to Professor Procter, eighty-five. It follows, then, that the weight of the drop varies with most liquids; but few experiments on this subject have been recorded, the oldest being contained in Mohr's Pharmacopœia Universalis of 1845. More accessible to the American and English student are the results of Bernoulli"—and so on.

Godahl—the infallible Godahl—did not have the printed page before him, but he had visualized it in one glance only a few hours before and the imprint was still fresh on his memory. Reduced to elementals, a drop of liquid varies in size from one-third to one and one-half minims. Godahl split the difference and called a drop and a minim synonymous for his purpose. Later, if he were so minded, he might arrive at precise results by means of atomic weights. He began a lightning mental calculation as he sat idly stirring his beer of Pilsen with a tiny thermometer, which the proprietor of this Hanover Square resort served with each stein of beer.

"It should be fifty-two degrees Fahrenheit, my friend," said the master of the house, who in passing saw that Godahl was seemingly intent on the thermometer. Godahl was not intent at all on the tiny thread of mercury; rather he was studying the drops of golden brown liquid rolling off the pointed end of the glass instrument. However, it was as much as one's life was worth to dispute the proper temperature of beer at this eating place, and Godahl smiled childish acquiescence and explained that he was awaiting with impatience the rise of half a degree of temperature before he indulged his thirst.

"It should be just such a color," he mused—"possibly a little more inclined to orange—and a little sirupy when stone cold." And, with his head thrown back and his eyes shut, he completed his calculation: there should be sixty-one thousand, four hundred and forty such drops to the gallon—at ten cents a drop!

"Tut, tut!" he exclaimed to himself, conscious of feeling exceedingly foolish; it was so simple, so insolently obvious, like all great inventions and discoveries once they have been uncovered.

This was one of the three tasks he had dreamed of, each worthy to be the adventure of a lifetime—three tasks he had dreamed of, as a poet dreams of a sonnet that shall some day flow from his pen with liquid cadence; as an author dreams of his masterpiece, the untold story; as an artist dreams of a picture with an atmosphere beyond the limits of known pigments.

One was the Julius Tower, where at the bottom of a well lay thirty millions in coined golden eagles, hoarded by an emperor more medieval than modern, against the time when he must resume the siege of Paris. The second was the fabled chain of the Incas, one hundred fathoms of yellow gold, beaten into links; it lies purple with age in the depths of a bottomless lake ten thousand feet in the clouds of the Peruvian Andes. And the third—it was this nectar of the gods, more potent, more precious than the rarest of collected vintages. The Julius Tower and the fabled chain were remote—the one guarded by an alien army, the other guarded by superstition—but this nectar lay within a stone's throw of where Godahl sat now studying, with the fascination of a great discovery, the tiny drops of liquid falling from the tip of the glass thermometer, each drop shaping itself into a perfect sphere under stress of the same immutable laws that govern the suns.

*"Ach!"* cried a voice of truculence behind him, and his precious mug of beer was unceremoniously snatched away from the hand of Godahl by Herr Schmalz. In his abstraction the master rogue had violated a rule of the house—the temperature of the brew had climbed to sixty. Godahl, with an amused smile, watched the testy old host adjust the temperature of a fresh mug to a nicety, and when the mug was returned to him he drank deep at the other's insistent command.

"Every man to his own religion," thought Godahl. "His is fifty-two degrees Fahrenheit; mine is gold!"

Godahl, swinging his cane with a merry lilt, picked his way up the crooked street under the Elevated to Wall

*"Now, My Man! I Want Dumpcart Number Thirty-Six"*

Street. To the east the Street was lined with grimy warehouses; to the west it was lined with marble. To the west was the heart of gold. Godahl turned west. Every window concealed a nest of aristocratic pirates plotting and scheming for more gold. In the street the *hoi polloi* were running errands for them, enviously cognizant of the shiny silk hats and limousines of their employers. Gold bought everything the heart could desire; gold attracted everything with invisible lines of force radiating on all sides.

An express wagon was backed up to the curb and curious pedestrians were peering over each other's shoulders, attracted and held spellbound by no more rare asight than a pyramid of rough pine boxes, each as big as a shoebox, piled on the pavement. The boxes contained gold—ingots of gold. If the guards, who stood on each side of the sweating porters carrying the boxes inside, had not looked so capable it is more than likely that many individuals in the crowd would have remembered that they had been born thieves thousands of years ago, and fought madly for the possession of this yellow stuff.

"It should obey the laws of gravity and be subject to the stress of vacuum," mused Godahl, still delighted with the obvious idea he had discovered over his beer in Hanover Square. "I think," he wandered on ruminatively—"I think I shall reduce it to its absolute atom and beat it into a frieze for the walls of my study. Sixty-one thousand drops to the gallon! It should make a frieze at least four inches wide. And why not?" he thought abruptly, as though some sprite in him had snickered at the grotesque idea. It was in this way that the dead and buried races of the Andes prized the yellow metal—not as a vulgar medium of trade and exchange, but as a symbol of kingship, a thing to be possessed only by a king. They decorated the walls of their royal palaces with bands of beaten gold. It must have been very satisfactory, thought Godahl, pursuing his whimsical idea; at least—he added as an afterthought—for the kings!

He paused at the curb and his esthetic eye sought not the boxes of gold that lay on the pavement, but the exquisite lines of the little structure of which the barred door stood open to receive the treasure. The building was no bigger than a penthouse on the roof of any of the surrounding skyscrapers; yet, with its pure lines and its stones mellow with the wash of time, it was a polished gem in a raw setting. It stands, as anyone may see, like a little Quaker lady drawing her shawl timidly about her to shut out the noise and clamor of the world crowding in on all sides. On one side rises a blank wall twenty or more stories in height; on the other, the cold gray pile of the Subtreasury stands guard as stolid and sullen as the Great Pyramid itself.

The windows were barred, so that even a bird might not enter; the door was steel-studded; the very stones seemed to cluster together as if to hide their seams from prying eyes. The cornices were ample for a flood and the tiles of the roof were as capacious as saucers. Before the days when electrolytic chemistry came to the aid of the crude agencies of earth, air, fire and water, the very smoke that emerged from the blackened chimneys was well worth gathering, to be melted down in a crucible to yield its button of gold. The whole represented the ideal of a stronghouse of a past age. It was the Assay Office of the United States that Godahl regarded.

"If," thought Godahl delightedly, as his eye caressed the picture—"if it were painted on china I am afraid, friend Godahl, you would not sleep until the plate was secure in your possession."

The hour of one was suddenly, stridently ushered in by a crash of steam riveting hammers, like the rattle of machine guns. Little apes of men, high in the air back of the little building, were driving home the last of the roof girders of a tiny chimneylike skyscraper, which in several months' time was to absorb the functions, with ultramodern methods, so long and so honorably exercised by the beautiful little house in the street—the old Assay Office.

Godahl passed on and shortly was in his lodgings. There was mellow contentment here—something he prized above all things; and he sighed to think that he would not know this comfort again for weeks. That same day, as an expert electrician named Dahlog—with a pronounced Danish accent—he presented his union card and obtained employment at sixty cents an hour. Things worth doing were worth doing well in his philosophy; and, though he hated soiled fingers and callous hands and walking delegates, he must regard the verities.

II

THE spic-and-span new Assay Office of the United States is sometimes described as the House Without a Front Door. Indeed, it has no front door; but it has two back doors, and gets along very well at that. In reality it occupies two back yards, balancing itself nicely on the party line between a parcel of land fronting on Wall Street and another on Pine. The Wall Street entrance is effected through the dingy halls of the now tenantless Assay Office of the olden time; on the Pine Street side a tall iron paling suggests to the passer-by that something more precious than bricks and mortar is contained within. There is a wicket gate of ornamental iron in the fence, wide enough to admit two men abreast, or to allow the passage of the hand trucks laden with boxes of gold and silver bullion. A long wooden ramp, uncovered—a temporary structure—connects the street with a window in the second story of the new building, which for the time is serving the purpose of a door.

Some day the precious parcel of land standing between the gaunt face of the new building and the street will be occupied by a pretentious façade, and then the magnificent plant that turns out pure gold day and night at the rate of some forty million dollars a year will be lost to view entirely. Now, to the street passenger it suggests nothing of its functions—suggests less, in fact, to the imagination than the pine boxes laden with bullion, whose appearance daily is always calculated to draw a breathless audience.

The walls are sheer, without architectural embellishment of any kind; it is, in fact, nothing more than the rear of a skyscraper, some day to be given a face.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of a June day. The upper windows of the Assay Office stood open, and through the apertures there emerged a fine sustained hum, like the note of some far-away violin. It told the passer-by that the motor generators of the electrolytic plant within were churning at their eternal task of separating gold from dross.

A party of four men were in the act of leaving the place on the Pine Street side. One was the superintendent of the plant and another the master refiner, the two men responsible for the wealth within—two men whose books were balanced each year on a set of scales that will weigh a long ton or a leadpencil mark with equal nicety.

A third man of the party was a Canadian government official who had come down from Ottawa to inspect this latest monument to the science of electrolytic chemistry. He was not interested in the Assay Office as a stronghouse—it had long ago passed into tradition that the Mint of the

United States, with its accessories, is inviolable; and to ask whether this latest plant of its kind in the world were burglar-proof would be to laugh.

The fourth member of the party was the chief of a division of the United States Secret Service, who in passing through the city had run down to find out whether Guinea gold owed its peculiar color to a unique atomic structure or to the presence of a trace of silver. On the answer hung the fate of two rascals he had laid by the heels.

"No; you haven't the idea yet," the master refiner was saying to the Canadian official. "We superimpose a low-frequency alternating current on the direct current for the purpose of shaking out the bubbles of gas that otherwise would prove very troublesome."

"It is due to a small percentage of silver," the superintendent was explaining to the secret agent; and the latter was gnawing his mustache in chagrin, for the answer meant that he had barked a 'coon up the wrong tree.

At this point an incident occurred, seemingly trivial in itself, the significance of which, however, struck the four with the force of a thunderbolt a few hours later on that momentous evening. It had to do with the secret agent's enforced moderation in the matter of tobacco. His physician had ordered him to cut his nicotine allowance down to three cigars a day; and now, in the first throes of his abstention, he was as cross as a bear with a sore toe. The whiff of an Irishman's cutty-pipe smote his nostrils as the little party passed through the gate.

Now there is something about the exotic fragrance of a well-seasoned cutty-pipe that induces in those who happen to be in its immediate neighborhood an almost supranormal desire for a puff of the weed. Whether it was the intensive quality of the tobacco itself, the ripeness of the clay cutty-pipe, or the fact that the cutty-pipe is subjected to a forced draft by reason of the extreme abbreviation of its stem—whichever of these elementary causes it might have been—the psychological effect was the same.

The secret agent stared vacantly about him. A mud rat—so the brown-jeaned scavengers whose business it is to scoop mud out of catch-basins are known—was igniting a fresh charge of tobacco in the lee of his mud cart, a watertight affair of sheet steel. The tempted one drew a cigar from his pocket and regarded it with a scowl.

"It's the vile pipe that scavenger is hitting up as though it were a blast furnace!" explained the secret agent guiltily as he bit off the end of the cigar. "This is my after-dinner pill; here goes!"

He searched his pockets for a match, forgetting that he had adopted the practice of traveling matchless to make life easier. He appealed to his three companions, but they could not scare up a match among them.

"What!" ejaculated the secret agent incredulously. "Do you mean to say there are three able-bodied men in one bunch who turn up their noses at tobacco! I have heard," he went on, with infinite sarcasm, "of isolated instances—of individuals—like our friend, Doctor Pease, for example; but three men in one spot—I am amazed!"

It was true nevertheless.

"Will you honor me with a light?" said the secret agent, stepping over to the mud rat and touching him on the shoulder, interrupting that worthy in the act of dumping a scoopful of subterranean mud into the capacious bottom of his cart. "You seem to be the only man in my class round here," he added facetiously. "We have a vice or two in common. My friends," he said, airily indicating the three beside him, "are pale angels."

The mud rat surveyed the four with an air of vague curiosity. He went through the pockets of his jeans, but his hands came away empty; so, with the free-masonry of smokers, he offered the other the live coal in his cutty-pipe for a light, which the agent accepted gracefully.

"A most remarkable mud rat!" commented the secret agent. "Did you notice that he wore rubber gloves? I shouldn't be surprised to learn that he patronized a manicure on holidays!"

As a matter of fact, this particular mud rat did not confine his patronage of manicures to holidays. He had the finest set of fingers in Greater New York.

"Also," noted the professional thief-chaser mechanically, "his horse, which is a little curbed on the nigh side, has the number 2-4-6 burned in its hoofs."

"Yours must be a very interesting life," commented the bland Canadian, who had never before had the good fortune to dally with a real secret agent.

"It has its drawbacks at times," said the other, smiling over his cigar. "A man gets into this stupid habit of noting details, until at the end of the day his head is so muddled with facts for cataloguing that he can't sleep."

An hour passed; and still Pine Street, in front of the back window that is used as a door, gave no hint of the history then in the making to mark this day in the annals of crime. At the stroke of five the tall buildings vomited forth their hives of workers. The Wall Street District empties itself swiftly at this period of the year, when there are still several hours of daylight for sports afield before dinner for the army of clerks. Fifteen minutes later only a thin stream remained of the flood that had overflowed the sidewalks.

A pushcart man, catering to messenger boys and the open-air brokers of the curb, was resting on his cart taking stock of his day's business. The mud rat who worked at his unsavory calling with the aid of rubber gloves was still industriously burrowing in the depths of the manhole; a white-suited street-sweeper, a son of sunny Italy, with his naturalization papers in his pocket, was pursuing his task to the tune of the Miserere, with an insistent accenting of the grace note at the antepenult.

A policeman or two swung along the curb. A truck, with wheels as big as a merry-go-round, drawn by ten spans of horses, bearing a sixty-ton girder for the new Equitable Building round the corner, rolled past the scene like a Juggernaut.

One—even one with the sharp eyes of a secret agent—might have photographed the scene at this moment and still overlooked the obvious clew to the situation. The drama was in full swing. It was nearing the hour of six when the curtain came down on the big act—marked, as is usual, by the gentle tinkling of a bell.

On the seventh floor of the Assay Office a man was seen to stop his task suddenly at the sound of the bell, and to look at the switchboard standing on the west side of the room. He crossed the room hurriedly, disappearing; he reappeared at the window, staring blankly and rubbing his eyes.

Two miles away, one minute later, a liveried page, silver salver in hand, passed through the corridors and parlors of the Holland House, droning wearily:

"Mister Hamilton! Mister Hamilton!"

"They are paging you," said the open-eared secret agent to the young master refiner. "Here, boy!"

"Telephone, sir—number sixteen!" And he led the master refiner to the indicated booth.

"Yes; this is Hamilton. Who is this? Jackson, you say? It doesn't sound like your voice. What's that? Say that again. Come close to the phone, man—I can't make out what you are trying —— Empty, you say?"

*"If You Will Sit Still Three Minutes, I Will Lead You to the Place Where Your Precious Gold Is"*

The young scientist looked blankly at the narrow walls of the booth that held him. Then with a peremptory note in his voice:

"Who is this? Where are you? What is this tomfoolery anyway?"

He pressed the receiver to his ear, his heart thumping.

"Empty! The tank is empty? You are—crazy—man!"

Evidently the voice at the other end of the wire had become incoherent.

"Jackson," cried Hamilton sharply, "you are lying! You are seeing things! Can you understand me?"

He waited for the answer, which did not come—only a suppressed gasp through the telephone. "Jackson!" he cried. "Listen to me! Turn round and walk to the tank; then come back and tell me what you see! . . . Boy!" he shouted through the half-open door of the booth. A dozen pages raced for the door. "Tell Mr. Whitaker to come to me at once. He is the man with the red mustache who is sitting on the ottoman in the smoking room."

When Whitaker, the secret agent, thrust his head in at the door he was met by Hamilton bounding out. Hamilton's face told the agent that something big was afoot, and as the other dashed out he followed. Hamilton picked up Banks, the superintendent, on the way out.

They left the Canadian gasping and alone. The nice little dinner for four that had been planned for the evening was off. The three officials were half a dozen blocks downtown in a taxicab before the Canadian guest of honor woke up to the fact that, as the whitefaced refiner had stated bluntly, something was afoot that was not his affair.

The street scene that met the eyes of the three, as they tumbled out of their cab in Pine Street and ran up the long ramp leading to the door, was much the same as when they had passed out a short time before—the same actors in different persons, that was all. It was three days later when the story leaked out, and crowds surrounded the block, gazing at the gaunt Assay Office as they were wont in lesser numbers to gaze at the rough pine boxes laden with gold.

While the dumpcart driver and the driver of a steel truck were disputing the right-of-way at the Nassau Street corner, a little group of dumfounded men stood about a huge porcelain tank on the seventh floor of the building. From their awed silence the tank might have been a coffin. The tank was empty!

Forty gallons of gold, held suspended in an acid solution of the consistency of good beer at just the right temperature, had evaporated into thin air—forty gallons—sixty-one thousand drops to the gallon—at ten cents a drop! Of it now there remained only a few dirty pools settling in the unevenness of the lining.

Hanging suspended like washing on the line were two parallel rows of golden shingles. On one line they were covered with canvas, black with the scum of dross; on the other, the precious metal, still wet and steaming, had formed itself into beautiful branching crystals. But the nectar—the nectar of the gods—through the dense electric currents worked in their eternal process of purifying, selecting, rejecting—the nectar of the gods was gone!

*III*

THE three officials looked at each other foolishly. Each in his own way, according to his lights and his training, was doing his utmost to grasp the idea that presented itself with the force of a sledgehammer blow.

According to the testimony of the switchboard, between the hours of four and six o'clock on this June afternoon, in the year of grace nineteen hundred and thirteen, forty gallons of piping-hot gold-plating solution, valued at ten cents the drop, six thousand dollars the gallon, a quarter of a million dollars the

(Continued on Page 44)

*With the Free-Masonry of Smokers, He Offered the Live Coal in His Cutty-Pipe*

# AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

## By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CRAWÉ

*I Saw Mr. Cullen's Eyes Follow Them*

VIII

LUIGI'S face, when he met the Parkers and myself at the entrance of the restaurant, was a study. His polite bow and smile of welcome seemed suddenly frozen on his face as his eyes fell upon Mr. Moss. Mr. Moss was still wearing his hat, which was a black bowler with a small brim, set at a jaunty angle a little on one side and affording a liberal view of his black curls underneath. His linen failed completely to stand the test of the clear, soft light of the restaurant, and one might have been excused for entertaining certain doubts with regard to the diamond pin in his mauve tie and the ring that flashed from his not overwhite hand as he tardily removed his headgear.

"Bit of all right—this place!" Mr. Moss remarked, handing his hat to Luigi. "Who'll have a short one with me before we feed?"

Luigi passed the hat from the tips of his fingers to a subordinate. He showed us a table quite silently, handed the menu over to a *maître d'hôtel* and promptly departed. Looking round a little nervously I could see him gazing at us from his sanctum over the top of the blind!

"Mr. Moss, I see, has American tastes," Mr. Parker declared. "He likes an apéritif before dinner. Leave it to me, please."

Mr. Parker ordered a somewhat extensive dinner. Throughout the meal we listened to a series of adventures in which the hero was always Mr. Moss. We heard of wonderful hauls and wonderful escapes; detectives outwitted—exploits that reminded me more of the motor bandits of Paris than of our own sober capital.

Mr. Parker's attention never flagged. Halfway through the meal Mr. Moss suddenly put down his knife and fork. He broke off in the middle of a fascinating narration of an episode during which he had ju-jutsued one detective, knocked another down, locked them both in an empty room, and strolled away with a cigar abstracted from the case of one of them and his pockets full of uncut emeralds. With his mouth open he was gazing fixedly across the room. There was a considerable change in his tone.

"'Ware 'tec'!" he said sharply.

We all looked in the direction he indicated, and we all recognized Mr. Cullen, who was apparently returning with interest our observation. I saw a grim smile upon his lips as he disappeared for a moment behind the menu card. For a man who had in his time treated detectives in such a cavalier way, Mr. Moss' change of color and subdued manner was a little extraordinary. He cheered up, however, after a little while.

"Our friend Cullen," Mr. Parker murmured, "seems to have taken quite a fancy to this restaurant."

"Used to be on my lay," Mr. Moss remarked. "He's much too big a duke now for the street though. They say he gets nearly all the high-class forgery and swindling cases."

"We have come into contact with him ourselves," Mr. Parker observed genially. "Seems to me there's a kind of want of snap about him compared with our American detectives; but I dare say he knows his business."

"Is your father really enjoying this?" I asked Eve.

"He absolutely loves it!" she replied.

I sighed.

"And I think," she added suddenly, "you are behaving beautifully—I almost love you for it."

I looked at her quickly and I felt rewarded for all I had gone through. Her attitude toward me was subtly different. Somehow I felt that I was being permitted a glimpse of the real Eve. Her eyes were soft; she patted my hand under the table. I could almost have shaken hands with Mr. Moss!

"What about a music hall afterward?" I proposed in the fullness of my heart. "Shall I send for stalls at the Alhambra?"

My proposal was received with unanimous approval. Our departure from the restaurant a few minutes later evoked almost as much comment as our arrival. Mr. Moss led the way, his hands in his trousers pockets and a large cigar, pointing toward the ceiling, protruding from the corner of his mouth. His slight uneasiness with regard to the whereabouts of his hat having been dispelled by its appearance before we finished our meal, he placed it on his head at its usual angle before we left the room.

Mr. Parker took his arm as they passed out, and I saw Mr. Cullen's eyes follow them from behind his newspaper. The two got into a taxi and Eve and I followed them in another, an arrangement that Mr. Moss appeared to regard with disfavor. Eve's hand stole into mine as we drove off.

"Do you know," she said seriously, "I think it's perfectly horrid to drag you about in such company! It's all very well for us, because we belong and we are in a strange city; but I saw some of your friends look at you and whisper. They must think you are mad!"

"So long as you are in it, dear," I assured her, "I don't care where I go or with whom."

"You don't look like that a bit, you know!" she sighed.

"As for the rest," I went on, "if you are really sorry for me—why, then, end it! Your father could spare us for a little time."

I could see she was becoming serious again. Lights flashed upon her face. I felt a sudden wave of pity mingled with my love for her. After all, there were times when her anxiety must have been almost insupportable.

"Eve, dearest," I whispered, "you must let me take you away from this. You must! You are too good and sweet ever to mix with these people—to live this life."

She half closed her eyes for a moment. When she looked at me again she was laughing.

"You're a dear boy!" she said. "Now help me out, please. We have arrived." We found four stalls reserved for us near the front at the music hall; and, after settling a slight preliminary difficulty, owing to Mr. Moss' reluctance to parting with his hat, we sat down to enjoy the performance. Mr. Moss seemed a little disappointed, too, that his bright and snappy order for drinks to the powdered official who showed us to our places was not at once executed; but otherwise he made himself very much at home.

We had been there perhaps half an hour when I saw a sudden change in his demeanor, which was almost at once reflected in the serious expression that had stolen into Mr. Parker's benign countenance. An old gentleman, white-haired, with rubicund face and a jovial air, had taken the seat next to them. He had the appearance of having come from the country and of having spent a happy day in town. Even from where I sat I could see protruding from his breast-pocket a brown leather pocketbook.

I watched them as though fascinated. The change in Mr. Moss was amazing. His reckless air of enjoyment had departed. He was still smoking, but he was all alert, like a cat ready to spring. Mr. Parker, too, was interested. I saw him whisper something in Mr. Moss' ear and I felt a cold foreboding of what was going to happen.

"I'm for a drink!" Mr. Moss declared in a rather loud tone. "Come on, guv'nor!"

They both rose. The old gentleman drew in his legs to let them pass. Though I watched with fixed eyes I was absolutely unable to follow their movements, but when they had passed the old gentleman I could see from where I sat that his pocketbook was gone.

"Did you see that?" I whispered to Eve.

She shook her head.

"The old gentleman's pocketbook," I groaned; "they've got it!"

Eve for a moment sat quite still; she, too, seemed nervous. I was looking away again at the retreating figures of Mr. Parker and Mr. Moss. Suddenly my heart sank. I saw the old gentleman spring to his feet and hurry after them; and I saw, too, at the end of the line of stalls, Mr. Cullen and a companion standing, waiting. I rose quickly to my feet.

"I'm afraid there's going to be some trouble," I said to Eve. "Let me go and see if I can help. It looks as though the whole thing were a trap."

I followed quickly. It is only fair to Mr. Cullen to say that he conducted the affair with great discretion and with every consideration for the feelings of the management. He stopped Mr. Parker and Mr. Moss as they reached the end of the line of stalls.

"Please come with me," he said. "I have something to say to you outside."

Mr. Moss showed signs of an attempt to escape. He stooped for a minute as though to run, but a kick from Mr. Parker induced him to alter his mind.

"Wotcher want?" he asked belligerently.

The old gentleman had now reached them, red-faced and incoherent. He addressed himself to Mr. Cullen, and I no longer had any doubt whatever that the affair was a plant of the detective.

"I've been robbed of my pocketbook!" he exclaimed. "One of these two has got it—brushed up against me just now on the way out of the stalls. Where's the manager?"

Only a few people in the immediate vicinity were conscious that anything at all unusual was happening. The promenade just at that particular spot was almost deserted.

"This gentleman is certainly mistaken," Mr. Parker declared with dignity. "Neither my friend nor myself knows anything about his pocketbook."

"I am sorry," Mr. Cullen said politely, "but I shall have to trouble you to come with me to Bow Street at once—and you, too, sir," he added, addressing the old gentleman, "I am a police officer and we will go into the matter there. You will agree with me that it is well not to make a disturbance here. I have two assistants with me."

He indicated by a little gesture two men who had emerged from somewhere in the background.

"I will go with the utmost pleasure," Mr. Parker consented. "At the same time this gentleman has obviously been drinking and his charge is absurd."

It was precisely at this moment that I felt something hard pressed against my hand. With a dexterity that was nothing short of miraculous, Mr. Parker, who apparently was standing with his hands in his pockets, had suddenly forced one of them through some secret opening in his coat.

In those few seconds it seemed to me I lived a year. I had no time to think—no time to realize that if I failed

*"Are You a Millionaire?" I Persisted*

nothing could save my appearance at Bow Street on the following morning as a common pickpocket. I gripped the pocketbook from his hand and, without changing a muscle, dropped it into the yawning overcoat pocket of the bucolic gentleman.

The moment was over and passed. Mr. Parker, with a movement forward, had covered my proceedings. I had been face to face with death years before, but I had never felt quite the same thrill.

"This way, gentlemen, if you please," Mr. Cullen directed softly.

"You will not object to my accompanying you?" I asked.

"Certainly not," Mr. Cullen replied; "I, in fact, am not sure that it would not be my duty to ask you to come."

"One moment!" I begged.

Mr. Cullen paused.

"The gentleman who made this charge," I went on, "seems to me to be in a very uncertain condition. Might I suggest that, before you commit yourself to taking these people to the police station, you just make sure he really has been robbed of his pocketbook?"

"Had it here," the old gentleman declared; "right in this pocket! Look for yourself—gone!"

"The old gentleman scarcely seems to me," I remarked, "to be in a fit condition to know which pocket it was in."

Mr. Cullen, who had been walking carefully between him and the other two, smiled in a superior way.

"Please feel in all your pockets," he told his accomplice.

The old gentleman obeyed. Suddenly he stopped short. A blank expression came into his face.

"What have you got there?" I asked.

He brought it out with ill-concealed reluctance. It was, without doubt, the pocketbook. I shall never forget Mr. Cullen's face! He was bereft of words. He stared at it as though he had seen it come up through the floor. Mr. Moss simply stood with his mouth open. Mr. Parker alone appeared unmoved by any emotion of surprise. His manner was serious—almost dignified.

"I want you to take this from me straight, Mr. Cullen," he said. "I am not a man who loses his temper easily, but you're trying us a bit high."

Mr. Cullen remained for a moment or two speechless. He looked at me and drew a long breath. I knew perfectly well what he was thinking. He had had a man on either side of Mr. Parker and Mr. Moss. The only person who could have transferred that pocketbook was myself. I could see him readjusting his ideas as to my moral character.

"Mr. Parker—gentlemen," he said, removing his hat, "pray accept my apologies. You are free to return to your seats whenever you choose. This gentleman was evidently mistaken," he added, speaking with withering sarcasm and turning sharply toward his coadjutor. "You oughtn't to come to these places in your present condition, sir. Take my advice and get along home at once."

*"I Am Not a Man Who Loses His Temper Easily, But You're Trying Us a Bit High"*

The bucolic gentleman, who had completely lost his appearance of inebriety, mumbled a few incoherent words and departed. After his departure Mr. Parker assumed a more genial attitude.

"Well, well! I suppose you only did your duty, sir," he remarked, with a resigned sigh. "We were on our way to the bar. Will you join us, Mr. Cullen?"

I did not hear the detective's reply, but somehow or other we all drifted there. Mr. Moss at once found an easy chair, which he pronounced to be "a bit of all right" and in which he assumed an easy and elegant attitude. Mr. Parker, Mr. Cullen and I completed the circle, which now included a professional gutter-thief, a disappointed detective, Mr. Parker and myself. It was a unique moment in my life!

The wine affected the spirits of no one except, perhaps, Mr. Moss; and him, when we finally broke up our party, we thought it advisable to get rid of in quick order. To my surprise Mr. Parker seemed in a particularly despondent frame of mind. He needed pressing even to come to supper.

"You were quick-witted, Walmsley," he admitted as we rolled away in the car, "quick-witted, I'll admit that; but you were dead clumsy with your fingers! I could see what you were doing from the back of my head."

"Really!" I murmured. "Well, I suppose that sort of thing is a gift. I only know that I hope I may never have to do it again."

Mr. Parker sighed.

"I fear," he said, "that your troubles with us will soon be over. Eve has been telling me about that young idiot of an Englishman who visited the Bundercombes out in Okata. If there was one man whose name I thought I was safe to make use of it was Joe Bundercombe!"

"It seems," I admitted, "to have been an unfortunate choice. What do you think of doing about it?"

Mr. Parker apparently had no immediate answer ready for me. During our brief ride in the motor and in the early stages of supper he was afflicted by a taciturnity that made him almost negligible as a companion. And then suddenly a light broke over his face. He had the appearance of a shipwrecked mariner who suddenly catches sight of land in the offing. His lips were a little parted, his boyish face all aglow.

"Walmsley, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed. "Eve, dear! The problem is solved! Raise your glasses and drink with me. Here's farewell to Mr. Joseph H. Parker and Miss Parker. And a welcome to Mr. and Miss Bundercombe, of Okata!"

"That's all very well," I said; "but Reggie will be on your track."

Mr. Parker beamed on Eve and me.

"We shall see!" he declared didactically.

### IX

THE next morning at twelve o'clock I took a taxicab round to Banton Street. The hall porter, who was beginning to know me well, seemed a little surprised at my appearance.

"Is the young lady upstairs?" I asked.

He was distinctly taken aback.

"Mr. Parker and his daughter have gone," he told me. I stopped on my way to the stairs.

"Gone?" I repeated.

"Went off this morning," he continued; "two taxicabs full of luggage."

"Aren't they coming back?"

"No signs of it."

"Did they leave any address?"

"None!"

"Are you sure?" I persisted. "Please ask at the office."

The porter left me for a moment, but returned shaking his head.

"Mr. Parker said there would be no messages or letters, and accordingly he left no address."

I turned slowly away. The hall porter followed me. He was drawing something from his waistcoat pocket.

"I wouldn't do a thing," he declared, "to get Mr. Parker into any trouble—for a nicer, freer-handed gentleman never came inside the hotel; but I don't know as there's much harm in showing you this, being as you're a friend. I picked it up in the sitting room after they'd gone."

He held out a cablegram. Before I realized what I was doing, I had read it. It was handed in at New York:

"Look out! H—— sailed last Saturday!"

"Pretty badly scared of H—— he was!" the hall porter remarked. "Ten minutes after that cablegram came they were hard at it, packing."

I gave the man a tip and drove back to my rooms, where I spent a restless morning, then lunched at my club and returned to the Milan afterward, only in the hope that I might find there a note or a message. There was nothing however. Just as I was starting to go out the telephone bell rang. I took up the receiver. It was Eve's voice.

"Is that Mr. Walmsley?"

"It is," I admitted. "How are you, Eve?"

"Quite well, thank you."

"Still in London?"

"Certainly. Would you like to come and have tea with me?"

"Rather!" I replied enthusiastically. "Where are you?"

"Hiding!"

"That's all right," I replied. "I shan't give it away. Where shall I find you?"

"Well," she said, "we talked it over and decided that the best hiding place was one of the larger hotels. We are at the Ritz."

"I'll come right along if I may."

"Very well," she agreed. "Ask for Mr. Bundercombe."

I groaned under my breath, but I made no further comment; and in a very few minutes I presented myself at the Ritz Hotel. I was escorted upstairs and ushered into a very delightful suite on the second floor. Eve rose to meet me from behind a little tea-table. She was charmingly dressed and looking extraordinarily well. Mr. Bundercombe, on the other hand, who was walking up and down the apartment with his hands behind his back, was distinctly nervous. He nodded at my entrance.

"How are you, Walmsley?" he said. "How are you?"

"I am quite well, sir, thank you," I replied, a little stupefied.

"Say, I'm afraid we are making a great mistake here," he went on anxiously. "We've slipped a point too near to the wind this time."

"If you'll allow me to tell you exactly what I think," I ventured, "frankly I think you have made a mistake. There's that matter of Reggie Sidley. He was worrying me all yesterday morning to find out where you were, and when I evaded the point he told me straight that he didn't believe you were the Bundercombes at all. He is always in and out of this place, and if he sees your name on the register—or his mother, Lady Enterdean, sees it—it seems to me it's about all up!"

"A piece of bravado, I must admit," Mr. Parker muttered—"a piece of absolute bravado! But there's the young woman who's responsible!" he added, shaking his fist at Eve. "I may have suggested our coming to your party as the Bundercombes, but it was Eve's idea that we

(Continued on Page 42)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## Why We Dodge Jury Service

PROBABLY the total punishment inflicted on juries in the United States nearly equals that inflicted on convicted felons. We should say offhand that for every hour a guilty felon spends in mortifying confinement some innocent juror spends at least forty-five minutes in a more irksome confinement. In at least half the jurisdictions of this country, to be summoned as a juror in a criminal court is a calamity comparable to a fire in the house or to the dangerous illness of a member of the family.

In Chicago or New York—from the purely selfish point of view of our personal ease and profit—we would rather take the chances incident to burglarizing a neighbor's flat than be brought into a criminal court for jury service. Of course persons possessing intelligence and some little influence almost invariably avoid such service.

Jury service in civil cases is a lesser affliction, but still a very considerable one; and many otherwise honorable men will go to scandalous lengths in order to avoid it.

It is a rather significant thing that the courts are universally regarded as a nuisance the moment they threaten to touch a busy citizen personally. The reason, of course, is found in their shocking inefficiency—their intolerable waste of time. Bench and bar may be content to maunder along half a day over a matter that ought to be dispatched in half an hour. They are paid for it.

Men whose time is of any value are not content to squander it in that pointless manner. They seek to avoid the courts as instinctively as a busy man dodges a bore.

## Music Hath Charms

THE esthetic uplifter works on a sound principle. As Doctor Holmes rhythmically pointed out, the human tendency is to wriggle upward. Immigrant peasants from Eastern Europe soon learn to prefer white bread to black, and their children contemn the coarser fare as much as natives do; therefore if you can only fix a man's attention on a finer article of esthetics until it sinks into him he will thereafter prefer that to the grosser article.

There is no use, however, in trying to uplift literature and the drama. Generally, for one thing, the uplifters write poor books, poor poems and poor plays; but in those forms of art the period of inoculation, so to speak, is too prolonged. The patient breaks away before the virus has time to take.

With music the case seems to us more hopeful, and from Wisconsin's energetic statewide campaign in that connection we expect important results. In the first place the ground is more extensively broken. We presume there are two houses in the United States that contain some kind of musical instrument for every house that contains anything the most patriotic imagination could call a library.

Trade reports indicate that musical instruments are among the easiest things to sell in this country, while books are among the hardest. The appeal is to a more elemental and universal human interest. The attention of any normal infant is instantly arrested by a rhythmic noise. Left to himself the infant will never get beyond merely rhythmic noise, which is what ninety-nine out of a hundred of all those musical instruments are used for; but in the case of music it is possible to induct him into the higher spirals by short and easy steps.

We can imagine a highbrowed and determined youth taking a farmer by the horny hand and leading him in front of an orchestra, then sitting on him while the musicians render, say, the Toreador's song from Carmen or the Mephistopheles serenade from Faust. It would be all over before the patient could effectively resist. That is the whole trick—to hold the patient's attention until the finer article percolates through him. With music we believe it can be worked.

## The Largest Scrapheap

VARIOUS foreign governments, according to reports that have been received in Wall Street of late, are arranging or contemplating bond issues that aggregate one billion and a half dollars. The list begins with Russia, which wants half a billion, and ends with Argentina, which can get along with sixteen millions. Pretty nearly two-thirds of the total is for military purposes.

A bulletin recently published by the Department of Commerce recites that the aggregate indebtedness of all nations for which data can be had was two and a half billion dollars in 1800; eight and a half billions in 1850; thirty-one and a quarter billions in 1900, and forty-two billions in 1912. The present total, therefore, is equal to about one-third of the total wealth of the United States, which is the richest country in the world.

By far the greater part of this tidy sum represents sheer economic waste—the dreadnoughts of a dozen years ago that are now mere junk, or those of last year that will be mere junk by 1920; powder and shell shot away; the cost of transporting a great army from England to South Africa, where it tilted at a Dutch windmill and then came home leaving the windmill practically intact—and so on.

A few persons have profited—namely, statesmen, army and navy officers, and manufacturers of arms and munitions. For their sakes and in support of a tradition that has no rational relationship to modern conditions the game goes on at a constantly accelerating pace. It is interesting to consider how high the scrapheap will grow in the next twenty years.

## The Fiat Money Nonsense

INTELLIGENT observers who followed the debate on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill knew that the cause of high protection was doomed because its defenders could no longer find anything pertinent to say for it.

When Senator Aldrich, for example, declared that to lower the monstrous wool duties would ruin the country it was obvious he had run out of real arguments. And not long ago when he denounced the Glass-Owen Bill as providing fiat money and embodying a recrudescence of greenbackism he simply put his case out of court.

When other critics of the bill took up this fiat-money cry we felt sure the subject had been quite thoroughly threshed out, because if there was any more real threshing to be done the hands would not waste their time kicking the empty straw about.

Of course there is not the remotest relationship between fiat money or greenbackism and the currency provided by the Glass-Owen Bill. That currency would be even less fiat money than the present national banknotes are. It would be issued only on request of the banks; every dollar of it would rest on a dollar of sound commercial paper, and be backed by a gold reserve of thirty-three and a third per cent. To call such currency fiat money is merely a childish misuse of language. It might exactly as well be called calico or green cheese—or anything else that it is not.

Fiat money and greenbackism, as those words are universally understood, mean irredeemable paper currency issued on the Government's initiative and resting on the Government's credit. The present national banknotes, in effect, do rest solely on the Government's credit and are practically the obligations of the United States—with the advertisement of a national bank printed on them.

The new currency, resting primarily on commercial paper, would be less fiat than the old.

## Rough on Landlords

WHEN the Liberal party's land program is enacted into law owners of land in Great Britain will have very little to say about its disposal. It will be practically impossible for a landlord to dispossess a tenant for any cause except bad farming or bad character.

Any tenant who receives notice to quit may appeal to the local land commissioners, who will investigate. If they decide that the landlord has no valid complaint against the tenant the notice to quit will—as Lloyd George expressed it—"be torn up and flung away," and the tenant will remain in undisputed possession.

And a tenant who is dispossessed in any case or for any cause will receive full compensation; not only for all the improvements he has made and all the value he has added to the land but also for his good-will—that is, for the inconvenience of moving, and even for the sentimental damage he suffers in leaving his old home.

Moreover, the landlord cannot raise the rent on his practically immovable tenant except with the approval of the land commissioners, if the tenant chooses to appeal to them. Present rents of small farms, the chancellor opines, are pretty often too high, and the commissioners will be empowered to order a reduction of such rents whenever that seems equitable. Then, if the tenant is obliged to pay higher wages for farm labor he can claim a proportionate reduction of rent, throwing part of the wage increase on the landlord.

Even if the landowner wants to sell the land he cannot terminate the tenants' occupancy except with the approval of the commissioners and on terms fixed by them.

Again, if a period of agricultural depression develops, through successive crop failures or prolonged low prices, the tenant may appeal to the land commissioners and secure a proportionate reduction of rent until times improve.

In every settled country ownership of land is a monopoly, because no one can get any land except by buying out an owner. In Great Britain this monopoly is in comparatively few hands. The government does not propose to trust-bust the monopoly by parceling out the lands. It proposes simply to brush the private monopolists aside by taking over practically the whole management of the business. The landlord will still receive his rent—such rent as the government permits him to exact—but beyond that he will have very little to say in the matter.

## Dubious Victories

SINCE the first Tuesday in November many projects for reforming Tammany have been put forth. We regard one and all of them with incredulous sympathy. Tammany has survived forty years of obloquy and probably will survive several more, because so many good, respectable American citizens cannot bear to lose.

There are enough Democratic voters in the city of New York who do not approve of Tammany to put that organization hopelessly in the minority, but they would have to put themselves hopelessly in the minority also—and that they cannot long endure. A rival Democratic organization could beat Tammany, but it would have to beat itself.

As far back as our recollection of politics goes, a convincing argument to voters has been: Do not throw away your vote! –that is, do not vote for a man unless he has a good show to win. So long as Democrats in New York measurably stick together they stand a chance to win. They would rather have that chance—along with pretty nearly a moral certainty that Tammany will dominate the combination—than accept defeat as a foregone conclusion. "You and I acting together can beat Smith. True, as soon as the scrimmage is over I will take the contents of his pockets and give you a kick; but you want to be with the winner, do you not?

## Profitless Conquest

ENGLAND spent a billion dollars and twenty thousand lives to conquer the Boer Republic. Not a rood of land or a shilling's worth of personal property changed ownership from Boer to British as a result of the conquest. Moreover the Boers are now running that country in their own way and with a freer hand than they had before the conquest. When they were nominally independent of England a protest by the British government carried much weight with them. Now that they are nominally a British colony they snap their fingers at England, knowing she cannot coerce one of her own colonies.

Formerly there was a rational motive for conquest. People living in Western New York could march against people living in Ohio with good reason, because if they conquered in battle they immediately seized all the wealth of the vanquished—even seized their persons and took possession of their lands; but if you asked the men of Buffalo to march against the men of Cleveland today they would think you insane.

They would say: "We could not possibly gain anything by it and we should lose a lot of trade." Now that private property and the rights of noncombatants are universally respected in civilized war there is no profit in marching across international lines.

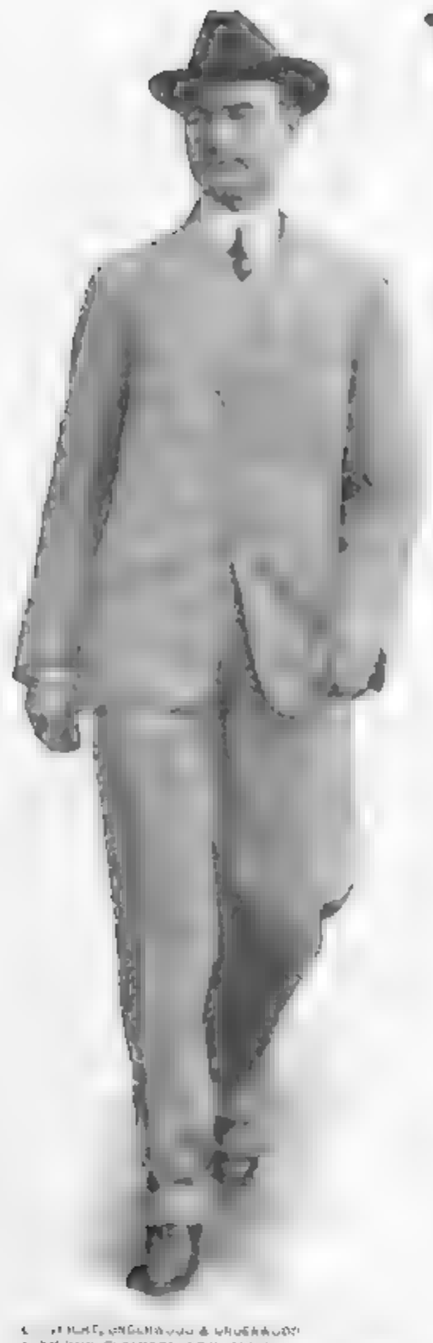
If the United States conquered Canada or Germany conquered England not a rood of land or a shilling's worth of private property would change hands. We should have to grant the Canadians self-government and Germany would have to grant the English self-government. Peace could not be maintained in either country in any other way, except at a cost for military occupation that would bankrupt the conqueror.

In Western Europe and in the United States the people of any given country own that country's wealth and manage its government. So long as a conqueror cannot take the wealth or manage the government his only profit would consist in the dubious pleasure of running up a different-colored piece of bunting.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



[illegible], ENGRAVING & PRINTING
FROM PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY
*At Thirty-Three He Rules Four Millions*

IN THE lower part of the city of New York there is a tall building—a taller building than can be found elsewhere in this world—surmounted by a tower that pierces the sky, loftily rearing itself above the busy marts of trade. This tower merges into a point and this point contains a window.

On the night of November 4, 1913, New York, having completed the quadrennial process of electing a mayor, was engaged in noisily celebrating what it had done, as is the habit of New York when there is a public exhibition of gratification with itself—or a private one, either, for that matter. The result had been a pipe, to describe it in New Yorkese—or, as a few of the professors in Columbia University might say, a foregone conclusion. John Purroy Mitchel—a lad of thirty-three—was chosen and selected to be chief executive over more than four million people, some of whom were born in the United States.

In the early watches of the evening Mr. Mitchel was at his headquarters receiving returns, and receiving them with that calm dignity which marks the superior consciousness of merit adequately recognized; but between the hours of nine-twelve and ten-seventeen those who dropped in to congratulate him on the triumph of right, to recall to him their frequent prophecies that he could not lose, to refer briefly to their unceasing and unselfish efforts in his behalf, and to ask for jobs under his forthcoming administration, were amazed when they were told Mr. Mitchel had stepped out for a few moments.

None knew where he had gone—none, that is, save myself alone. And it is my proud privilege here and now to set down the facts concerning this Mitchelian hiatus on election night—to tell the story of what happened between nine-twelve and ten-seventeen.

This is what occurred: John Purroy Mitchel, assured of his election and not feeling it incumbent on himself to transgress the precedent made by the first man ever elected to any office—as soon as he was sure he really was elected—stuck to the old stuff and clarioned to the waiting reporters a message for the public to this effect:

He, John Purroy Mitchel, made it plain that he would be mayor of the whole people—the whole people—unfettered by the shackles of any boss and acutely conscious of the great trust imposed on him by his fellow citizens. He approached his tremendous responsibilities resolved to do his duty and conduct his office for the benefit of the many and not at the behest of the few—you know the line of talk.

Then he slipped away, went to the street and clambered unnoticed into a waiting automobile. Leaning forward he whispered a few words to the chauffeur, and the automobile sped down the gloomy cañon of lower Broadway. It stopped at the tallest building in the world, surmounted by the tallest tower, and John Purroy Mitchel silently entered the dim and vaulted corridor. He stepped into a waiting elevator and was rushed—almost hurled—up, up, up, until the elevator could ascend no higher.

Then he hurried up stairway after stairway; and finally, breathless, but still full of stern resolve to be the mayor for the whole people, he arrived at the topmost window at the tiptop of the tower. Pale, but resolute, his eyes agleam, he pressed his face against the pane and sought the far arches of the November sky.

### *The Symbols on the Blazing Star*

HIS fervid glance leaped from star to star, from constellation to constellation, until, directly above him, blazing with all the fires of the first magnitude, there came across his vision a new star projecting itself into the heavens; and on that star the gaze of John Purroy Mitchel rested.

"Ha!" he said. "'Tis here—my star—my glorious star of destiny, which shall lead me on and on and on!" And, taking a small but powerful telescope from his pocket, he scanned the scintillating surface of the star, plainly discerning thereon the symbols—"Gov. N. Y." and "Pres. U. S."—which, being of sanguine temperament and newly elected to a great office, he freely and fondly translated as having reference to his future career.

Pricking out the position of the new star on an astronomical chart he had brought with him, he descended and was hurried back to the waiting handshakers—never once on the trip taking his eyes from the star or finding aught but delight in the renewed tracing of the symbolic letters.

Thus, for the first time, is explained the absence of John Purroy Mitchel from his headquarters on the night of November 4, 1913, between the hours of nine-twelve and ten-seventeen; and thus, for the first time also, is set down in print what he found on the journey he took—a great find, I should suppose, and a cheering one, for who can doubt that John Purroy Mitchel, safely elected mayor of New York at the age of thirty-three, will unhesitatingly progress in the direction so plainly indicated by the symbols on the star?

John Purroy Mitchel sees it all plainly, and so should those to whom the circumstances have been explained. Stars of destiny are infallible, as is well known. Mr. Roosevelt had one—and now he is in South America: G. B. Cortelyou had one—and now he is president of a gas company. Others might be mentioned. The fallibility rests not in the stars, Horatio, but in the starred.

John Purroy Mitchel, a young man and an earnest; a demon for detail, obsessed of figures, saturated of statistics; cold, they say, and suspicious—as he has a right to be, and so has any potential mayor of New York, or mayor either; fired with zeal and patriotism, as pronounced by his friends. "Behind a winning smile," says one of his protagonists, "he is the possessor of an unusually analytic mind"—which is an odd place for an analytical mind to lurk, but probably it is all right in his case; and also, we are informed, "he hides the iron hand in the velvet glove," which gives us comfort—for so many New York officials hide the iron head in the velours hat.

His father, John Mitchel, was a fire commissioner in New York; and his uncle, Henry D. Purroy, was a county clerk and a fire commissioner also, and a sturdy citizen. Thus John Purroy Mitchel was raised in a municipal atmosphere, tinctured by politics; and after leaving school he was made special assistant corporation counsel, to conduct an investigation into the office of a borough president when McClellan was mayor.

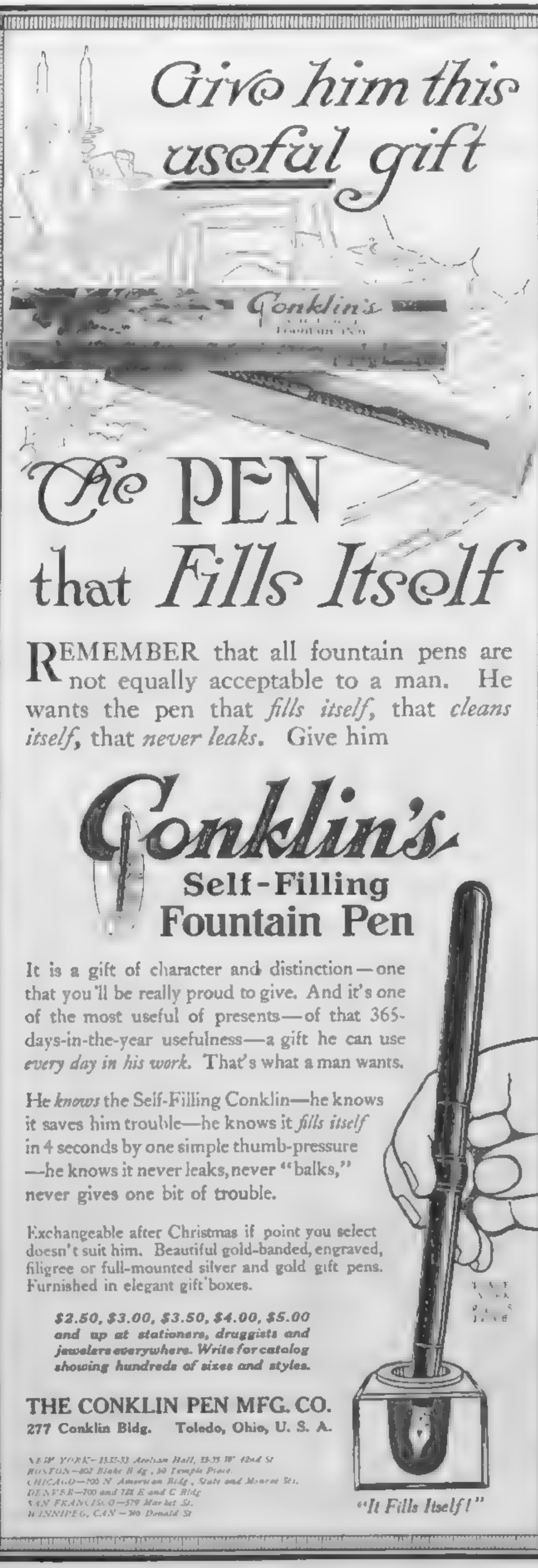
Presently he was shifted to be commissioner of accounts and from that vantage-point went at his investigations, and pursued them so zealously and so skillfully and so unswervingly that three borough presidents were removed and many changes made in system and procedure. In 1909 he was elected, on a fusion ticket, president of the Board of Aldermen, where he remained until President Wilson made him collector of the port of New York. Then came his fusion nomination for mayor and his election, which, as has been shown, was simultaneous with his discovery of his star of destiny; for if he had been defeated it is unlikely there would have been this addition to the political heavens.

John Purroy Mitchel is, as the saying goes, a glutton for work—a digger; a grind; a most industrious person. He is presumably opposed to Tammany—that is, the Murphy-Tammany; but he might not be opposed so strenuously to an anti-Murphy-Tammany with W. B. Ellison, say, and a few others in command.

However the future is bright for him, and he surely is a municipal expert. Already he has planned—or helped to plan—the making of Washington into a model city; and he was asked to go to Boston to advise concerning the reconstruction and regeneration of that settlement. With these tasks on hand, to say nothing of a few scattering places here and there where the city of New York might be bettered, he bids fair to be reasonably busy for the next four years.

We shall hope—we shall all fervently hope—he does well, for it would be a crying shame to discredit that star. And it is so easy—so very easy—for a young mayor named John Purroy Mitchel to change his own name to John Purée Mitchel. But, cheer up!—for the star shines on!

*Shopping Early*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The PEN that Fills Itself
REMEMBER that all fountain pens are not equally acceptable to a man. He wants the pen that *fills itself*, that *cleans itself*, that *never leaks*. Give him
Conklin's
Self-Filling
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It is a gift of character and distinction—one that you'll be really proud to give. And it's one of the most useful of presents—of that 365-days-in-the-year usefulness—a gift he can use *every day in his work*. That's what a man wants.
He *knows* the Self-Filling Conklin—he knows it saves him trouble—he knows it *fills itself* in 4 seconds by one simple thumb-pressure—he knows it never leaks, never "balks," never gives one bit of trouble.
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"It Fills Itself!"


## THE FIRM

(Continued from Page 9)

"How did you happen to take this up, Marie?" said Lucia suddenly, looking round the great full room, so cleverly crowded, so deftly suggestive of leisure and luxury, yet touched with the same grave, costly simplicity that made Marie's clothes the envy of her less gifted friends. "You didn't really have to, did you?"

"That depends on what you mean by 'have to.'"

Marie moved to a shadowy corner and pulled a garden bench forward, rested a battered lion's-mouth fountain against it and stepped back to get the effect.

"That's a bully old lion, isn't it?" she said musingly.

Then, without turning her head, she went on: "Of course I had no idea it would work into this. You see, we hadn't any money especially, when I came out, to begin with. Papa had lost about everything on those stables of his, and he and mamma had had so much money for so long they simply couldn't change their ways. Aunty gave me my coming-out party, and of course it was understood that I was to take up my first eligible offer. Sue and Baby had done pretty well, you see, and I was supposed to be prettier than either of them. I could ride anything on four legs, and Ranny could, too, in those days; and though he hadn't as much as mamma would have liked, papa thought they could make a fortune together schooling green hunters, and he and old father Fitch were great pals anyway. I thought it was great fun being engaged, and Ranny got up a quadrille on horseback for me, and of course we knew everybody and everybody was nice to us. The other girls were crazy about him and I was proud to have got him."

She sat on the corner of a canebacked oaken hall-seat and studied her polished nails. Except for her low voice the room was very still.

"Well," she said after a moment, "so much for that! Ranny says we all get what's coming to us sooner or later, and probably that's so. It might have been different with children—I don't know. Anyway after about five years of it your father advised us to go with him and a rich old patient of his, who wanted company, to Bermuda—they called them the Bermudas then, it seems to me. I had a kind of cough I couldn't shake off. So we sailed off to Bermuda, and before we started back Ranny and I had a dreadful quarrel, and in order to bring me to reason, as he put it, he went off on a fruit steamer and left me there. Your father had taken his old gentleman on to the Azores, but I was too bad a sailor. His party broke up there and he supposed I'd gone home with Ranny. I hadn't a cent of money and I suppose Ranny thought that would bring me to reason."

"What a beastly thing to do!"

"Oh, well, it's all past and gone, my dear. You see, my father had four daughters and a racing stable—he had no allowance for me after I married."

Lucia blushed.

"Well, I was too proud to write and I wouldn't have yielded my point to save my life. After two weeks I asked a young officer who was quartered there with his regiment to sell for me, if he could, a sapphire ring my godmother gave me for a wedding present. He—he was awfully fond of me, poor boy, and he had a rich sister-in-law visiting him on a cruise. She gave eight hundred dollars for it, and I paid my bill at the hotel and went home quietly. Ranny was perfectly amazed—and perfectly furious. I left him and went for a long visit to my eldest sister, who was building Gable Ends then, and crazy for old stuff to furnish with. I saw the prices she was paying and offered to save her money if she'd wait for me.

"You see I had picked up a beautiful old chair for a dollar on one of my walks among the negro cabins to take home to her for a present, and that gave me an idea. So I went back to Bermuda, and with what I had left of my eight hundred I bought all I could lay my hands on out of the houses there. It was a perfectly untouched field, my dear. I got willow ware and pie-crust tables from the darky huts, and once I found a hand-carved mahogany cradle used as a pig trough! I found four pineapple beds in one afternoon, and my first sundial—from Surrey; and my nice Captain Pettilove set his men on the search, too, for me, and I hired an old loft and piled the stuff up.

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You can talk all you like but it's a *good edge* that makes a razor behave.
That man who is fortunate enough to find a Pike Strop-Hone among his Christmas Gifts can't complain about his razor any longer. The
PIKE STROP-HONE
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gives an edge as good as the barber's. This hone is used "dry" so that in almost a second you can hone your razor *two or three strokes* each time you shave—so simple that *any* man can now hone his own razor.
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Do some of your Xmas Shopping at your Hardware Store
Here you will find the Pike Strop-Hone and [illegible] tical gifts like the Pike Peerless Tool [illegible] $5.00), for the man with a few tools; the Pike India Kantbreak Knife Sharpener (50 cents) for carving knives and the Pike India Combination Oilstone ($1.00) for the mechanic who takes pride in sharp tools.
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Send us your dealer's name and 4 cents for packing and mailing and we will send our Pike India Vest Pocket Stone, not for razors but for pocket knives, office use, etc., also our famous book "HOW TO SHARPEN"—tells how to get a good edge on knives, tools, etc., and how to select and care for oilstones. You'll be pleased. Write today.
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A regular stone hone on this side—with a dandy, quick-working strop on the other.

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CHAINS

## Surely Louise Dresser and William Collier know—

They must be alert to every shift and whim of Fashion. Every detail of their apparel must reflect the vogue of the moment. That is a part—an essential part—of their vocation. They both wear Simmons Chains.

They know that Simmons Chains represent the latest and most correct designs obtainable—that they are both artistic and refined—that they are worthy and durable.

**Welcome, Useful Holiday Gifts**

Simmons Chains, bracelets, chatelaine pins, lockets and fobs offer a wide variety of dainty, acceptable gifts. They solve the problem of something unusual, something beautiful, something lasting, something the most fastidious will appreciate.

Simmons Chains will wear for many years. They are not "washed" or "plated", their outer surface is formed of a heavy rolled cylinder of solid gold.

Sold by jewelers everywhere. If yours does not handle them, write us direct, and we will send you an attractive Gift Book. R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY, 191 No. Main Street, Attleboro, Mass.

*Look for SIMMONS stamped on each piece—Your protection and guarantee.*


I freighted it home and came back with it on a tramp schooner, and made friends with the captain. He told me he was going to New Orleans, where there were heaps of that old stuff, and he'd get me all I liked.

"When I got back Ranny had gone West with a hunting party, so I settled down to getting the stuff restored, had a Fifth Avenue man value it, piece by piece, and sold it to Sue for one-tenth less than his valuations. I was frightened at what I'd made! By that time my little Captain Pettilove wrote me he had another load for me, and my big Captain Pearson shipped me about fifty-five pieces C. O. D. I was so excited I couldn't sleep. Sue gave me an old shed on the new place, and I got it painted and repaired and insured, and got our old nurse to come and help me, and there I was in the antique business.

"It was as simple as *bon jour*. Nobody of my set had ever done such a thing, and they all came over to see the stuff, and I wore my stunningest clothes and patronized all the *nouveaux riches*, and gave everybody tea, and the thing simply went! You could get things all round the farms twenty years ago, and I went about on a bicycle, asking for drinks of water, and bought the beds out from under them! When Ranny got back I'd made fifteen hundred dollars clear, and everybody was giving me commissions. We had another row and he forbade me to keep it up, but refused to give me any money. So I went abroad with nursie and got some lovely things and began to advise people about them, and then took a regular contract to do that Pittsburgh man's house—no, he was a Chicago beef packer—in pure Italian.

"I worked for six months on that and he paid me three thousand dollars—and all the Chicago women entertained me, my dear! Then Ranny sold the house and lost every cent on the races, and papa was furious at him and we had it all out once for all. I rented the little house on Gramercy Park—for a showroom really—and he paid the living expenses, and each was to be responsible for our own affairs. There was nothing else to do and he had to."

Lucia drew a long, excited breath. "I never heard anything like it in my life!" she said. "Marie, you're a wonder!"

Suddenly her expression changed.

"And yet you don't understand why I want to be independent too," she began. "You ought to be the last one, Ri-ri!"

"Understand?"

Marie's pale cheeks had each a brilliant patch of red; her hands trembled. Like all reserved natures, once unloosed, she thrilled to an excitement unknown to the babbler.

"I understand perfectly, Lutie dear. I understand, but I wonder ——"

"Well, you wonder what?"

"I wonder," said Marie slowly, "if you appreciate the difference in our positions, my child. I was forced into my independence. You are deliberately planning for it."

"But if it's a good thing, Ri-ri?"

Mrs. Randall Fitch faced the girl squarely. "Yes, but I'm not sure that it is!" she said.

Lucia stared. Her expression hardened. "I'm afraid I can't follow you there, Marie," she answered coldly. "I must say I'm rather astonished."

Marie smiled sadly. After the tide of memories that had swept her off her feet, so that even now she rocked in the treacherous undertow of that flooding past, her thin, firm lips were quivering strangely.

"I know," she said simply; "I know you are, Lute. But, you see, I've tried it out and you haven't. I—I'm older. I know too much, dear, to know as much as you do!"

"In other words," Lucia flung out, "you're married!"

"In other words, I'm married!" Marie repeated, and her eyes dropped under Lucia's challenging glance and studied her rings blindly.

"You're foolish," Lucia insisted obstinately. "You're inconsistent. Why, where in the world would you be—you of all people—if you weren't independent?"

"I know."

Marie's voice was low and yielding, but she stared obstinately at her rings.

"Then you grudge me your own ——"

"Grudge? *Grudge?*"

At the bitterness of the woman's voice something in the girl shrank and shivered.

"Oh, Marie! Oh, Marie!" she murmured, shaken suddenly by the empty anguish in the tones of that bright, hard voice. "How horrid it all is! And I thought you were one of the most successful women."

"I am!"

Marie looked up, herself again.

# Whitman's —Famous Since 1842

Especially at Christmas time Whitman's candy is almost a necessary luxury to those accustomed to it. It is a special treat for those who cannot have it at other seasons. Think how many people you know who would *especially* enjoy a box of Whitman's—then take your list to our nearest agent.

Out of seventy sorts of Whitman's sweets, we select seven as hints for Christmas giving:

**A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks—**

Here is a Christmas gift that carries a double compliment—the most aristocratic package of sweets ever put up. Designed particularly for those who do not care for cream centers. Selected chocolates—all hard and nut centers. In one-half, one, two, three and five-pound boxes, at $1.00 the pound.*

**The Sampler Package—**

Designed to afford an opportunity to enjoy, or sample, ten different varieties, selected from ten popular Whitman packages. Two sizes, $1.00 and $2.00.* When you have decided which you like best, you can get them in individual packages.

**The New Art Round Boxes—**

Decorated art round boxes in three sizes—two, three and five pounds, $2.50, $3.50 and $5.50.* Filled with Whitman's Super-Extra Chocolates (or Confections). Covers of these boxes are handsomely decorated with types of fair women.

**Assorted Milk Chocolates—**

One of the newer Whitman favorites. Made with coatings of pure milk chocolate. Centers are creams and nuts. Put up in artistic packages. An attractive and highly appreciated holiday gift. 20-oz. box, $1.00.*

**Old-Time Favorites—**

This package is the response to a demand for old-fashioned candies—Caramels, Mints, Taffies, Molasses Candy, Gum drops, etc. In bright 20-oz. boxes with an old-time design, 60c per package.*

**1842 Bitter Sweets—**

Put up especially for folks who delight in the combination of the old-style bitter chocolate coatings and very sweet, creamy centers. 1842 Bitter Sweets are really one of the choicest of the many Whitman varieties. To taste them is to become devoted to them. In one and two-pound boxes, 80c per pound.*

**The Pink of Perfection Package—**

In one, two- and five-pound boxes, $1.00 a pound.* Chocolates or confections. A beautiful box in old rose and gold—ribbon bedecked. The contents packed in removable trays.

We ship *direct* to each local agency. These agencies *guarantee* the quality and freshness of every package sold. We stand back of their guarantee and promise you satisfaction. Where we have no local agency, we will send any of the above packages, postpaid, on receipt of price.

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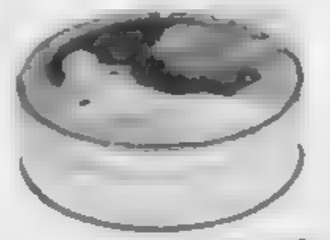
*All prices given apply to U. S. only—east of the Mississippi.

Fussy Package


Art Round Box

Milk Chocolates

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**For Christmas Giving**

You can find nothing more sure to please than

# McCallum Silk Hosiery

The most in demand are neat clocks and two-toned ribbed hose for men.

Any woman will appreciate silk hose, whether they are plain, elaborately embroidered or inserted with lace. We make them all.

*Sold at the Best Shops Everywhere*

McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass.

# PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

"Successful? Of course I am. I am one of the most successful business women in New York—in the country, if you like. I didn't know we were talking about successful women."

"What are we talking about?" said Lucia wonderingly.

The lowering sun struck athwart a burnished sundial and flashed full on a grinning gargoyle roosting over Marie's head, so that it seemed convulsed with ironic laughter.

"Successful wives," said M. Randall Fitch, decorator.

"Oh!" said Lucia, "I—I see."

In the thick silence that followed, the sharp tingle of the telephone struck like an electric shock. The instrument was quite at the other end of the long room, and as Marie moved toward it Lucia spoke hurriedly, as nearly embarrassed as it was possible for Lucia to be.

"I thought it was a firm," she said, studying the wrought-iron flower holder. "I can't see why one shouldn't act like any sensible partner ——"

"Oh, Lord!"

Marie's voice dropped like a tired flag trailed in the dust. She took up the receiver mechanically.

"Let me advise you then," she said in her most detached manner, "in that case, my young friend, to select a partner interested in the same business. A firm, for instance (Hello, hello! Yes, this is one-one-seven-three), composed of a decorator and antique expert and a broker who plays the races, leaves a great deal to the imagination! (Yes, yes, this is—Oh, Betty, what luck! Of course I am; Lucia's here with me. Come on up! We'll have tea here. Stop for some cakes, will you? All right. 'By!)

"Betty's back from those Standard Oil portraits," she explained. "They're a great success, she says. Pull out that gate-leg table, will you, Lute, and I'll start this samovar—perhaps Max would like it."

"I don't know; he seemed set on garden stuff. These people are going up on the Hudson somewhere to practice, and going in for pergolas and box hedges and all that sort of thing."

"I see. Well, there's one of those couples born every minute, as the man in Weber & Fields' used to say."

The strain had eased, and the studio seemed a different place already. On the rubbed, rich-colored table Marie had flung a heavy lace cloth, incrusted with wonderful medallions of fruits and flowers; the squat samovar loomed in the middle; four exquisite creamy cups, Greek shaped, with pale blue flowers in raised designs, came from an antique cabinet, and even as she dusted them delicately Marie gave sharp, accustomed orders to the buttoned elevator boy.

"Ask Mr. Francesca for half a dozen of those dark red roses Mrs. Fitch gets, and a bowl of cracked ice. Speak to the tea-room girl about the muffins for four-thirty, and they are to be sent up dry—dry, mind, and fresh butter separately."

The dark crimson roses nodded from a tall Venetian glass laced with gold; cigarettes peeped hospitably out of a quaint little brass-bound chest; fascinating square platters of dreamy Canton blue stood waiting the cakes and muffins. The room became a charming, deep-toned setting for graceful women, an interior entirely intimate and domestic.

"You certainly know how to do it, Ri-ri!" Lucia breathed. "Will you really do our house?"

"From attic to cellar, if you'll let me," Marie assured her. "I believe I can please Max down to the ground."

"I know you can."

Marie moved restlessly about, now pushing forward a worn marble column with a squinting satyr atop, now pulling into the shadow a burnished convex mirror, so that its reflections grew mysteriously blush and fantastic.

The samovar began bubbling cozily; a cloud of steam floated out over the heaped ice fragments in the grape-vined Sheffield bowl.

"Betty'll be here any time now," she said. "I'll certainly be glad to see her!"

"Me too," Lucia agreed. "Now there, Marie, there's independence for you! I suppose you haven't any doubts as to that?"

"My dear child, Betty Girard has been independent since she went to Paris. She was making six or seven thousand a year when she was twenty-three. You don't remember those drawings that she signed B. Naldreth, of course, that made such a hit?"


# YALE

## CHAIN BLOCKS

## Antiquated Education For *Your* Son?

BUSINESS MEN: Are you content to have your sons taught out of date methods for moving heavy objects—*hard-work* methods of the crowbar, roller, pulley, hand truck, jack-screw kind?

Public Schools still teach the methods used a thousand years ago. *You* were taught them, and even now they are being used in your business—perhaps at a loss of *hundreds of dollars yearly*.

Yet great money- and labor-saving methods have superseded those antiquated ones.

Yale Steel Triplex Blocks are used in great and small factories the world over to move loads that are too heavy to carry with one hand.

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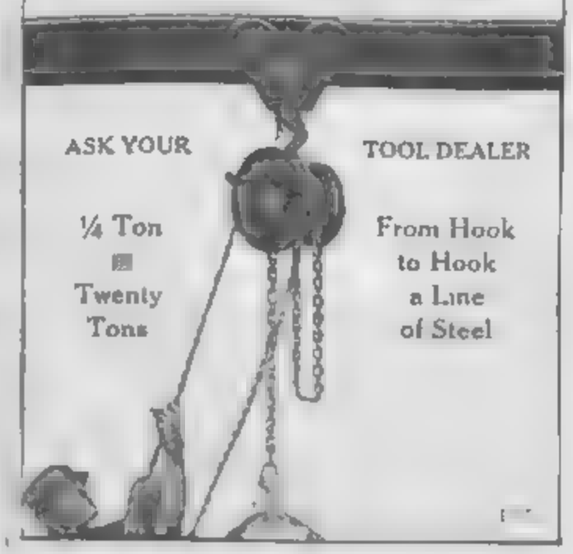

## Shoppers' List of Westinghouse Electric Christmas Gifts

A GIFT of Westinghouse Electric Ware will delight any woman. In every respect these devices sustain the Westinghouse reputation. They are both useful and ornamental.

**Percolating Coffee Pot—$8.00**

A substantial device for making most satisfying coffee. Nothing to get out of order. Makes the coffee just right. Holds two and a half pints. Comes equipped with electrical connections ready for use.

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Thousands of breakfast tables use a Westinghouse Toaster-Stove. As a gift it will be appreciated and *used*. It has two interchangeable tops—one a wire grid for toasting, the other an aluminum griddle, which, when inverted, is a frying pan. Price includes tray and connections.

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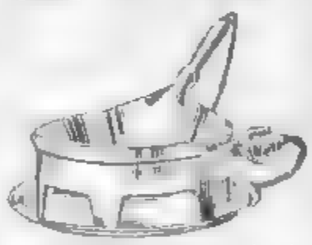

An excellent gift. Can be used as a frying pan, or turned upside-down serves as a stove. The heat can be regulated. Furnished complete with electrical connections, and aluminum holder.

**Electric Disc Stove**

**4-inch, $4.00** **6-inch, $5.00**

Better than a single burner of a gas or an alcohol stove, because quicker, cleaner and safer. Ideal for the tea table or bedside.

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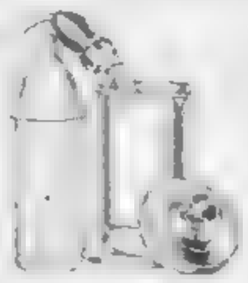

Will warm a bottle of food to the right temperature in four minutes. A convenient heater for water or other liquids. Furnished with hygeia nursing bottle and all attachments.

These devices are on sale in your city. Send for Westinghouse Catalogue 1529. It makes a fine Christmas list.

**Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.**
Dept. H P East Pittsburgh, Pa.


"Of course I do. We girls pinned them in our looking-glasses at school."

"For heaven's sake! So you did. To think it was fifteen years ago!"

"Max looks just like her 'golf-man'—I was always crazy about that man. Don't you remember, it's framed over that low bookcase in my room?"

"Well, well," Marie mused, "talk about influence! Betty probably married you after all!"

"You don't think her independence isn't a good thing, Ri-ri?"

Lucia was light in tone, but determined. The afternoon was working in her mind, not buried.

"My dear girl, Betty's an artist. When you say that you say everything. It wouldn't much matter, in her case, whether it was a good thing or not. It's there—it has to be. She isn't a good artist because she earns her living; she earns her living because she's a good artist. When she was sixteen she drew in the life class with men and women who had studied for years; her work was first-class; it sold; she used the money and became financially independent. You can't keep a duck from the water, and you couldn't keep Betty from paint. In her case other details have to adapt themselves to that condition of things."

"Such details as marriage, for instance?" Lucia inquired artfully.

"Precisely. Such details as marriage."

"Aha, Mrs. Randall Fitch! Then let the same detail adapt itself to me!"

But Lucia's chuckle was not echoed. Marie probed among the tinkling bits of ice with an inlaid Spanish stiletto, silently, unresponsively.

"You girls will have to work that out," she said slowly. "There's a chance, of course——"

"A chance! What chance? Sit still, children, and don't dare to move till I look at you more!"

The door had been left ajar and Betty herself was in the room, handsome and modish and vibrant with that wonderful, heady glamour that she threw over those who loved her. Her deep voice, as warm as her eyes of rich, mocking hazel, reminded them that, when she left them last, that curious haunting *timbre* had left their ears for good till she came again; the firm grasp her full, pointed fingers left round theirs made a pale thing of other handclasps.

"If I were a Dutchman there's a 'chance' I'd do a gorgeous *genre* bit—you two new, American faces in these old, European things," she said. "You're wonderful! I always forget about your hair, Lucia. *Wie geht's*, Frau Fitch? Am I late? Here are the cakes."

"Himself hasn't come," said Marie. "We're terribly glad to see you, Betty, lamb. Were the portraits really good?"

"Corking," said Betty briefly. "The boy is the best I've done in three years. Family delighted. Walter wants me to show the boy's in London."

"Is Walter well?"

"So-so. He has an idea of going up to the country this month, but I can't possibly. But if he does I'll close the house and stay with you, if you want me. Celestine wants me out at Hawkfield, but I couldn't very well do that."

"If I want you? I should say!"

"The children are too enormous for words," Betty said irrelevantly. "Cynthia wants to put her dresses down, and Naldreth is on the football team—or is it squad? He's captain of his form now. What's this Celestine tells me about you going on a salary on the prison business, Lutie? Have you thrown Doctor Fettauer down again?"

Lucia stamped her foot with sincere vexation.

"I think you're both perfectly horrid!" she cried.

"First Ri-ri says I oughtn't to arrange my life to suit myself, because I may have children, and in that case I can never hope to stand on my own feet; and now you, you, Betty Girard, who have the best brought-up children anybody knows, and run a town house and a country place, and paint the dandiest children's portraits in this country—now you talk as if I must be giving up the idea of marrying, just because I want to be independent and have a job of my own!"

"Why marry then?"

"Why? Why? Why did you?"

"I had my job years before I married," said Mrs. Girard briefly.

"All very well, but Marie didn't."

"I was forced into mine," said Marie quickly, "and I had been married years before." *(Continued on Page 28)*


# Have a taste of spring-time now.

Why not?

No matter how wintry the day may be, the atmosphere of early June is brought right to your table with

## Campbell's Pea Soup

It brings you the flavor and aroma of tender, green peas just picked from the vine. We blend this inviting soup with rich milk and creamery butter, and season it with crisp celery, and delicate spices.

A pleasure both to look at and to taste—this delightful Campbell kind. Why not enjoy it *today*?

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| Chicken | Mulligatawny | Tomato Okra |
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**Look for the red-and-white label**

**Campbell's Soups**

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Little ones or larger ones **write** for or **wish** for this **clean, pure, healthful** gum. It's the safe and sure-to-please gift—the inexpensive, beneficial gift, especially at the indigestible season. It's a constant delicious aid to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion.

So, let your little ones—your friends—yourself—eat, drink and be merry **without** indigestion but **with** the aid of "The goody **that's good for you!**"

It **costs** less by the box of twenty packages. Send a list of your friends to any dealer. He'll send all you buy, with your cards.

## CAUTION!

The great popularity of ***the clean, pure, healthful WRIGLEY'S*** SPEARMINT is causing **unscrupulous persons to wrap rank imitations that are not even real** ing gum so they resemble genuine ***WRIGLEY'S.*** The better class of stores **to fool you with these imitations. They will be offered to you principally** tirs, peddlers **and the candy departments of some 5 and 10 cent stores.** imitations cost dealers one cent a package or even less and are sold to ple for almost any price. If you want ***Wrigley's*** look before you buy. ***Get*** ***ay for. Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S.***

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The American Tobacco Company

(Continued from Page 25)

"For the love of Mike!"

Lucia rose to her feet and stormed at them, her eyes big and gray, her cheeks a sudden crimson.

"This is a little too much, you two!" she fumed. "Betty is all right, of course, because she earned her own money long before she married; and Ri-ri's all right, of course, because she began earning hers long after! But I mustn't begin *when* I marry! You're a couple of donkeys!"

Miss Stanchon subsided after this elegant address and gulped.

"It would be interesting to know what Walter Girard and Ranny Fitch think on this subject," she added maliciously. She looked frankly at the two older women, but they looked away from each other and her.

"You're too shrinking, Lucia," said Max Fettauer, bowing, with a touch of foreign courtesy, to the women, from his place in the open door. "You are so shy, I'm afraid you'll never be able to be heard! Express yourself, my dear—get into the movement!"

Lucia giggled. This slim, dark fiancé of hers was almost the only person who could embarrass her. His cool brown eyes had the secret of certain glances that lowered her own.

"You'll get into the muffins, Max, unless you come in," she suggested brusquely. "I couldn't help making a noise—neither Betty nor Marie seems very keen on my taking the secretaryship. No, put them on this blue plate, boy—take yours out."

"The blue plate, by all means," Fettauer agreed gravely, closing the door behind the boy, "although the table is too beautiful to disturb. But I've had no lunch, and those muffins —— Can you make them, Lucia?"

This time she faced the twinkle in his eye.

"No, Doctor Fettauer, I can't. Neither can I spin, nor make candles, nor soap, nor your shirts, nor doughnuts, nor pumpkin pie, nor patchwork quilts."

"Nor *Lichkuchen?*" he inquired anxiously, "nor *Kaffeebrod?*"

"No German messes whatever. And I can't understand the hideous language either. But I can organize prison reform, and, by George, I'm going to!"

"Of course you are. Have some tea," said Max placidly, "and butter me a muffin, will you? I know you placed those roses, Mrs. Fitch? I hope you picked me out the best possible wedding present for this classmate of mine? I'm depending on you, you know."

"If that isn't just like you, Max," his betrothed murmured resentfully, simmering down by rapid stages. "As a matter of fact, Marie, his mind is set like a steel trap, and we're to all of us agree with him before he gets it, that's all!"

They laughed indulgently, and the rich, soothing aroma of the steeping tea mingled pleasantly with the roses.

Lutie buttered muffins meekly. This dark, broad-shouldered doctor of hers, though younger by several years than her friends, seemed, unlike the Americans of his age, more their equal than hers. She seemed to sit in a ring of experience, a circle of silent, indulgent knowledge, waiting to initiate her among them, hopeful, well wishing, but less secure of the future, withal, than she.

Meditating, she savored the chocolate-coated cakes, plunging into their almond-scented hearts with the delighted greed of a healthy child.

Later when the sun was really red and Max, a tiny gold-chased glass of Scotch in one hand, a long Russian cigarette in the other, strolled with Mrs. Girard to the far end of the long studio, earnest in a discussion of the new German symbolism, Marie, filling her cup for the final intimate drops, went on as if there had been no interruption, and Lucia listened as if they had been alone.

"You see, it was so wonderful for Betty, marrying Walter," she said softly; "all his interest was in art really. I doubt if he would have made much as a lawyer, if Peter Forsythe and those other 'Bones' men hadn't thrown that big estate in his way, and it just happened to suit him. His room at Yale was full of the loveliest prints and Japanese things, Peter told me, and he really went without food almost, clothes certainly, to buy the pictures he wanted. He's followed her work so steadily and went abroad twice with her. He used to draw awfully well, Peter says; he almost went into it himself."

"That's what I mean by a 'firm.'" said Lucia gravely, and the other sighed.

"Firm? What firm?" Betty had the ears of a deer.

"Marriage," said Lucia.

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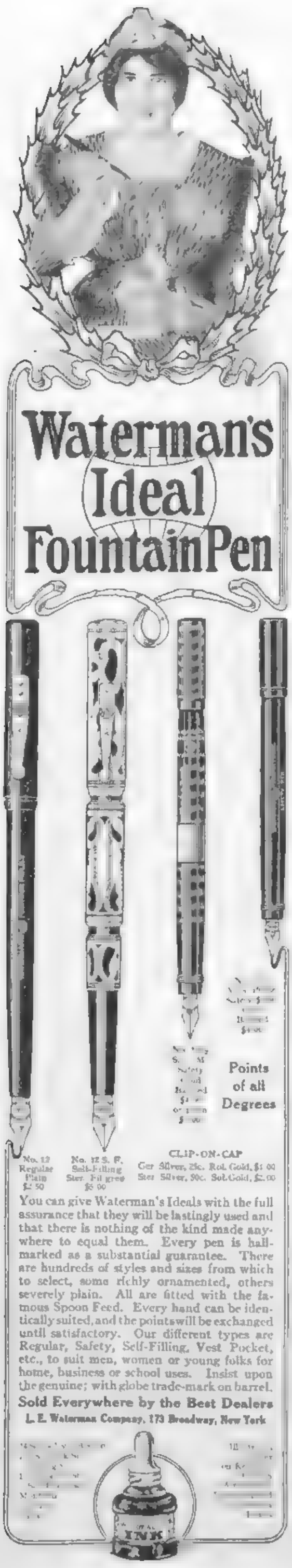

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Her eyes sought her man's appealingly. "If a man and his wife aren't a firm, what are they?" said she. "Why can't they be partners and play fair? Isn't that why business succeeds?"

"Naturally," Marie agreed; "and of course they can, Lutie, if they will."

Max looked at Betty Girard; her olive cheeks glowed out of her dark hair. She had lifted a rose from the Venetian glass and held it against her strong chin.

"How about it, Mrs. Girard?" he asked.

"It sounds all right," she answered, and her voice suddenly was listless: "Why not?"

"It is all right!" said Lucia. "We'll show you!"

Betty flicked the rose like a riding whip in her hand. She looked over their heads.

"You may perhaps be able to show us, since you have selected a partner who is not interested in your particular business," she said lightly. "That is the principal requisite for the marriage firm!"

Lucia gasped, scowled, then burst into a hysterical laugh. She turned accusing eyes on Marie, who persistently refused to meet them.

"You hear that, Mrs. Randall Fitch? You hear that?" she demanded excitedly. "And you just told me that *unless* we had the same interests—— See here, Max, this is no game for Lucia Theodora Stanchon! You'd better marry a doctor lady, like your friend. I may be very young and inexperienced—oh, yes, I know what you're all thinking—but I'll be hanged if I——"

The great Colonial knocker clanged impatiently and the buttoned elevator-boy flung open the door.

"Yes, ma'am; sure they're in. This is Two-hundred-and-two. Sure!"

A slim, spectacled man advanced to them, a hand stretched out to Max.

"Here we are, Fettauer! Just a moment on our way to the train—we're going out to The Place!"

"Why, Ridge, this is luck! And Doctor Harris too! Come in, Doctor Harris!"

Max led in to them a neat, tailored young woman, fresh cheeked, strongly poised on her square-toed boots.

"This is my friend, Doctor Ridgeway, Mrs. Randall Fitch—I asked them to have a look at the garden bench and see if it suited. Lucia, you remember Ridge? Doctor Harris, Mrs. Girard."

"I'm afraid we're interrupting, Will," and the fresh cheeks deepened slightly, though the keen, straight glance held level. "I've long wanted to meet you, Miss Stanchon."

"Not a bit of it, doctor. You're in time, just, to help us out!"

Max Fettauer smiled a subtle little smile; Lucia never understood that little smile.

"Tell us, Ridge," he said easily, "you're on the edge of the very experiment we were discussing. If any two people in this world should be able to judge of marriage as a—what was it, Lucia?"

"Marriage," said Dr. Ridgeway succinctly, "in our case at least, is equivalent to the founding of a firm—a firm."

They gasped. Fettauer bowed politely to the three women.

"Then of course," he said gravely, "although Mrs. Fitch, I gather, believes that community of interest is necessary, and Mrs. Girard considers the absence of it imperative, you and Doctor Harris are quite convinced that an identical occupation is the only safe rule!"

Dr. Ridgeway wiped his glasses judicially.

"Strangely enough, no," he said in his harsh, didactic voice. "Quite the contrary, in fact. I cannot imagine a more dangerous experiment, ordinarily speaking, or one more likely to result in marital——"

"But, heavens above," Lucia cried, "look at you! What do you mean?"

The hand that held the didactic glasses slipped unconsciously to the tailored shoulder near it. The harsh voice softened. A slow smile crept under the stiff mustache.

"It's—it's different with us!" he said gently. "Really, I—I—— As a matter of fact, it's quite different!"

Marie laughed shortly and a wry smile twisted Betty's handsome mouth.

But Max Fettauer laughed out honestly and forced Lucia's doubtful eyes to his.

"Of course, it's different!" he cried; "it always is! Don't you see, dearest girl, don't you see? Never mind what they think—never mind what we think! How do we know—it's you and I!"

She caught his smile and warmed to it.

"If you think it's a firm, all right! We'll try it out," said he, and took her hand. The future stretched before them, beckoning.


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# THE GOLDFISH

(Continued from Page 6)

seventy-odd thousand dollars a year is probably less than fifteen hundred dollars, or about two per cent.

Yet, thinking it over dispassionately, I do not conclude from this that I am an exceptionally selfish man. I believe I represent the average in this respect. I always respond to minor calls on me in a way that pleases the recipient and causes a genuine glow of satisfaction in my own breast. I toss away nickels, dimes and quarters with prodigality; and if one of the office boys feels out of sorts I send him off for a week's vacation on full pay. I make small loans to seedy fellows who have known better days. I treat the servants handsomely at Christmas.

Several of the items in the above schedule, however, are absurdly low, for the opera-box, which as it is we share with several friends and which is ours but once in two weeks, alone costs us twelve hundred dollars; and my bill at Sherry's—where we usually dine before going to the theater or sup afterward—is apt to be not less than one hundred dollars a month. Besides, twenty-five hundred dollars does not begin to cover my actual personal expenses; but as I am accustomed to draw checks against my office account and thrust the money in my pocket, it is difficult to say just what I do cost myself.

Moreover, a New York family like mine would have to keep surprisingly well in order to get along with but a thousand dollars a year for doctors. Even our dentist bills are often more than that. We do not go to the most fashionable operators either. Since the experience of Prince Henry with a certain well-known New York practitioner I have been most insistent on this; for nowhere, curiously enough, does mere vogue play a more influential part than in the choice of a dentist.

When I was a child teeth seemed to take care of themselves, but my boy and girls were all obliged to spend several years with their small mouths full of plates, wires and elastic bands. In each case the cost was from eighteen hundred to two thousand dollars. A friend of mine with a large family was compelled to lay out during the tooth-growing period of his offspring over five thousand dollars a year for several years. Their teeth are not straight at that.

### *Cures That Are Costly*

Then, semioccasionally, weird cures arise and seize hold of the female imagination and send our wives and daughters scurrying to the parlors of fashionable specialists, who prescribe long periods of rest at expensive hotels—a room in one's own house will not do—and strange diets of mush and hot water, with periodical search parties, lighted by electricity, through the alimentary canal.

One distinguished medico's discovery of the *terra incognita* of the stomach has netted him, I am sure, vastly more gold than Balboa's discovery of the Pacific did the Spaniards who followed him. There seems to be something peculiarly fascinating about the human interior. One of our acquaintances became so interested in hers that she issued engraved invitations for a fashionable party at which her pet doctor delivered a lecture on the gastro-intestinal tract. All this comes high, and I have not ventured to include the cost of such extravagances in my budget, though my wife has taken cures six times in the last ten years, either at home or abroad.

And who can prophesy the cost of the annual spring jaunt to Europe? I have estimated it at thirty-five hundred dollars; but, frankly, I never get off with any such trifling sum.

Our passage alone costs us from seven hundred to a thousand dollars, or even more; and our ten days' motor trip—the invariable climax of the expedition rendered necessary by the fatigue incident to shopping—at least five hundred dollars.

Our hotel bills in Paris, our taxicabs, theater tickets, and dinners at expensive restaurants cost us at least a thousand dollars, without estimating the total of those inevitable purchases that are paid for out of the letter of credit and not charged to my wife's regular allowance. Even in Paris she will, without a thought, spend fifty dollars for a simple spring hat—and this is not regarded as expensive. Her dresses cost as much as if purchased on Fifth Avenue, and I am obliged to pay a sixty per cent duty on them besides.

The restaurants of Paris—the chic ones—charge as much as those in New York; in fact, chic Paris exists very largely for the exploitation of the wives of rich Americans. The smart French woman buys no such dresses and pays no such prices. She knows a clever little modiste down some alley leading off the Rue St. Honoré who will saunter into one of the big establishments, sweep the group of models with her eye, and go back to her own shop and turn out the latest fashions at a quarter of the money.

A French woman in society will have the same dress made for her by her own dressmaker for seventy dollars for which the American will cheerfully pay three hundred and fifty. And the reason is that she has been taught from girlhood the relative values of things. She knows that mere clothes can never take the place of charm and breeding; that expensive entertainments, no matter how costly the viands, can never give the same pleasure that a cup of tea gives when served with vivacity and wit; and that the best things of Paris are, in fact, free to all alike—the sunshine of the boulevards, the ever-changing crowds, the glamour of the evening glow beyond the Hôtel des Invalides, and the lure of the lamp-strewn twilight of the Champs Elysées.

So she gets a new dress or two and, after the three months of her season in the Capital are over, is content to lead a more or less simple family life in the country for the rest of the year. One rarely sees a real Parisian at one of the highly advertised all-night resorts of Paris. No Frenchman would pay the price.

### *The Underground Charge*

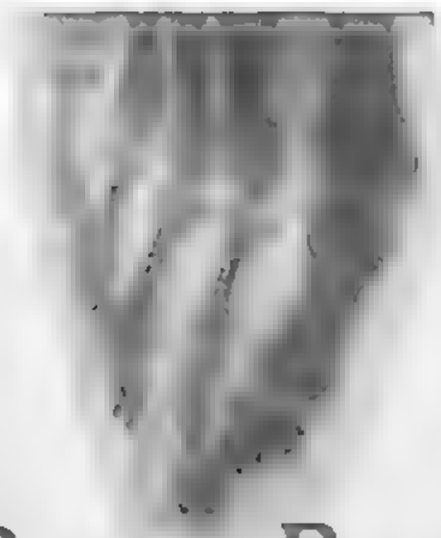
After dispassionate consideration of the matter I hazard the sincere opinion that my actual disbursements during the last ten years have averaged not less than one hundred thousand dollars a year. However, let us be conservative and stick to our original figure of seventy-two thousand dollars. It costs me, therefore, almost exactly two hundred dollars a day to support five persons. We all of us complain of what is called the high cost of living, but men of my class have no real knowledge of what it costs them to live.

The necessaries are only a drop in the bucket. It is hardly worth while to bother about the price of rib roast per pound, or fresh eggs per dozen, when one is smoking fifty-cent cigars. Essentially it costs me as much to lunch off a boiled egg, served in my dining room at home, as to carve the breast off a canvasback. At the end of the month my bills would not show the difference. It is the overhead—or, rather, in housekeeping, the underground—charge that counts. That boiled egg or the canvasback represents a running expense of at least a hundred dollars a day. Slight variations in the cost of foodstuffs or servants' wages amount to practically nothing.

And what do I get for my two hundred dollars a day and my seventy-two thousand dollars a year that the other fellow does not enjoy for, let us say, half the money? Let us readjust the budget with an idea to ascertaining on what a family of five could live in luxury in the city of New York for a year. I could rent a good house for five thousand dollars and one in the country for two thousand dollars; and I should have no real-estate taxes. I could keep eight trained servants for three thousand dollars and reduce the cost of my supplies to five thousand almost without knowing it. Of course my light and heat would cost me twelve hundred dollars and my automobile twenty-five hundred. My wife, daughters and son ought to be able to manage to dress on five thousand dollars, between them. I will give away fifteen hundred dollars and allow one thousand for doctors' bills, fifteen hundred for my own expenses, and still have twenty-three hundred for pleasure—and be living on thirty thousand dollars a year.

I could even then entertain, go to the theater, and occasionally take my friends to a restaurant. And what would I surrender? My saddle-horses perhaps, my extra motor, my pretentious houses, my opera box, my wife's annual trip to Paris—that is about all. And I should have a cash balance of over forty thousand dollars.

In a smaller city I could do the same thing for half the money—fifteen thousand dollars; in Rome, Florence or Munich I could live like a prince for fifteen thousand.



# Bones Bent

## Abraham Lincoln Loved To Take His Boots Off

HE used to remove them frequently to "let his feet '*breathe*,'" he said. He knew the folly of binding the feet up constantly in narrow, unnatural shoes.

The above X-Ray shows how a narrow "fancy" shoe bends the bones of the feet, thereby manufacturing corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, flat-foot, etc.—in other words, *foot misery*.

And such foot-troubles affect *your whole system*, causing a loss 20% or more of your bodily Efficiency.

Why lose this valuable energy? Why—since Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoes do *not* bend your foot bones—do not cause corns, bunions, etc.

Educators *abolish* foot troubles, because made scientifically in the shape of a perfect natural foot. They have plenty of room for all five toes, without loss of [illegible]

Made for men, women and children, they let children's feet grow as Nature intended, and let grownups' bent bones straighten out in relief. A handsome shoe that is *good sense plus good looks*.

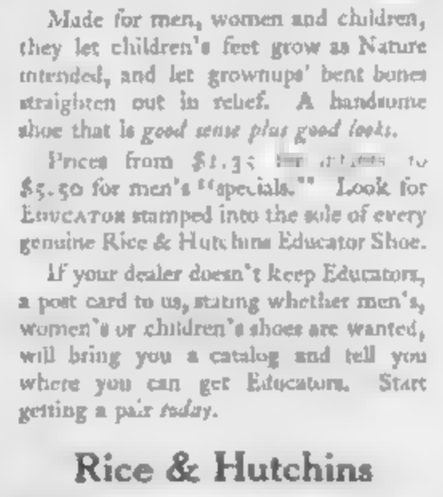
Prices from $1.35 [illegible] to $5.50 for men's "specials." Look for EDUCATOR stamped into the sole of every genuine Rice & Hutchins Educator Shoe.

If your dealer doesn't keep Educators, a post card to us, stating whether men's, women's or children's shoes are wanted, will bring you a catalog and tell you where you can get Educators. Start getting a pair *today*.

**Rice & Hutchins**

# EDUCATOR SHOE

**"Lets the foot grow as it should"**




RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

*World's Shoemakers to the Whole Family*

14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Makers of the Famous All America and Signet Shoes for Men, and Maylan Shoes for Women


I am paying apparently forty thousand dollars each year for the veriest frills of existence—for geranium powder in my bath, for fifteen extra feet in the width of my drawing room, for a seat in the parterre instead of the parquet at the opera, for the privilege of having a second motor roll up to the door when it is needed, and that my wife may have seven new evening dresses each winter instead of two. And in reality these luxuries mean nothing to me. I do not want them. I am not a whit more comfortable with than without them.

If an income tax suddenly cut my bank account in half it would not seriously inconvenience me. No financial cataclasm, however dire, could deprive me of the genuine luxuries of my existence. Yet in my revised schedule of expenditures I should still be paying nearly a hundred dollars a day for the privilege of living. What would I be getting for my money—even then? What would I receive as a *quid pro quo* for my thirty thousand dollars?

### *The Privilege of Paying High*

I am not enough of a materialist to argue that my advantage over my less successful fellow man lies in having a bigger house, men servants instead of maid servants, and smoking cigars alleged to be from Havana instead of from Tampa; but I believe I am right in asserting that my social opportunities—in the broader sense—are vastly greater than his. I am meeting bigger men and have my fingers in bigger things. I give orders and he takes them. My opinion has considerable weight in important matters, some of which vitally affect large communities. My astuteness has put millions into totally unexpected pockets and defeated the faultily expressed intentions of many a testator. I can go to the White House and get an immediate hearing.

In other words I am an active man of affairs, a man among men, a man of force and influence, who, as we say, "cuts ice" in the metropolis. But the economic weakness in the situation lies in the fact that a boiled egg costs the ordinary citizen only five cents while it costs me its weight in gold.

REVISED BUDGET

| | |
|---|---|
| Rent—city and country | $7,[illegible] |
| Servants | 3,[illegible] |
| Supplies | 2,[illegible] |
| Light and heat | 1,200 |
| Motor | 2,500 |
| Allowance to family | 7,[illegible] |
| Charity | 1,500 |
| Medical attendance | 1,[illegible] |
| Self | 1,500 |
| Travel, pleasure, [illegible] | 2,[illegible] |
| Total | $[illegible] |

Compare this de-luxe existence of mine with that of my forbears. We are assured by most biographers that the subject of their eulogies was born of poor but honest parents. My own parents were honest, but my father was in comfortable circumstances and was able to give me the advantages incident to an education, first at the local high school and later at college. I did not as a boy get up while it was still dark and break the ice in the horsetrough in order to perform my ablutions.

I was, to be sure, given to understand—and always when a child religiously believed—that this had been my father's fate. It may have been so, but I have a lingering doubt on the subject that refuses to be dissipated. I can hardly credit the idea that the son of the village clergyman was obliged to go through any such rigorous physical discipline as a child. Even in 1820 there were such things as hired men.

Some time ago I came upon a trunkful of letters written by my grandfather to my father in 1835, when the latter was in college. They were closely written with a fine pen in a small, delicate hand, and the lines of ink, though faded, were like steel engraving. They were stilted, godly—in an ingenuous fashion—at times ponderously humorous, full of a mild self-satisfaction, and prepared under the obvious impression that only the writer could save my father's soul from hell.

The goodness of the Almighty, as exemplified by His personal attention to my grandfather, the efficacy of oil distilled from the liver of the cod, and the wisdom of Solomon came in for an equal share of attention. How the good old gentleman must have enjoyed writing those letters! And, though I have never written my own son three letters in my life, I suppose the desire of self-expression is stirring now in


# Answer the Christmas Call with a Useful Gift



THOUSANDS of people this year will solve the gift problem by [illegible] Parker Fountain Pens. When you think about it what is more useful and appropriate? In giving a Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen you are using excellent judgment, because your gift is useful and enduring.

And when you give a Parker, the recipient knows you are selecting a pen of character and quality. —*Geo. S. Parker.*

*The Lucky Curve*

**The big idea that has made the Parker the cleanly pen.**

Be sure you place on your Christmas list the cleanly "Parker", the only fountain pen with the [illegible] that drains the ink [illegible] pocket after use. [illegible] of a leak-proof Parker Fountain Pen will be [illegible] "Just what I wanted—the very thing," will be [illegible] on Christmas Day

## Parker Jack Knife Safety

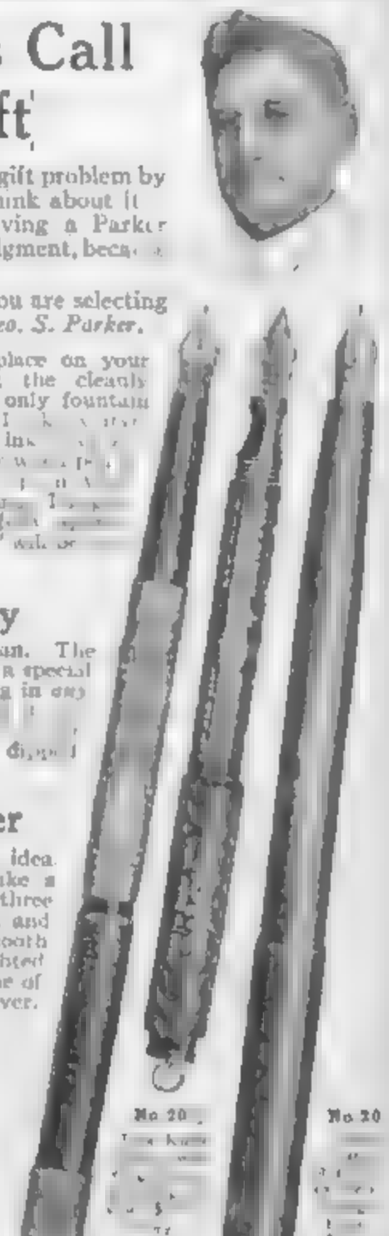
A handsome, useful present for man or woman. The handiest pen made. Has the Lucky Curve and a special lock that shuts in the ink and prevents leaking in any [illegible] lady's purse or handbag. Writes like a fresh dipped pen. It is always ready.

## The New Parker Self-Filler

The Parker Self-Filler is a new and original idea. Nothing like it in the world. Looks just like a [illegible]rd fountain pen, but fills itself in three seconds by pressing the button. Note design and neat appearance—no humps or bump. Has smooth barrel and no obstructions. Anyone will be delighted with this pen. It's a gift that carries a life-time of practical use and daily remembrance of the giver.

No 14 [illegible] The [illegible] favorite

No 42 [illegible] Standard or Self-[illegible] $5 gold filled lever sock clip $5. Space for name on gold band.



No 20 [illegible] Lucky Curve, Self-Filler, illustrated all over $5.0. Gold filled $7. More elaborate design $10. Space for name. A splendid gift

# PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

There Is a Parker Pen for every taste and [illegible] over 200 [illegible] Jack Knife Safety Self-Filler and Standard [illegible] 15,000 Dealers. Look for a Parker Pen Dealer. If you can't find one, write for our Catalog or send price named in this advertisement and we will supply you. Money back if not satisfied.

**PARKER PEN COMPANY, 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.**

You are cordially invited to visit our New York *Retail Store* in the big Woolworth Building.

# Fifty Christmas Presents

Selecting Christmas gifts for men is not easy. Men are queer beings in matters of taste; but any man who is a smoker is sure to be pleased if you give him a box of Girard Cigars. Either he has tried them and knows they are good, or perhaps he has seen them advertised and wondered about them but never gotten around to purchasing any.

Try getting them at the nearest cigar stand, but if you have any difficulty write to us and we will fill your order direct. We can send the cigars either to you or to the person you desire to receive them, enclosing your card.

$5 for a box of 50; $2.50 for a box of 25. Transportation charges prepaid.

**Antonio Roig & Langsdorf**

**315, 317, 319, 321 N. Seventh Street**

**Established 1871 Philadelphia**

## BEECH-NUT TOMATO CATSUP

A GREAT many people who wished to try our new Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup will not be able to do so unless they order now from a forehanded grocer who has secured his supply.

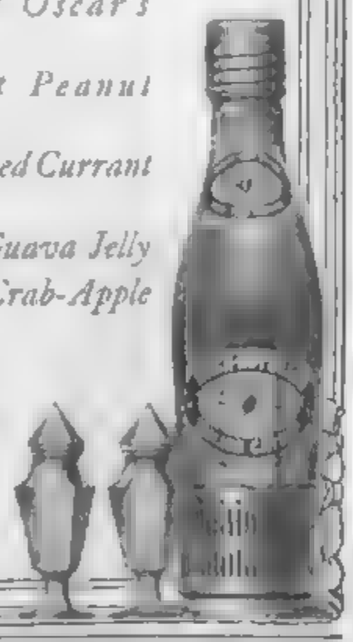
This season the big Northern New York tomatoes were at their prime for only forty days. During that time we packed fifty thousand cases of this Catsup, *and stopped*; for we never use tomatoes that are shipped in from other sections.

We announced our new Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup in September. And now we have to stop taking orders. Your grocer doubtless has received his allotment. How long it will last we can not tell.

We are particularly anxious for discriminating people to try this Catsup. Those who can appreciate its delicate, full-flavored, palate-satisfying quality will find it as far ahead of the ordinary commercial product as they have found *Beech-Nut Bacon* and *Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.*

***Some Beech-Nut Delicacies we would like you to know.***

*Beech-Nut Sliced Bacon*
*Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce*
*Beech-Nut Peanut Butter*
*Beech-Nut Red Currant Jelly*
*Beech-Nut Guava Jelly*
*Beech-Nut Crab-Apple Jelly*
*Beech-Nut Grape Jam*



BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.


me these seventy-eight years later. I wonder what he would have said could he read these confessions of mine—he who married my grandmother on a capital of twenty-five dollars and enough bleached cotton to make half a dozen shirts! My annual income would have bought the entire county in which he lived.

My son scraped through Harvard on twenty-five hundred dollars a year. I have no doubt he had undisclosed liabilities. Most of this allowance was spent on clothes, private commons and amusement. Lying before me is my father's term bill at college for the first half year of 1835 at Brown University. The items are:

| | |
|---|---|
| Tuition | $12 00 |
| Room rent | 3 00 |
| Use of University Library | 1 00 |
| Servants' hire, printing, and so on | 2 00 |
| Repairs | 80 |
| Damage for glass | 09 |
| Commons [illegible], 15½ weeks at $1.62 a week | 25 11 |
| Steward's salary | 2 00 |
| Public fuel | 50 |
| Absent from recitation without excuse—once | 03 |
| Total | $47 53 |

The glass damage at nine cents and the three cents for absence without excuse give me joy. Father was human, after all! Economically speaking, I do not think that his clothes cost him anything. He wore my grandfather's old ones. There were no amusements in those days except going to see the pickled curios in the old Boston Museum. I have no doubt he drove to college in the family chaise—if there was one. I do not think that, in fact, there was. On a conservative estimate he could not have cost my grandfather much, if anything, over a hundred dollars a year. On this basis I could, on my present income, send seven hundred and twenty fathers to college annually! A curious thought, is it not?

### *Like Father, Unlike Son*

Undoubtedly my grandfather went barefoot and trudged many a weary mile, winter and summer, to and from the district school. He worked his way through college. He married and reared a family. He educated my father. He watched over his flock in sickness and in health, and he died at a ripe old age, mourned by the entire countryside.

My father, in his turn, was obliged to carve out his own fate. He left the old home, went to the town where I was born, and by untiring industry built up a law practice that for those days was astonishingly lucrative. Then, as I have said, the war broke out and, enlisting as a matter of course, he met death on the battlefield. During his comparatively short life he followed the frugal habits acquired in his youth. He was a simple man.

Yet I am his son! What would he say could he see my valet, my butler, my French cook? Would he admire and appreciate my paintings, my *objets d'art*, my rugs and tapestries, my rare old furniture? As an intelligent man he would undoubtedly have the good taste to realize their value and take satisfaction in their beauty; but would he be glad that I possessed them? That is a question. Until I began to pen these confessions I should have unhesitatingly answered it in the affirmative. Now I am inclined to wonder a little. I think it would depend on how far he believed that my treasures indicated on my own part a genuine love of art, and how far they were but the evidences of pomp and vainglory.

Let me be honest in the matter. I own many masterpieces of great value. At the time of their purchase I thought I had a keen admiration for them. I begin to suspect that I acquired them less because I really cared for such things than because I wished to be considered a connoisseur. Now I hardly look at them. There they hang—my Corots, my Romneys, my Teniers, my Daubignys. But they might as well be the merest chromos. I never look at them. I have forgotten that they exist. So have the rest of my family.

It is somewhat the same with our cuisine. My food supply costs me forty dollars a day. We use the choicest teas, the costliest caviar and relishes, the richest sterilized milk and cream, the freshest eggs, the choicest cuts of meat. We have course after course at lunch and dinner; but unless stimulated with alcohol I go to the table without an appetite and my food gives me no pleasure. This style of living is the concrete expression of my success. It is because I have risen above my fellows that I must be surrounded by these tangible evidences of prosperity.


PHOENIX SCARFLERS

Dressy, Distinctive, Graceful

The ideal protection for throat and chest

For Men and Women

Instantly and smoothly adjusted about the neck the Phoenix Scarfler is an effectual protection against cold and dampness. Its light weight and exquisite weave avoid the overheating tendencies of the ordinary neck wraps.

Phoenix Scarflers are particularly acceptable as Holiday Gifts

The best dry goods stores and haberdashers show the new Phoenix Scarflers in a wide variety of weaves and designs.

For Men and Women **50c to $10**

"Made in America" by the Makers of the Famous Phoenix Silk Hose

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
224 Broadway, Milwaukee

15 to 33⅓ per cent

We can save you that on the pencils you use. We dare you to write and let us prove it.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
Philadelphia

Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes.

Blaisdell

Vantine's
The Oriental Store

Jap Ash Receiver
A DOLLAR EACH PREPAID

ACQUERED finish, heavy metallic top with revolving [illegible] tubes into removable [illegible]. A dainty gift [illegible]. A marvel of Oriental patience and craft for $1

A·A·VANTINE·&·CO
Broadway and 18th Street New York
After Jan 1st, Fifth Ave. and 50th St.

FOOD VALUES
Good as Candy Nourishing as Bread

Dromedary Dates

Sent Free Dromedary Cook Book
100 Different Date Dishes
THE HILLS BROS COMPANY
Beach and Washington Streets Dept h New York

Comparative Food Values

as obtained from Government Reports and other reliable sources

| Food | Calories |
|---|---|
| Dromedary Dates | 1552 |
| Round Steak | 950 |
| Boiled Eggs | 680 |
| Bread | 1215 |
| Potatoes | 385 |
| Honey | 1520 |

Of all the gifts that fit the Christmas day —none so timely as the one that provides the picture story of that day—

A KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

*Catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail*

CLASS PINS
FACTORY TO YOU
For College, School or Society

Catalog with attractive [illegible] quest. Special offer, [illegible] trated with any three colors of enamel. STERLING SILVER 30c ea $3.00 dozen, SILVER PLATE 15c each $1.50 dozen

Bastian Bros. Co., 263 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

THERMOS
The Gift

IN choosing the gift that will be pleasure's number of the family no better selection than THERMOS can be made.

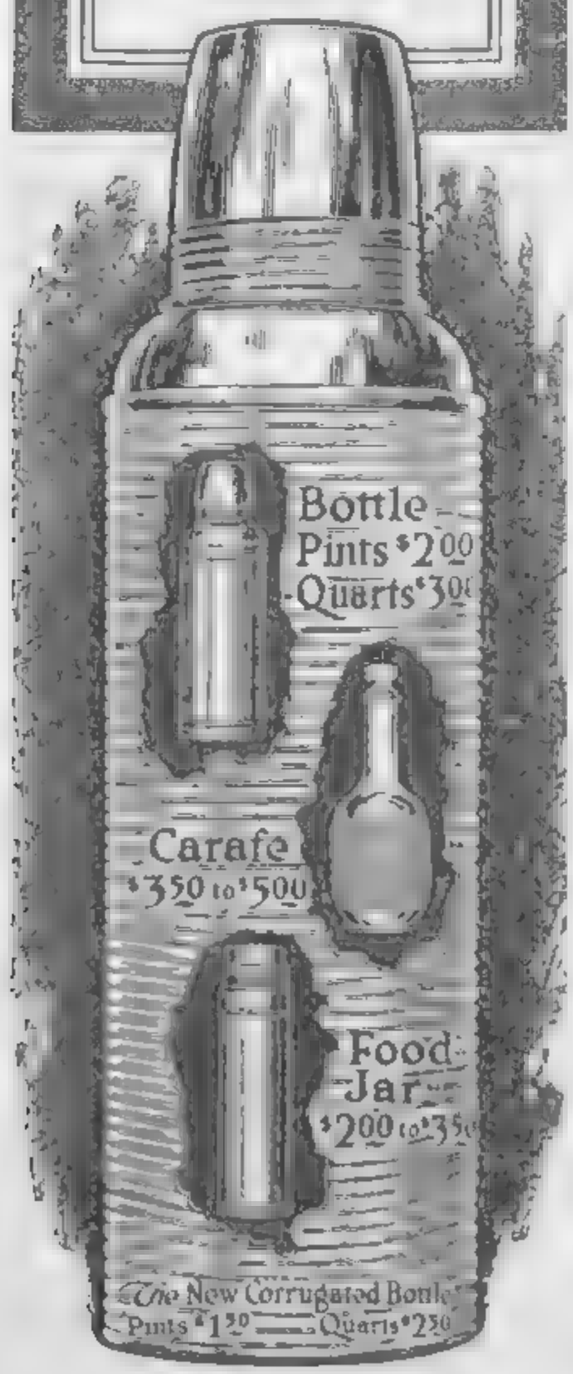
THERMOS pleases Mother because it keeps Baby's milk fresh and pure; it pleases Grandma to have hot tea at whatever she wants it, and it keeps Father's fizzy beverages ice cold and he is ready for them. Even the Kiddies get loads of fun and comfort out of THERMOS, the Bottle that keeps fluids *ice cold* for 72 hours or *piping hot* for 24 hours.

Our improved manufacturing facilities make THERMOS ... more attractive than ever before.

Write THERMOS after several names on your Xmas list.

Ask your dealer for new THERMOS Catalog. If the name THERMOS is not branded on the bottom it is a counterfeit.

American Thermos Bottle Company
Thermos-on-Thames at Norwich, Conn.





I get up about nine o'clock in the morning unless I have been out very late the night before, in which case I rest until ten or later. I step into a porcelain tub in which my servant has drawn a warm bath of water filtered by an expensive process which makes it as clear and blue as crystal. When I leave my bath my valet hands me one by one my garments that have been carefully laid out in order. He is always hovering round me, and I rather pride myself on the fact that I lace my own shoes and brush my own hair. Then he gives me a silk handkerchief and I stroll into my upstairs sitting room ready for breakfast.

My wife and daughters are still sleeping. They rarely get up before eleven in the morning, and my wife and I do not, as a rule, breakfast together. We have tried that arrangement and found it wanting, for we are slightly irritable at this hour. My son has already gone downtown. So I enter the chintz-furnished room alone and sit down by myself before a bright wood fire and glance at the paper, which the valet has ironed, while I nibble an egg, drink a glass of orange juice, swallow a few pieces of toast and quaff a great cup of fragrant coffee.

Coffee! Goddess of the nerve-exhausted! Sweet invigorator of tired manhood! Preserver of the American race! I could not live without you! One draught at your Pierian fountain and I am young again! For a moment the sun shines as it used to in my boyhood days; my blood quickens; I am eager to be off to business—to do, no matter what.

I enter the elevator and sink to the ground floor. My valet is waiting with my coat over his arm, ready to help me into it. Then he hands me my hat and stick, opens the front door and escorts me to my waiting motor. The chauffeur touches his hat. I light a small and excellent Havana cigar and sink back among the cushions.

Ten o'clock sees me at my office. The effect of the coffee has begun to wear off slightly. I am a little peevish with my secretary, who has opened and arranged the letters on my desk. There are a pile of dividend checks, a dozen appeals for charity and a score of letters relating to my business. I throw the begging circulars into the wastebasket and dictate most of my answers in a little over half an hour. Then comes a stream of appointments until lunchtime.

### *Keeping Pace With My Daughters*

On the top floor of a twenty-story building, its windows commanding a view of all the waters surrounding the end of Manhattan Island, is my lunch club. Here gather daily at one o'clock most of the men with whom I am associated—bankers, railroad promoters and other lawyers. I lunch with one or more of them. A cocktail starts my appetite, for I have no desire for food; and for the sake of appearances I manage to consume an egg Benedictine and a ragout of lamb, with a dessert.

Then we wander into the smoking room and drink black coffee and smoke long black cigars. I have smoked a cigar or two in my office already and am beginning, as usual, to feel a trifle seedy. Here we plan some piece of business or devise a legal method of escaping the necessity of fulfilling some corporate obligation.

Two or half-past finds me in my office again. The back of the day is broken. I take things more easily. Later on I smoke another cigar. I discuss general matters with my junior partners. At half-past four I enter my motor, which is waiting at the Wall Street entrance of the building. At my uptown club the men are already dropping in and gathering round the big windows. We all call each other by our first names, yet few of us know anything of one another's real character. We have a bluff heartiness, a cheerful cynicism that serves in place of sincerity, and we ask no questions.

Our subjects of conversation are politics, the stock market, big business, and the more fashionable sports. There is no talk of art or books, no discussion of subjects of civic interest. We usually arrange a game of bridge and play until it is time to go home to dress for dinner.

This is usually the time when I first meet my wife and daughters since the night before. They have had their own engagements for luncheon and in the afternoon, and perhaps have not seen each other before during the day. But we generally meet at least two or three times a week on the stairs or in the hall as we are going out.

Sometimes, also, I see my son at this time. It will be observed that our family

Christmas Wrap

—the world's confection —from California

**Calarab**—the original candy figs—is a new confection from California—made where the figs grow. **Calarab** is the "transformed fig"—the fig of commerce with all its toughness taken away—yet with all the fig flavor—and no waste. **Calarab** is a sugary, fruity goody.

The Much Desired Gift

—The **Calarab** package is a bright, cheery, Christmassy red and white package.

The Christmas wrap gives it a delightful Christmassy dress, ready for presentation or mailing.

30c

Calarab
CANDY FIGS

A gift to be welcomed by the most discriminating because so novel, unique, fascinating. A gift you can present with great pleasure because the confection is so good, so unusual, packed so attractively, and the package so large.

If you can't buy from your dealer, send to nearest address, fifty cents in stamps to cover cost of package and mailing.

New York Address 309 Greenwich St. BISHOP & COMPANY Chicago Address 208 N. Wabash Ave.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A New Rex Beach Novel

Rex Beach, virile and forceful, writes a story that throbs with the teeming activity of our great metropolis. When he tells you of New York life he shows you the people who actually walk Broadway. That is why his latest novel,

"The Auction Block"

is so intense, so realistic. That is why the next five years of Rex Beach's work has been contracted for by Cosmopolitan.

Charles Dana Gibson

the one artist able to catch the charm of the youthful heroine, is drawing the illustrations.

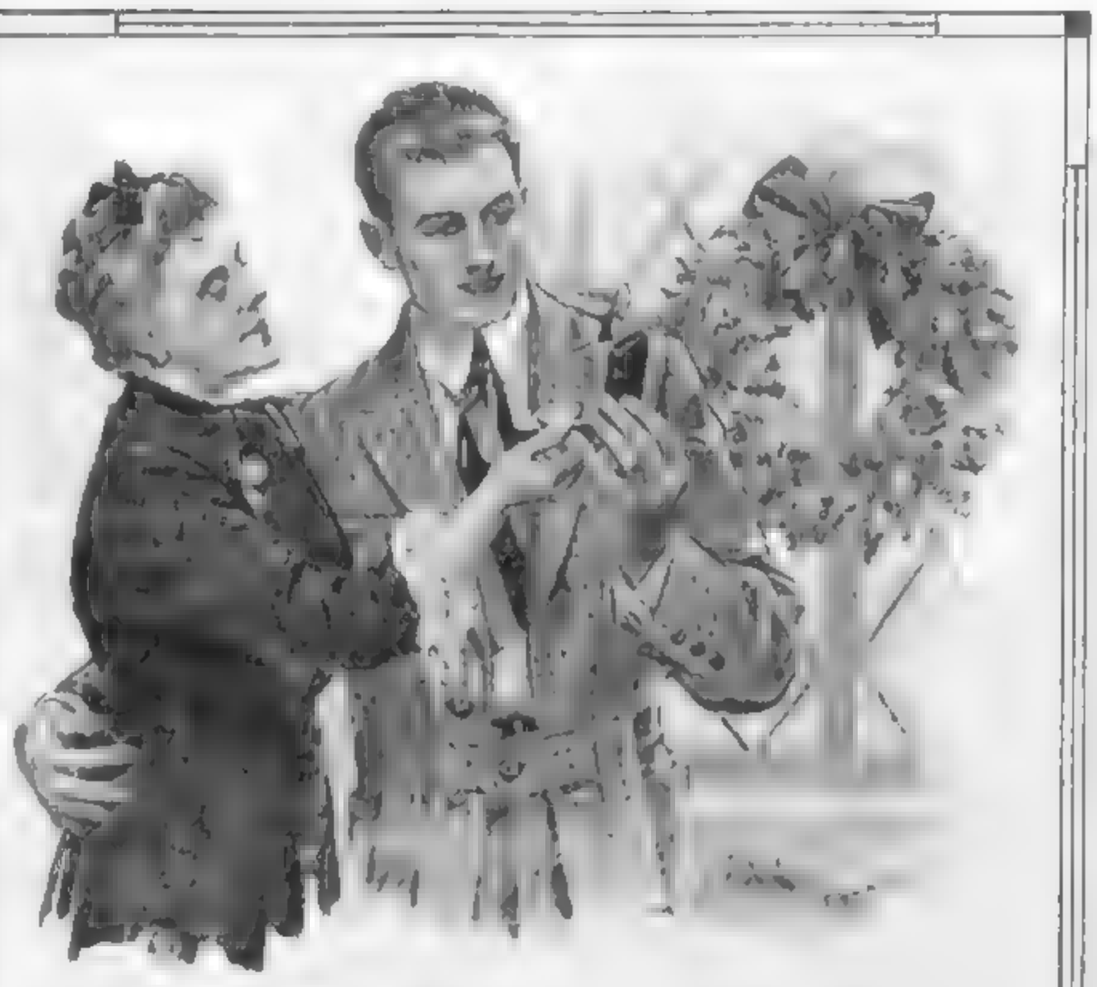
Lorelei, dainty, piquant, and unspoiled, seeking recognition on the stage of a greedy city. If she were your own daughter you would follow her fortunes no closer than you will when you read this story.

Get it in January

Cosmopolitan Magazine
Fortieth Street and Broadway New York City

You May Have This Novel

Name



# The Howard Watch

One very good way to show your affection and your high hope for the boy is to give him a HOWARD Watch for Christmas.

The HOWARD means so much more than the giving. It pledges the young man to a fine tradition. It expresses so well your expectation for him and the work he is to do in the world.

To own a HOWARD Watch is to be in distinguished company. The HOWARD is identified with the life and history of prominent Americans ever since 1842. It is pre-eminently the watch of successful Americans today.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

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life is not burdensome to any of us—not that we do not wish to see one another, but we are too busy to do so. My daughters seem to be fond of me. They are proud of my success and their own position; in fact they go out in the smartest circles. They are smarter, indeed, than their mother and myself; for, though we know everybody in society, we have never formed a part of the intimate inner Newport circle. But my daughters are inside and in the very center of the ring.

From Friday until Monday they are always in the country at week-end parties. They are invited to go to Bermuda, Palm Beach, California, Aiken and the Glacier National Park. They live on yachts and in private cars and automobiles. They know all the patter of society and everything about everybody. They also talk surprisingly well about art, music and international politics. They are as much at home in Rome, Paris and London as they are in New York, and are as familiar with Scotland as Long Island.

They are women of the world in a sense unheard of by my father's generation. They have been presented at court in London, Berlin and Rome, and have had a social season at Cairo; in fact I feel at a great personal disadvantage in talking with them. They are respectful, very sweet in a self-controlled and capable sort of way, and, so far as I can see, need no assistance in looking out for themselves. They seem to be quite satisfied with their mode of life. They do as they choose, and ask for no advice from either their mother or myself.

### *Home Life on Easy Street*

My boy also leads his own life. He is rarely at home except to sleep. I see less of him than of my daughters. During the day he is at an office, where he is learning to be a lawyer. At wide intervals we lunch together; but I find that he is interested in things which do not appeal to me at all. Just at present he has become an expert—almost a professional—dancer to syncopated music. I hear of him as dancing for charity at public entertainments, and he is in continual demand for private theatricals and parties. He is astonishingly clever at it.

Yet I cannot imagine Daniel Webster or Rufus Choate dancing in public even in their leisure moments. Perhaps, however, it is better for him to dance than to do some other things. It is good exercise; and, to be fair to him, I cannot imagine Choate or Webster playing bridge or taking scented baths. But, frankly, it is a far cry from my clergyman grandfather to my ragtime dancing offspring. Perhaps, however, the latter will serve his generation in his own way.

It may seem incredible that a father can be such a stranger to his children, but it is none the less a fact. I do not suppose we dine together as a family fifteen times in the course of the winter. When we do so we get along together very nicely, but I find myself conversing with my daughters much as if they were women I had met out at dinner. They are literally perfect ladies.

Now, as I write, I wonder to what end these children of mine have been born into the world—how they will assist in the development of the race to a higher level. For years I slaved at the office—early, late, in the evenings, often working Sundays and holidays, and foregoing any vacation in the summer.

Then came the period of expansion. My accumulations doubled and trebled. In one year I earned a fee of two hundred thousand dollars in a railroad reorganization. I found myself on Easy Street. I had arrived—achieved my success. During all those years I had devoted myself exclusively to the making of money. Now I simply had to spend it and go through the motions of continuing to work at my profession.

My wife and I became socially ambitious. She gave herself to this end eventually with the same assiduity I had displayed in the law. It is surprising at the present time to recall that it was not always easy to explain the ultimate purpose in view. Alas! What is it now? Is it other than that expressed by my wife on the occasion when my youngest daughter rebelled at having to go to a children's party?

"Why must I go to parties?" she insisted.

"In order," replied her mother, "that you may be invited to other parties."

It was the unconscious epitome of my consort's theory of the whole duty of m—

**Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles. The second will appear in an early issue.**

## *"Have Some?"*

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**Lenox Chocolates**

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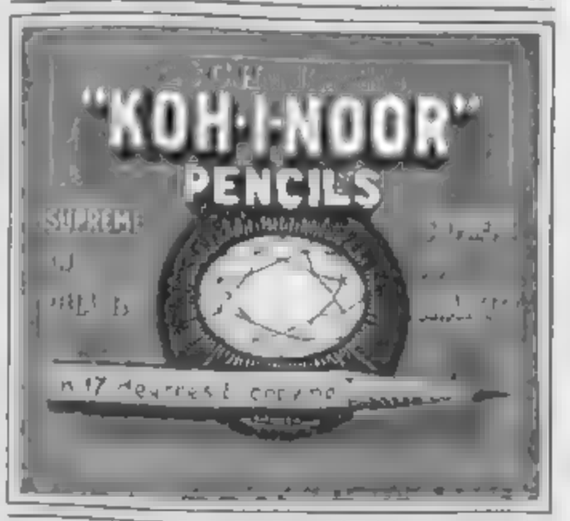


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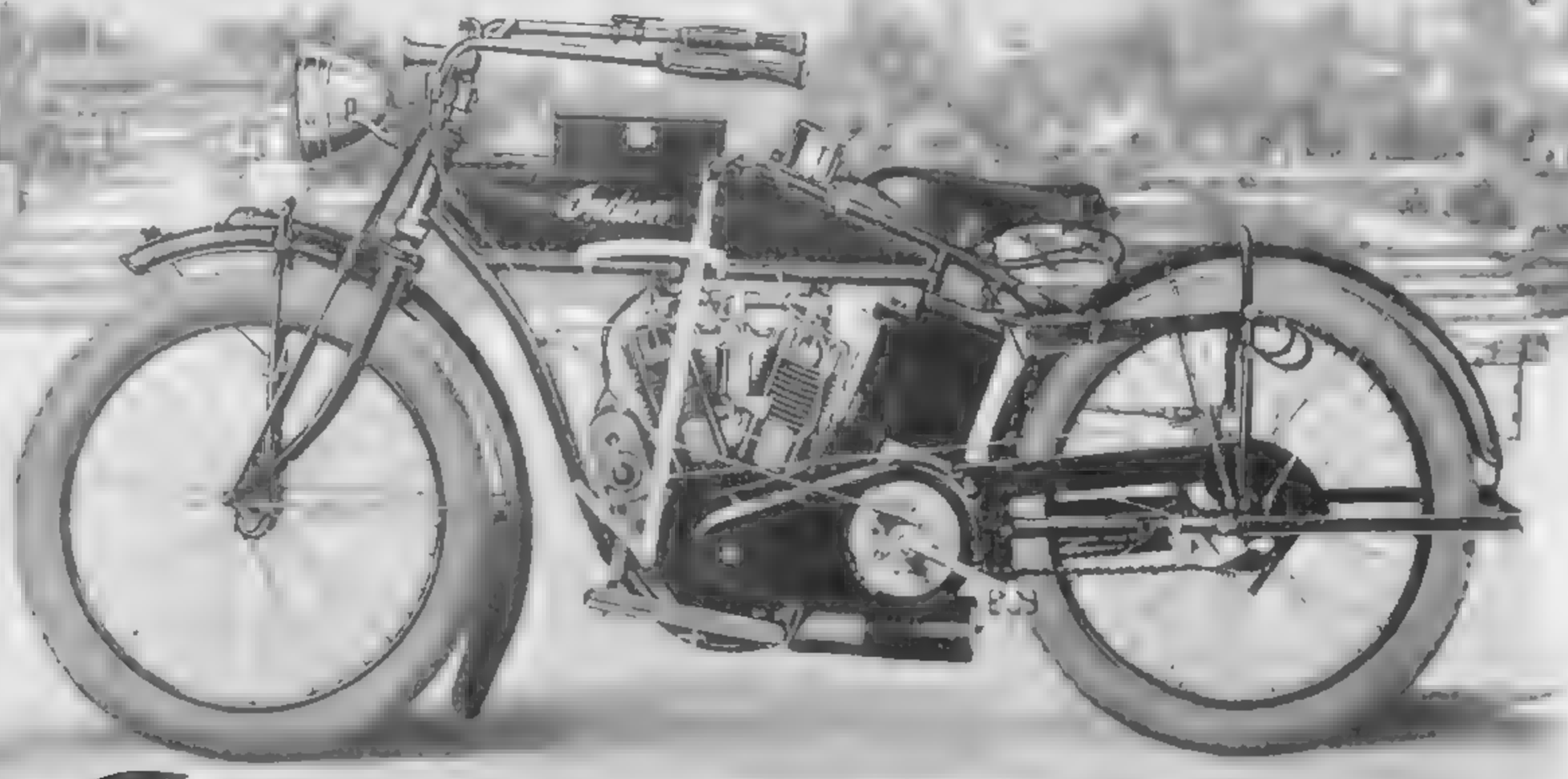
*To examine the 1914 Indian is to see the wisdom of ordering early*



# Indian MOTOCYCLES FOR 1914

WITH 38 Betterments—with Electric Equipment—with a Premier National Reputation—the Indian output for 1914 already stands potentially sold.

Acting upon our experience of last year, when 35,000 machines proved inadequate to fill orders and meet shipments, we have increased our 1914 production to 60,000. 11½ acres of factory space and manufacturing facilities will enable us to make 300 Indians daily—a tremendous motorcycle production, but one that is exceeded by the enthusiastic demand plainly in sight.

Conferences held with our representatives from all sections have brought forth a concerted dealer opinion pronouncing the 60,000 Indian machines for 1914 to be practically absorbed before manufacture. Indian dealers, over 2,500 strong, are a group of far-seeing motorcycle men; they have supported their convictions by placing more and bigger advance orders for Indians than we have ever before had on hand thus far in advance of the season.

Therefore, the situation narrows down to the question of who will get the early deliveries.

It is the riders themselves who must decide this—they are the men behind the dealers.

Those who ordered at this time last year received their machines promptly—had their mounts ready at the opening of the riding season.

Those who purchased later were disappointed in many instances because they could not get immediate delivery—a condition we regret, but which was unavoidable by reason of a landslide of orders which kept the factory going day and night. *At the height of the season, working the largest motorcycle factory in the world 24 hours per day, production could not keep pace with the high running demand.*

We suggest to the man who wants his 1914 motorcycle actually at hand at the beginning of the riding season

—to send for the 1914 Indian Catalog and to study it thoroughly.

—to go to his local dealer and receive a demonstration of the real machine.

—to order at once after consulting the dealer regarding choice of model.

*All standard 1914 Indian models are equipped with electric headlight, electric tail light, electric signal, 2 sets of storage batteries and Corbin-Brown rear drive speedometer—every item the perfect product of a manufacturer of highest repute.*

Including this remarkable equipment there are 38 Betterments which the skill of the Indian engineering department has incorporated in this already highly advanced line of motorcycles. In addition to the famous Cradle Spring Frame and Folding Footboards, the sensations of last season, there are trussed handle bars, internally reinforced frame-loop, increased power and longer wheel base, which are but a few of the Betterments described in detail in the new catalog. They are features that are worthy of the careful consideration of every prospective motorcycle buyer.

*Send for illustrated catalog A. It will give you a great deal of pleasure—it will be of great assistance to you in forming a correct idea of the improvements and equipment to which the buyer of a 1914 motorcycle is entitled.*

**The 1914 line of Indian Motocycles consists of:**

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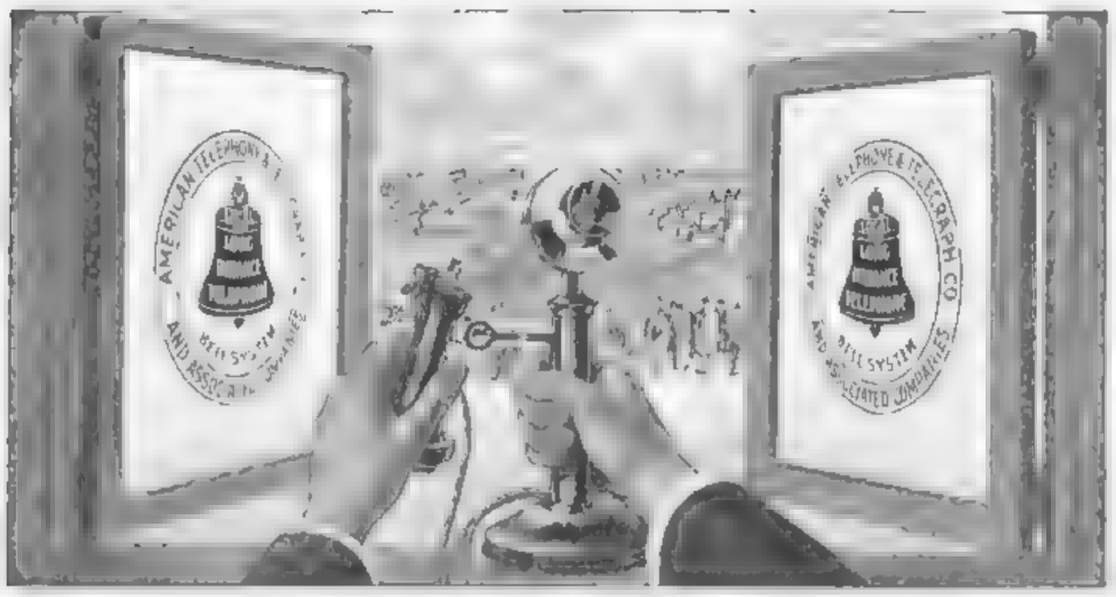

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Wherever you may be, a multitude is within reach of your voice. As easily as you talk across the room, you can send your thoughts and words, through the open doors of Bell Service, into near-by and far-off states and communities.

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# BRUNETTE! MEDIUM

(Continued from Page 13)

That explanation had to do duty a good many times during the next week while they tramped the streets by day looking for bargains, discussed ways and means in the wardrobe room at night, and finally, after settling their scanty belongings in the little flat, began the process that Hazel had described as "wrastling up the eats."

Hazel's culinary lore was limited to the toasting of marshmallows on a hatpin. The old lady was as much at home over a stove as over a sewing machine; her tireless energy and her mothering instincts led her to take all the work of the establishment on her own shoulders as a matter of course.

Hazel, however, doggedly reiterating her fifty-fifty, insisted on getting up when Keziah did and trying to do her half of the work. If any one had accused her of developing a real interest in—to say nothing of an affection for—the little place they had begun to speak of as home, she would vigorously have disclaimed such feelings. It was hard to do of course. She was getting tired—so dog-tired that it was no wonder if once in a while she caught herself wishing little Johnny Sebold had never come near enough to tempt her into making a cast for him; wishing she had nothing to do outside her job at the Globe but stay round the flat and let old Keziah teach her to cook.

She did have something else to do, though—something that required good judgment, a nice hand and well-balanced nerves. And that was to keep Johnny fluttering about at just the right distance until she should have her web all woven for him; because you could not expect Johnny, of his own accord, to wait patiently about like Mary's lamb until she was ready. Really he wanted pretty skillful handling. He was not what you might call a big-game hunter. His ambitions had never taken him very high and it must be owned he was used to facile conquests. And, though a little resistance might pique his interest, too much would drive him away altogether.

So, for what seemed to her an interminable period of days, she played him as cautiously as a skilled angler does a fish—giving him a little more line when he got restless, pulling him in sharply when he went too far, and managing to keep him, on the whole, pretty much where she wanted him.

One thing that went to Johnny's heart was that she would not let him spend much money on her. They lunched or dined together almost every day, but always at the cheaper and quieter restaurants; and she never let him buy any wine. On fine afternoons, when there was no matinée, she went riding with him in his red car, looking very pretty, with the bright, fugitive color in her cheeks and her red fine lips, and so deliciously slender, muffled up in her big pony coat. She never let him know what to expect of her; for always, somehow, just when he was getting disgusted with the fruitlessness of the game, some sudden, unsought caress of hers would bring him back.

And then at last, when he was about persuaded that she meant things to go on like this between them, without any substantial change, she told him suddenly that he might take her home one night after the show.

Johnny could not have told how they had ever got to talking about marriage at all. He would not, certainly, have begun on that theme. And yet he could not remember that Hazel had ever mentioned it herself, except as an impossibility. In that light, though, she must have spoken of it pretty often. "Of course he couldn't marry her!"—that seemed to be what she was saying—"so why did he insist on playing round? It couldn't come to anything really!"

Constant dropping will wear away a stone however; and the constant iteration of an idea was slowly drilling into that highly inaccessible object, Johnny Sebold's brain. At any rate, his manner toward her, as he followed her about the little flat and was shown its small, homely wonders—the way he kissed her, for instance, out in the pantry, when they were wrestling with a stubborn icebox door that had some beer behind it—his manner of taking that kiss, I say, was very different from what it had been two weeks before when he had kissed her across the table at Max's.

Oh, it was working! There could not be a doubt of it. The living room, with its potted geraniums in the window and a lot of Keziah's queer old treasures stuck about—a big family Bible and a plush album; the plain little table with the white cloth over it, where they had sat down for the sandwiches that went with the beer—the whole look of the place spelled out Home, and Security. And then Keziah herself! Given carte blanche to make any one to order for her purposes, Hazel could not have done as well as that. She might look phony to Freddy Boldt in the wardrobe room at the theater, but here at home —— Well she certainly looked good to Hazel.

The girl had taken pains to dress slowly enough after the show so that the wardrobe mistress would have time to get home first. And the way she had greeted them when they came in—just with that placid, motherly smile of hers, and a word or two in her funny old rube talk to Johnny; then had guessed she would say good night, and disappeared into her little bedroom down the hall —— Why, it had brought—inexplicably—a lump into Hazel's throat.

And it got Johnny. Yes, it got him.

He sat beside her on the couch for a while after they had finished the sandwiches and beer—the couch whose function as the place where Hazel slept was masked by a cotton blanket in broad red and blue stripes—and at last, when she told him it was late, he got up to go. It was not until she had gone with him as far as the outer door that he hesitated, and then came in again.

"S-Say!" he began—choked, flushed, and began again: "L-Look here, Hazel——"

When he had gone the girl flung herself down on the couch and for half an hour she lay there, staring at the ceiling with dry, bright eyes, her fists clenched tightly at her sides, her breast heaving with long-drawn, artificially regular breaths.

Was it triumph? Yes, of course it was. Had not the game gone exactly as she had planned it from the first? And had not that little fool come straight to the landing net at last without a struggle? She had refused him, to be sure—at least, she had insisted that he go away and think it over—make sure he really meant it before he asked her again; but that was all in the game.

It had been done on the impulse of the moment to guard against a possible reaction, she told herself, in Johnny's feelings. If she had grabbed him the first chance she got he might wake up the next morning feeling that he had been stung. There was no danger of that now. He would come back all right. There would be a run down to Crown Point in the red automobile—Crown Point being over the state line, where you did not need a license—a ten-minutes' session in the justice's shop, and Hazel would be Mrs. John Sebold, Junior.

The exact order of events after that was not so clear and did not in the least matter. There would be suppers and flowers and reporters; luxurious suites in hotels; fearful rows with Johnny's old man—and eventually fearful rows with Johnny. There would be snapshots of her in the papers, interviews, denials; but the one thing that emerged clearly at the end of it all—the thing she could not miss, if she kept her head—would be her chance to make good, the opportunity to come before an audience all by herself and see what she could do.

Of course if she did not have the goods the notoriety wouldn't help—would simply give her so much farther to fall. But Hazel was not afraid. If she were nothing but a glass crash after all, the sooner she found it out the better.

It was not triumph she felt as she lay there, though, any more than it had been common-sense prudence which had sent Johnny away without a final answer that night. It was now, just as it had been then, a terrifying, inexplicable revulsion of feeling. She was sick of the game—sick of Johnny—sick of the whole rotten business! Oh, she was not going to play the fool and chuck the whole thing when she had just got it in her hands! But how she wanted to!

It was with a half-hysterical little laugh that she greeted Keziah when the old lady, in a big cotton-flannel dressing gown, came into the sitting room to see why Hazel did not go to bed. Whatever emotional crisis Keziah was able to guess at in the flushed face and the bright eyes, and the tightly clenched hands, she made no comment on it—just began gathering up the remains of the little supper that still littered the table, and guessed Hazel had better take off her clothes and go to bed.

The girl did not answer, but sat up on the couch and for a minute or two watched

(Continued on Page 38)

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Very few Delco equipped cars will be put up during the winter season.

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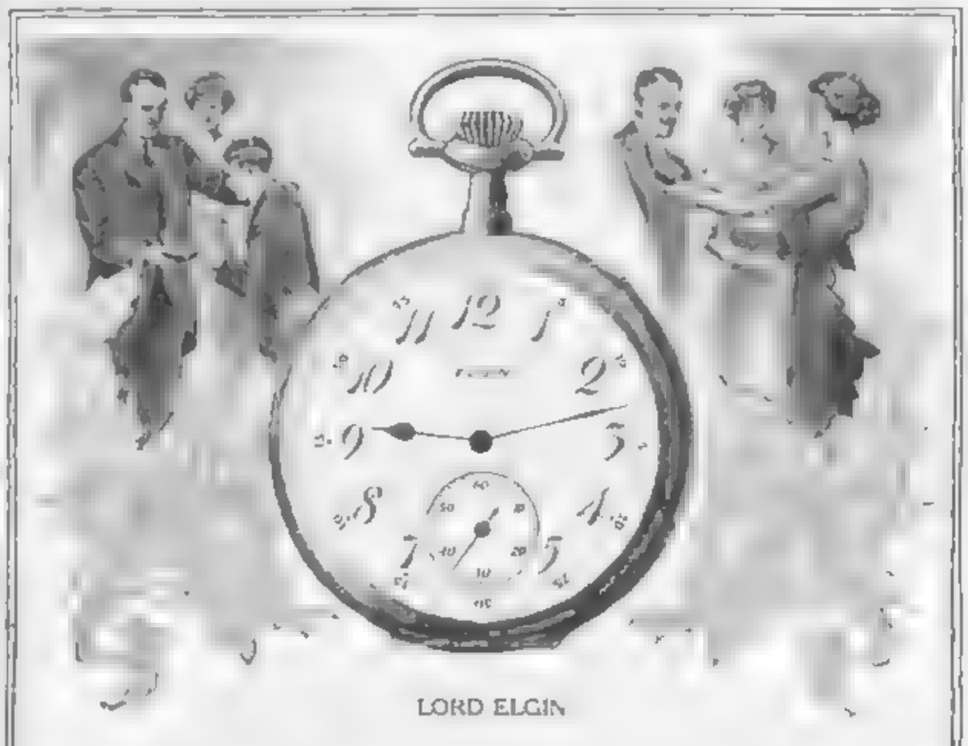

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Irving-Pitt Mfg. Company, Kansas City, Mo.

(Continued from Page 36)

the deft, capable hands that were setting the table to rights. She must be precious old—old Keziah. Did she never get sick of life—sick of her job? Apparently not.

"I don't suppose," the girl said at last aloud, but half to herself—"I don't suppose you ever in all your life came anywhere near blowing up and making a silly, sickening fool of yourself."

Keziah went on folding the tablecloth.

"Do you mean bein' a fool?" she asked. "Or bein' what some folks would call a fool? Because I have been that often enough—and I ain't never been sorry."

"But suppose," the girl went on after silence, "suppose you got a chance, the chance of your life; something you'd been waiting for, playing the whole game for—would you chuck it just because there happened to be something about it you didn't like—something that made you—sick?"

The tablecloth was folded now and laid away. In words Keziah made no answer to the girl's question at all; but after another look at her she came over and sat down on the edge of the couch and took Hazel's shoulders in her big hands. It was the first thing which could be called a caress that had passed between them. And it appeared there was a sort of magic in it; for the slim, taut-drawn body suddenly turned limp, and the dry, hard eyes filled with tears.

"Put your head down here," said Keziah, "and cry your fill."

And it was a good while after that before she said anything more to the point. But when the cry was finished, and the slim body, quite limp except for the hand that held on to Keziah, lay back on the couch again, getting its breath rather catchily to be sure, but otherwise quiet—it was not until then that Keziah spoke.

"I have had to work pretty hard," she said, "most of my life. I did not trouble about that, though, because I reckoned it was what we was born to—most of us anyway. And I ain't never been rich—never could afford a grand pianny or an automobile. But there's one thing I've always calc'lated I could afford: That was to do the things I wanted to do the way I wanted to do them, tend to my own business, and be beholden to nobody! I expect it's been a sort of extravygance," she concluded; "but I ain't never thought I had to econymize that way. I'm still hearty, and I ain't never had to swallow anything that made me sick. And as for bein' a fool ——"

The girl sat up with a shaky laugh.

"Well, we'll be a pair of them then!" she said. "You toddle back to bed. I'm going to write a note."

W. Ransome Lord—he whom Keziah called Willy—came back from the Coast and turned up at the theater one night just as the performance was about to begin. Freddy Boldt greeted him cheerfully, assured him that everything was going first-rate, and then, on the point of going rather farther into details, suddenly changed his mind and urged the boss to go round and see the show through from the front, which W. Ransome Lord agreed to do.

On the whole, Freddy was pretty well pleased with himself. He was a wise little guy, all right, who could see through something much less perspicuous than a ladder. Had he not called the turn on old Keziah Strong, whom Willy had sent round to be wardrobe mistress just before he left for the Coast? Had he not detected the inner meaning of the intimacy between her and Hazel Dering?

He had had rather a narrow escape with Hazel in truth. What if he had canned her, as he had half meant to do, before he really caught on to the way things were going? But he had got wise in time.

He had got his first surmise of how the land lay by watching Hazel there in the wardrobe room. It had been strengthened from day to day by witnessing the studious caution with which the girl stood off the advances of Johnny Sebold; but he might never really have got next if it had not been for Johnny himself.

He had encountered Johnny at Max's one night—Johnny, very maudlin, was weeping all by himself into a glass of light beer. He had been inclined, at first, to believe the story Johnny told him to be the mere figment of a distorted imagination, because it did not seem possible that it could be sober fact. Johnny had fallen in love with Hazel Dering, he said, to such a point that he had actually made her a straight proposition—asked her, if you please, to marry him. And Hazel had refused!

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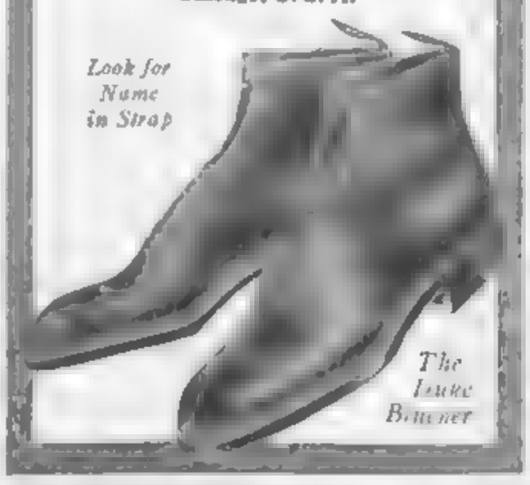


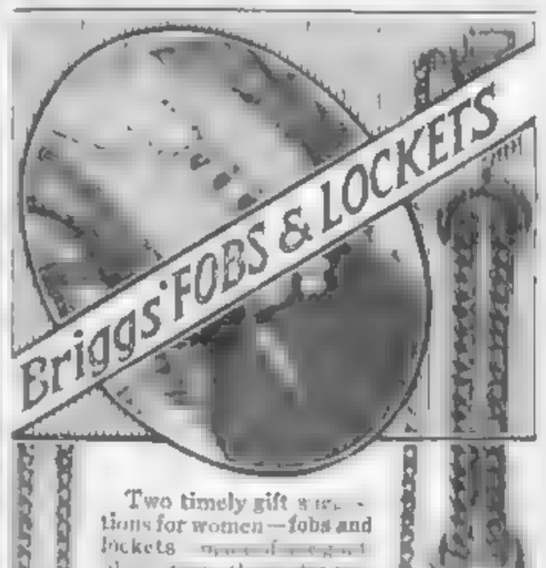


Two timely gift suggestions for women—fobs and lockets [illegible] stock. They offer you [illegible] of old gold [illegible] that the vest. Any jeweler is authorized to replace any piece of **Briggs' Jewelry** that fails to give proper service.

**Fobs at $1.00 and up**—[illegible] styles, signet centres for monograms—made with safety attachments preventing theft or loss.

**Lockets**, plain, engraved, or engine-turned—made like a watch-case with flat, snap-edge all in one piece—plain or stone-set in bright or Roman gold finish. $1.50 and up.

Send us your dealer's name and we'll mail you our new booklet. He either sells **Briggs' Jewelry**, or will get it for you.

**The D. F. Briggs Company**
Manufacturing Jewelers
Mills and Union Sts. Attleboro, Mass.

**Want to go to College?** Students fully prepared for entrance to Medical, Law, Engineering, Pharmacy schools and Civil Service courses. Write for information regarding our "New Plan" Residential and Correspondence courses. BROOKS CLASSICAL SCHOOL, Dept. S.E.P., Schiller Bldg., Chicago

Mr. White, the senior partner, is away, so *his* stenographer spends her time reading and doing fancy work.

Mr. Black, the junior partner, had only six letters to dictate, so *his* stenographer gets through and goes home early.

Mr. Grey, the chief correspondence clerk, dictated all morning to his stenographer. She transcribed all afternoon, and at 6 o'clock was nowhere near through. Now if the

# EDISON DICTATING MACHINE

Prevent Substitution. Specify "Made by Edison"

was being used in this office, the typewriting work could be equally divided, all the letters would be written before closing time, nobody would be overworked and no time would be wasted, for anyone can understand letters dictated this way as easily as a telephone conversation can be understood.

The Edison Dictating Machine has been developed to its present advanced design by a corps of experts under the personal supervision of Thomas A. Edison. It is operated and [illegible] by electricity, and the dictating and [illegible] with an Auto [illegible] connections, and instruction to the [illegible] scriber. Its many mechanical and electrical advantages are explained in our booklet, which you should read before investigating.

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SEND IN THIS COUPON

Thomas A. Edison, Inc.
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Please send me your 24-page brochure, "*The Genie, the Typewriter and the Wizard*," describing how the Edison Dictating Machine may be adapted to my work, and your booklet on its mechanical and electrical advantages.

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Firm_____

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Freddy Boldt might well be incredulous. Freddy certainly knew the world if any one did, and he had never heard of a thing like that happening before; but Cocktail Johnny had documentary evidence. He pulled out of his pocket a crumpled, damp little note and gave it to Freddy Boldt to read. Yes, there it was in so many words! She could not marry him—would not marry him—never wanted to see him again!

And at that Freddy saw light. The boss himself! Of course! That accounted for Keziah, accounted for Hazel, accounted for everything. Well, he had had a rather narrow escape! But it was all right now. In place of getting in bad with the boss he was in a position to make a hit. It was for this verdict that he waited after the show.

"You've got a good eye, old chap," the boss said cheerfully as he dropped into Freddy's dressing room—"picking that Hazel What's-Her-Name for Blue Bell. She certainly goes big! But how did you ever happen to think of her? She always looked like a lemon to me in the chorus.

"And by the way," he went on, not noticing the utterly blank look that had come into the stage manager's face—"by the way, how does old Keziah Strong get on?"

"Aw—all right!" said Freddy.

"I must go round and say Howdy-do? to her," the boss went on. "It was a sort of an experiment—picking her up. She used to sew out for a living in the town I came from. I've known her ever since I can remember. I happened to run across her in the station just as I was going to take the train; so I sent her round. Guess I'll go and see her now."

Freddy began wiping the grease-paint off with a towel. For some minutes after the door had closed behind the boss he remained absolutely speechless; but at last he laid down the towel, drew in a long breath, and gazed at his own astonished countenance in the mirror.

"Now what do you know about that!" said Freddy.

## HUMANIZING THE LAW

(Concluded from Page 10)

or a dangerous child, it may be, but one for which something may possibly be done. We have come to set an exalted value on human life, on human liberty, and on the right to some sort of development. We have come to inquire if the one who commits a crime may not be sometimes the very one in the community who has made the most bitter struggle against a heredity or an environment that moved him toward a criminal career.

It is in no sense necessary that society should relax its vigilance or lower its standards in order to take this advanced view of the defective individual. It need not, as has been wittily said, go to the length of acknowledging that murder is a phenomenon of "brain-storm"; that forgery is a sort of aphasia, causing one to write another man's name instead of his own; that piracy is a form of seasickness; and that all the false representations in our great commercial frauds are but symptoms of paresis manifested in a dominating "delusion of grandeur." We can move promptly and swiftly against the wrongdoer and, at the same time, concern ourselves with what may be done for him. It is certain that we must come to look upon him as wholly a burden to the community.

The administration of the law in criminal cases is the most difficult thing in the world. Perhaps our method, with a certain sharp pruning, is adequate, but the fact is that whenever a wrongdoer is himself punished the law incidentally, as a common rule, punishes a number of innocent persons with him. There is always the wife or the mother or the child to suffer with the criminal. And commonly the law adds to this suffering of the innocent by depriving the family of the convict of the benefits of his labor. We have a way of forcing the convict to help support our institutions by taking his earnings while his miserable family starves; that is to say, we are putting the burden of our penal institutions on the shoulders of our most unfortunate class.

Civilization has tremendously advanced within the last decade, and we have come to see that there is an intolerable discrepancy in pretending the philosophy of the New Testament in our churches, and enforcing the philosophy of the Old Testament in our courts.


# "Swift's Premium" Calendar for 1914

The four subjects reproduced in this beautiful four leaf art calendar are painted in a new strong style.

The calendar pages are exact replicas of extraordinary paintings of four beautiful girls in graceful poses amid seasonable surroundings. The illustration here gives but little idea of the delicate harmonious blending of colors in the "Outdoor Girl" picture. "Swift's Premium" Calendar was never before so novel and attractive.

Sent to any address for—10c in coin or U. S. stamps (in Canada 10c extra on account of duty)

Or Trade Mark end of five "Swift's Premium" Oleomargarine cartons

Or—Parchment circle on top of a jar of "Swift's Premium" Sliced Bacon

Or—Ten Wool Soap wrappers,

Or—Six Maxine Elliott Toilet Soap wrappers

**"Swift's Premium" Ham**

Do not parboil "Swift's Premium" Ham before broiling or frying. It will be mild flavored and tender if parboiling is omitted.

Swift & Company, 4117 Packers' Avenue, Chicago

Unbreakable Buttonholes in your

# Emery Shirt

A special, patented machine makes *Emery* buttonholes. The hasty wrenching off of the collar—the sharp tug at the button—leave your Emery buttonhole sound, without annoying rip or break.

Such requirement for extra strength, holds good for Emery fabrics and Emery workmanship.

Guaranteed Fit, Color and Wear in every shirt that bears the Label - A New Shirt for One That Fails. Emery

Demand Emery Guaranteed Shirts—$1.50 up—from your dealer.

*Write us for "Emery" Style Book"—the gentleman's guide to correct dress. Free to you.*

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., *Makers*, Philadelphia

Offices also: New York, Chicago, St. Louis

# CLEAN

Yes, CLEAN! Pick up any number of The American Boy, and from its colored front cover to its back cover advertisement, you will find its stories fresh and fascinating — yet *safe*; its practical talks sane and pertinent, its special departments carefully edited, its pictures and photographs many and beautiful, its advertisements truthful and of high class products.

# THE AMERICAN BOY

Read by 500,000 boys

Bully reading that! 36 to 52 big full pages every month. Besides stories of school life, adventure, travel, athletics, there is a page after page about electricity, how to make things, stamp collecting, mechanics and electricity, wireless, pets, puzzles and gathering in profit, lives of famous men and a new section on natural phenomena and natural wonders.

Such a monthly array of gripping fact and fiction will start your boy a mind with useful knowledge, supplement his school training and crowd out sensational trash.

**Give him a year's subscription for a Christmas present — $1.**

If you make request when sending the subscription we will send a Christmas Card Greeting to the boy notifying him of his coming year's pleasure and profit.

*10c a copy at newsdealers'*

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
209 American Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

# Columbia Records

**65 cents** each is the price of a thousand 10-inch Records in the Columbia catalog—each one of them *double* (two selections, one on each side of the disc). At this standard price you can select, at any Columbia dealer's store, from every class of music: *vocal*, in solo, duet, trio, quartette and chorus—male, female or mixed voices; *instrumental*, in solos by almost every instrument in the modern orchestra and band and in concerted numbers including every popular combination of those instruments; good music and entertainment of every description—popular songs sung by the artists who made the "hits," standard songs, favorite ballads, college songs, negro songs, sacred and oratorio selections; patriotic, descriptive, humorous, dance—it needs the catalog itself to even suggest the range of choice.

Take the Columbia catalog of records and see what sort of a repertory you can start out with by spending, say—

**$2.85**—which will buy 8 selections; for instance. a good old Christmas carol, another song appropriate for Christmas, two band numbers in dance tempo, an accordion solo, a rattling banjo solo, a good popular tenor solo, an old Irish folk song and "Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night," a tenor solo, included for good measure because it has a Columbia advertising record on the back of it.

**$4.65**—which will buy 10 selections; for instance:—the Sextette from "Lucia" sung by the Columbia Italian Opera Company, and another grand opera number (band) on the reverse side; a series of four full orchestra and concert band numbers, an operatic overture, a famous classic, a violin solo and a bewitching instrumental trio.

**$6.30**—which will buy 14 selections; for instance:—a complete dancing program for an entire evening's fun without one repetition:—six new one-steps, a couple of Bostons, three of the latest tangos, a two step, a barn dance, and an old-fashioned waltz.

**$5.55**—which will buy16 selections; for instance—a variety entertainment—beginning with a good lively band number, and running clear through a solid hour with a minstrel piece, a banjo solo, a laughing song, two yodles, a humorous dialogue, two whistling solos, a comic sketch, a descriptive band number, a negro "shout," and four miscellaneous instrumental pieces.

**$5.80**—which will buy 16 selections; for instance: an old-time "sing" series, all sacred and patriotic music:—five solos, three duets, a quartette and a chorus, four old war-time numbers, and two modern marches.

**$9.50**—which will buy 9 selections by great artists; for instance:—a violin number by Ysaye, the world's master of the violin; two thrilling solos by Bonci; two numbers by Josef Hofmann, the world's greatest pianist; two of Emmy Destinn's matchless soprano arias and two English ballads by David Bispham, America's foremost baritone.

And so on—no limit. Every one of our 8,500 Columbia dealers is prepared *today* to make up such programs with you and play the records for you.

If you already own another make of instrument, please be reminded that all these Columbia records will play on *your* machine. There is no other way to hear *Columbia* artists except by buying Columbia *records*—but they may be played on your machine even if it is not a Columbia.

Call on your Columbia dealer and ask for the great new catalog of records. We can tell you his name and where his store is located if you don't know already, and we will send the catalog at the same time.

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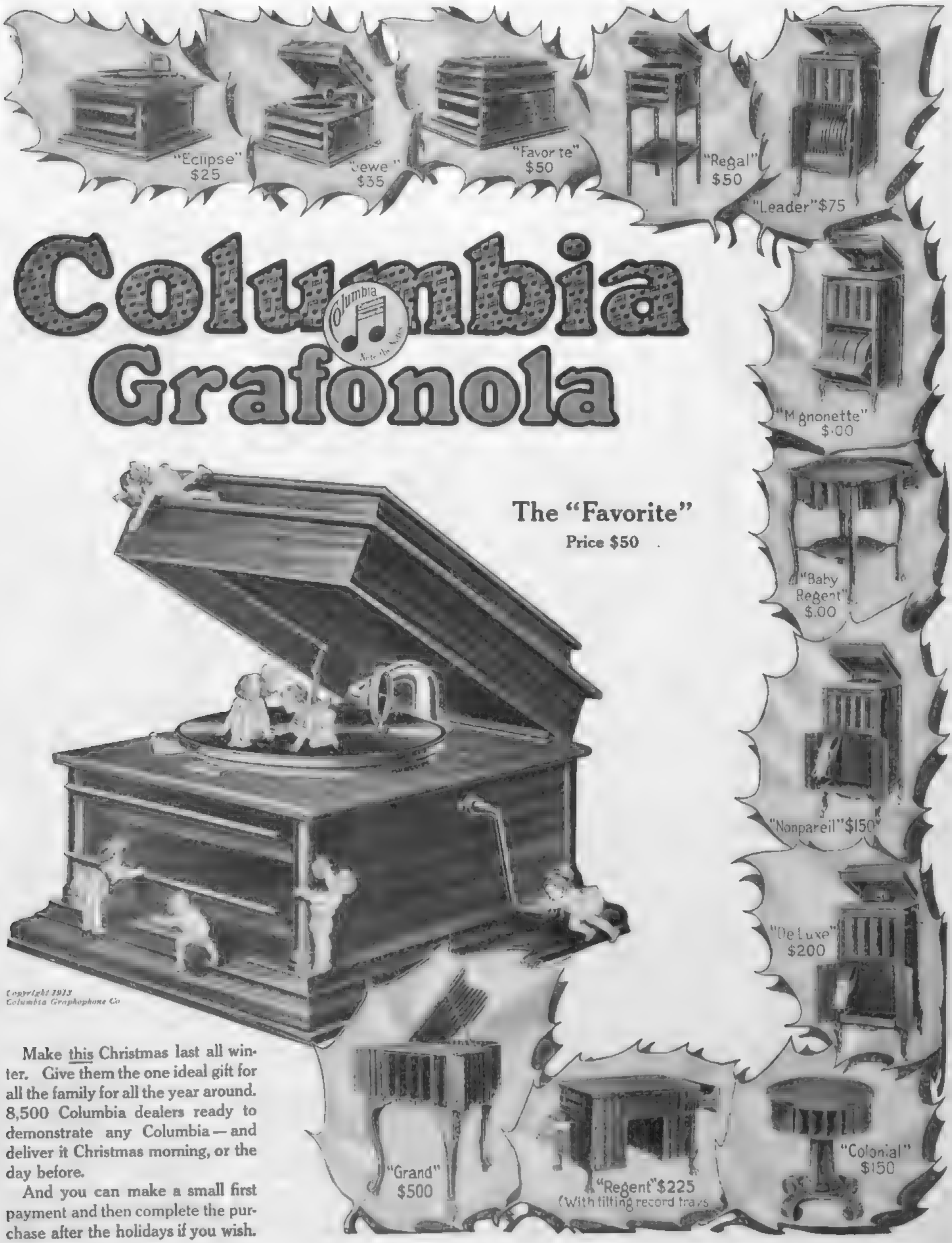
Creators of the talking machine industry. Pioneers and leaders in the talking machine art. Owners of the fundamental patents. Largest manufacturers of talking machines in the world. Manufacturers of the Dictaphone




# Columbia Grafonola

## The "Favorite"

**Price $50**

Copyright 1913
Columbia Graphophone Co

Make this Christmas last all winter. Give them the one ideal gift for all the family for all the year around. 8,500 Columbia dealers ready to demonstrate any Columbia — and deliver it Christmas morning, or the day before.

And you can make a small first payment and then complete the purchase after the holidays if you wish.

Perfect Balance

is a matter of first importance in eyeglasses, for if a fixed position is not maintained, the lenses not only defeat their own ends but are capable of injury that may be permanent.

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give the precise angle of vision intended, under all conditions. You are unconscious of the gentle pressure that is firm enough to be always effective.

Ask your optician to put your lenses in these effective, comfortable, becoming mountings.

*Write for Booklet, "Eyes Right"*

**American Optical Company**

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Largest makers of spectacles, eyeglasses and ophthalmic lenses in the world

New York Chicago San Francisco London

Look for the name on the bridge

Bing Toys

"68"

Toys that appeal to children and parents alike are those that are nearest to the real thing — not only amuse but educate. "BING" toys are reproductions of real things.

Kitchen Ranges that actually cook, Sewing Machines, Tea Sets, Dolls, Animals and Vehicles of every description. "Bing" Sanitary Plush Animals are so lifelike they almost talk.

If your dealer doesn't handle "Bing" Toys, write for catalogue giving his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

JOHN BING
381 Fourth Ave., New York

# AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

(Continued from Page 19)

put up this little piece of bluff. Now I'm all for Paris!" he went on insinuatingly.

At that precise moment I felt that there was nothing I wanted so much as to get Eve away from the Ritz, and I fell in with the scheme.

"We'll all go," I suggested. "I haven't had a week in Paris for a long time."

Eve handed me my tea.

"Don't count me in!" she begged. "I never felt less inclined to move from anywhere. If being Eve Bundercombe means living at the Ritz I think I'd rather go on. The life of an adventuress is, after all, just a little strenuous and I am tired of living on the thin edge of nothing."

"Perhaps, before you know where you are," Mr. Bundercombe remarked gloomily, "you'll be living on the thin edge of a little less than nothing!"

There was a knock at the door. We all looked at one another. A magnificent person with powdered hair, breeches and silk stockings presented himself.

"Lord Reginald Sidley!" he announced.

In walked Reggie. He was correctly attired for calling and he carried a most immaculate silk hat in his hand. I fully expected to see him drop it on the floor, but he did nothing of the sort. He laid it upon a small table, paused for one second to shake his fist at me, and advanced toward Eve with both hands outstretched.

"At last I have found you, then!" he exclaimed. "Miss Bundercombe! Well, I am glad to see you!"

"Hello, Reggie!" she answered sweetly. "What a time you've been looking us up."

He was taken aback.

"Well, I like that!" he gasped. "And—how are you, Mr. Bundercombe?"

"Glad to see you!" Mr. Bundercombe replied cheerlessly.

The meeting had taken place and I seemed to be the only person in the room who was suffering from any sort of shock. Reggie was still holding one of Eve's hands and was almost incoherent.

"Come, I like that! I like that!" he exclaimed. "A long time looking you up indeed! Why didn't you let me know you were here? There hasn't been a line from you or from your father. We couldn't believe it when we heard that you had been at the dinner the other evening. I was never so disappointed in my life!"

I gripped Mr. Bundercombe by the arm and led him firmly on one side.

"Look here," I said, "is your name Bundercombe?"

"It is," he admitted gloomily.

"Are you a millionaire?" I persisted.

"Multi!" he groaned.

"Then what the blazes—what the ——"

I stopped short. Once more the door was opened—this time without the formality of a knock. If Mr. Bundercombe had seemed anxious and depressed before it was obvious now that the worst had happened. All the cheerful life seemed to have faded from his good-humored face. He had literally collapsed in his clothes. Even Eve gave a little shriek.

Upon the threshold stood Mr. Cullen, and by his side a lady who might have been anywhere between fifty and sixty years old. She was dressed in a particularly unattractive checked traveling suit, with a little satchel suspended from a shiny black leather band round her waist. She wore a small hat that was much too juvenile for her; and from the back of it a blue veil, which she had pushed on one side, hung nearly to the floor. Her complexion was very yellow; she had a square jaw; and through her spectacles her eyes glittered in a most unpleasant fashion. Her greeting was scarcely conciliatory.

"So I've got you at last, have I? Say, this is a pretty chase you've led me! Do you know I've had to desert my post as president of the Great Amalgamated Meeting of the Free Women of the West to come and look after you two? Do you know that three thousand women had to listen to a substitute last Thursday?—and after I'd spent two months getting my facts for them! Do you know that you're the laughing-stock of Okata?"

"No one asked you to come, mother," Eve remarked with a sigh.

"Asked me to come, indeed!" the newcomer retorted. "Look at you both! I've heard all about your doings. This gentleman by my side has told me a few things. I'll talk to you presently, young woman. But say, is there anywhere on the face of this earth such a miserable, addle-headed lunatic as that man whom it's my misfortune to call my husband?"

She shook her fist at Mr. Bundercombe, who seemed to have become still smaller. Then she looked at me, and at Reggie, who was standing with his mouth wide open. She fixed upon us as her audience.

"Look at him!" she went on, stretching out her hands. "There's a respectable American for you! For thirty years he works as a man should—for it's what a man's made for—and thanks to his wife's help and advice he prospers. Look at him, I ask you! A baby can see that he hasn't the brains of a chicken. Yet there he stands—Joseph H. Bundercombe, of Bundercombe's Reapers, with eight million dollars' worth of stock to his name!"

I saw Reggie's eyes go up to the ceiling and I knew he was dividing eight million dollars by five. An expression almost of reverence passed into his face as he achieved the result. We none of us felt the slightest inclination to interrupt. Mrs. Bundercombe's long, skinny forefinger drew a little nearer to her victim. Then she coughed the short, dry cough of the professional speaker—and continued:

"Wouldn't you believe that was success enough for any reasonable mortal? Wouldn't you say that, with a wife holding an honored and great position in the state, and his daughter by his side, he'd settle down out there and live a respectable, decent life? Not he! First of all he wants to travel.

"What does he do, then, but take up what he calls a hobby! He buys and gloats over every silly detective story that was ever written; practices disguises and making himself up, as he calls it; takes lessons in conjuring; haunts the police courts; consorts with criminals—in short, behaves like a great overgrown child in his own native city, where the name of Bundercombe—from the feminine standpoint—realizes everything that stands for freedom and greatness. The time came when it was necessary for me to put down my foot once and for all. I called him to me.

"'Joseph Henry Bundercombe,' I said, 'there must be an end to this!' 'There shall be!' he promised. The next day he and Eve, my misguided stepdaughter, were on their way to Europe; and I am credibly informed they cheated a commercial traveler at cards on the way to New York. That I find him at liberty now, it seems to me, is entirely owing to the clemency and kindness of this gentleman, who recognized my description at Scotland Yard and brought me here."

"Say, all I'm prepared to admit about that is that it was somehow fortunate," Mr. Bundercombe remarked with a sudden revival of his old self, "that it fell to my lot to have Mr. Cullen investigate some of my small adventures!"

"Mr. Bundercombe," said Cullen severely, "I think you will do well to listen to your wife and to take her advice. There are one or two of these little affairs, you must remember, that are not entirely closed yet."

Mr. Bundercombe sighed. He adopted an attitude of resignation.

"Well, Cullen," he replied, "if my career of crime is really to come to an end I don't want to bear you any ill will. We'll just take a stroll downstairs and talk about it."

Mrs. Bundercombe, with a quick movement to the left, blocked the way.

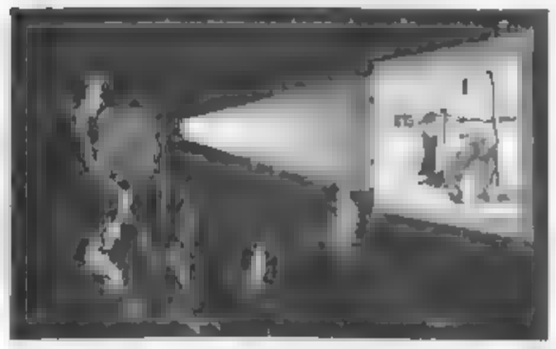
"That means a visit to the bar!" she declared. "I know you, Mr. Bundercombe. You'll stay right here and listen to a little more of what I've got to say. Who this gentleman may be I don't at present know," she went on, turning suddenly upon me; "but I am agreeable to listen to his name if any one has the manners to mention it."

"Walmsley, madam," I told her quickly, "Paul Walmsley. I have the honor to be engaged to marry your stepdaughter."

Mrs. Bundercombe looked at me in stony silence. Twice she opened her lips, and I am quite sure that if words had come they would have been unkind ones. Twice apparently, however, her command of language seemed inadequate.

"So you're going to marry an Englishman," she said, glaring at Eve.

"I am going to marry Mr. Walmsley, mother," Eve agreed sweetly. "He has



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The foremost lens makers of America have solved the problem of satisfactorily projecting enlarged pictures from the pictures *themselves* as well as through lantern slides.

**Bausch and Lomb HOME BALOPTICON**

Shows colored pictures, photo prints, type matter or solid objects, such as coins, minerals, etc., with a clearness and brilliancy heretofore impossible except with lantern slides.

**Shows Type Without Reversing.** With no other popular priced instrument can you project written or printed matter without the extra expense of a reversing mirror. You will realize how this increases the opportunities for pleasure and entertainment.

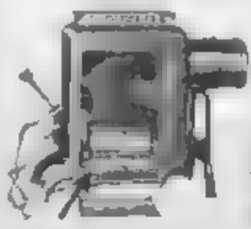
**Shows Solid Objects.** Owing to the fact that the object holder is on the *floor* of the light chamber rather than on the wall as in other home instruments, it is possible to show solid objects. The works of your watch, pieces of jewelry, botanical specimens are all subjects possible to project readily in the Home Balopticon only.

**Scientific Illumination.** The fact that the Home Balopticon is equipped with one of the famous B & L. *achromatic* lenses and that years of laboratory experiment are behind its wonderful system of illumination and reflection, accounts in a large measure for the superior clearness and brilliancy of its pictures.

Another advantage is that each outfit includes two adjustable picture holders and an aluminum coated wall screen which makes the image many times more brilliant than can the ordinary sheet.

That this is the best of all home picture machines will be apparent if you compare demonstrations with any other similar projector at any price. At photographic dealers — not toy stores.

*For lantern slide users the Home Balopticon can be supplied in a model combining lantern slides with opaque pictures giving instant interchange between the two.*



*Note the pendulum of the flat object holder*

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A large assortment is on sale at all the best stores. If you want to save time, buy the dollar box of

"Quality Cards for Quality Folks"

containing an assortment of 19 unusual cards. Or, the dollar box of

"Quality Cards for Business Men"

containing 12 cards. If your dealer hasn't them, write us, enclosing One Dollar for each box you order. A postcard brings booklet showing our complete list.

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RESILIENT Detroit Springs
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SPRINGS—*good* springs—contribute more to your motoring comfort than you have thought. They're the foundation of the smooth gliding movement of your car. Deep upholstery and resilient tires help. But the big burden of responsibility is on the springs.

Give Detroit Springs that responsibility. They produce extraordinary ease of riding for you and for the car mechanism. And they're *safe*. You can trust them in any emergency.

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Specify the springs that are "unhurriedly" made.

There are factory *reasons* for every good quality you notice in Detroit Springs. When you specify Detroit Springs you're specifying the workmanship of the past masters of the trade. Our men don't hurry the work. We won't let them rush a single one of the forty-eight processes.

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Springs that *last* ... road strain ... Springs. Write for it now.

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48 Distinct Processes Required to Finish Detroit Springs

The booklet explains them. Get it. And remember to identify Detroit Springs by

*The Lubricating Cup Near the End of Each Leaf—and the Trade Mark*


been such a kind friend to us during the last few days—and I rather fancy I shall like living on this side."

"Dear me! Dear me! I hadn't heard of this!" Mr. Bundercombe remarked with interest. "You and I will go downstairs and have a little chat about it, Mr. Walmsley."

He made another strategic movement toward the door, which was promptly and effectually frustrated by his wife.

"No, you don't!" Mrs. Bundercombe prohibited. "I've a good deal more to say yet. I haven't been dragged over the ocean three thousand miles to have you all slip away directly I arrive. A nice state of things indeed! My husband, Joseph H. Bundercombe, a suspect at Scot and Yard, followed everywhere by detectives; and my daughter——"

"Stepdaughter, please," Eve interrupted.

"Stepdaughter then!—talking about marrying a man she's probably known about twenty-four hours and met at a bar or in a thieves' kitchen, or something of the sort! If you must marry an Englishman," she continued with rising voice, "why don't you marry Lord Reginald Sidley there? His father is an earl anyway."

"His uncle's one," Reggie put in gloomily, jerking his head toward me. "Old Walmsley's all right."

Eve patted his hand.

"Good boy!" she said. "You know I never encouraged you—did I, Reggie?"

"Encouraged me!" he protested. "I think, on the whole, you said the rudest things to me I ever heard in my life—from a girl anyway. I imagine," he added, taking up his hat, "that it's up to me to leave this little domestic gathering."

"I'll see you out," Mr. Bundercombe declared with alacrity.

Mrs. Bundercombe, with her eyes steadily fixed upon her husband, stepped back until she blocked the doorway.

"My dear Hannah!"

"Your dear nothing!" she interrupted ruthlessly. "You just sit down by the side of your daughter there and let me tell you both what I think of you and what I'm going to do about it."

"I think," I suggested, "a little taxi drive—— Your mother and father no doubt have a great deal to say to one another, and you can receive your little lecture later."

Eve assented at once; and Mrs. Bundercombe, for some reason or other, only entered a faint protest against our departure. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon and the streets were crowded with every description of vehicle. The sun was still warm; there was a faint pink light in the sky—a perfume of lilac in the air from the window-boxes and flower-burrows. I took Eve's fingers in mine and held them. I think she knew that something in the nature of an inquisition was coming, for she sat very demure, her eyes fixed on the road ahead.

"Eve," I asked, "how about Mrs. Samuelson's jewels!"

"They were returned to her from 'a repentant criminal,'" Eve murmured.

"And the forged banknotes made by the young man in the Adelphi?"

"They were all destroyed as fast as father could buy them," she explained. "He has found the boy a post now with some printer in America."

"And the two thousand pounds at the gaming club—that first night?"

"Daddy made it three and sent it to a hospital. He thought it would do them more good."

"You know, you're a shocking pair!" I said severely.

"Paul," she sighed, "you never can know how dull it was at Okuta."

"I'm jolly glad it was!" I told her. "It gives me a better chance—doesn't it?"

"And we'll give daddy a good time whenever we can?" she pleaded.

"Always," I promised. "He's one of the best!"

"He's so clever too!"

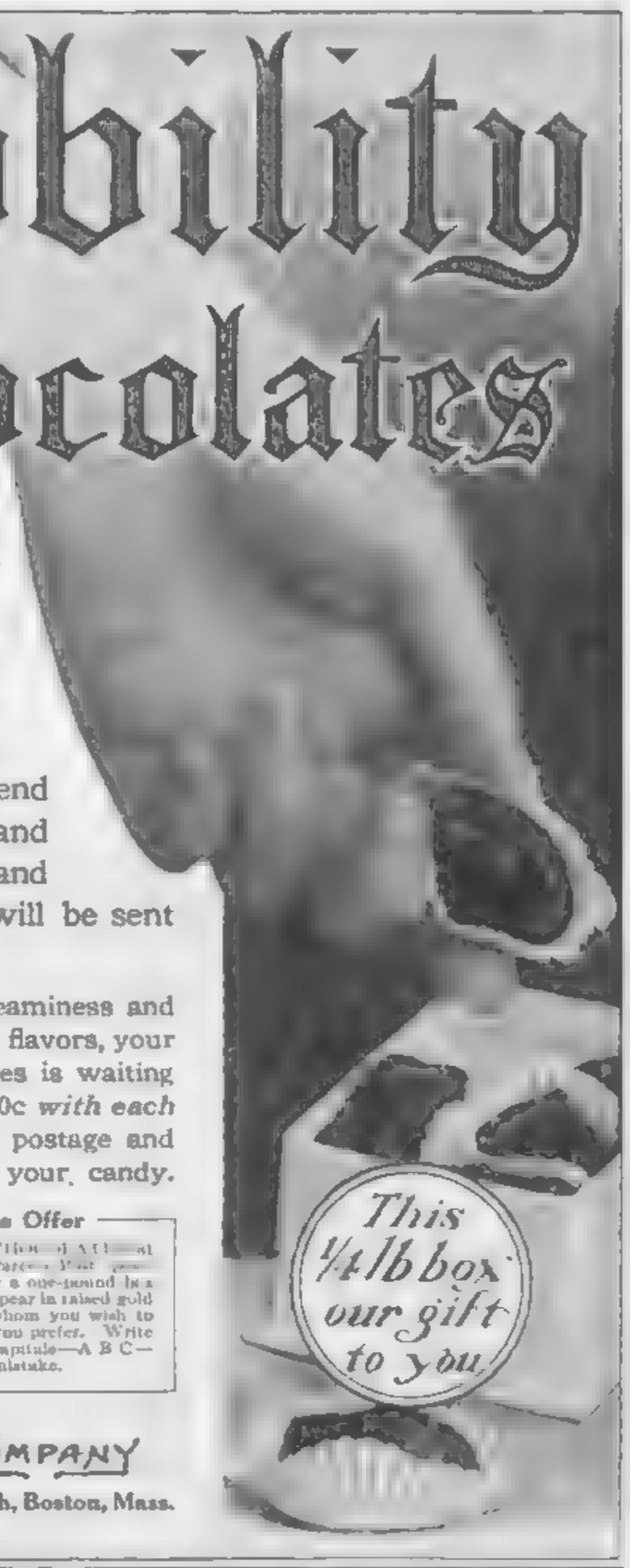
"Clever, without a doubt," I admitted, "only I think perhaps we might get him to use his talents in a more orthodox way. By the by," I added, putting my head out of the window, "I think it's getting a little chilly."

I ordered the taxi closed and we returned to the hotel. The hall porter drew me on one side confidentially.

"Mr. Bundercombe and the other gentleman, sir," he announced, "are waiting for you in the bar."

(TO BE CONTINUED)


Nobility Chocolates



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# THE FIFTH TUBE

(Continued from Page 17)

bulk, had been surreptitiously removed by a thief—undoubtedly a thief—so much was obvious—from the inviolable precincts of the New York Assay Office, adjunct to the United States Mint. Jackson, the assistant refiner, on night duty, warned of the interrupted electric current by the bell on the switchboard, was the first to give the alarm.

At first blush it would seem that a ton of hay, wrapped up in one package, would be far easier loot as to bulk. Counting two grains of gold to a drop of liquor, the very weight of the stuff would have been over ten thousand troy ounces—over eight hundred pounds; and its bulk, counting seven gallons to the cubic foot, would have been nearly six cubic feet—the size of a very respectable block of granite. Yet eight hundred pounds, six cubic feet, of the stuff, a quarter of a million dollars, had unquestionably departed without leaving a trace of its path.

As has been said, the Assay Office possesses two perfectly serviceable means of exit and ingress—back doors, it is true; but still doors. The structure possesses possibly fifty windows. Whitaker raised a window and peered out. The walls were as sheer as the polished sides of an upright piano. That the intruder might have entered by a window was a childish suggestion, quickly dismissed.

The doors were at all times of day and night guarded by intricate mechanical contrivances, of which no one man knew all the secrets. In addition there were the human guards, with their army six-shooters of the peculiarly businesslike aspect that tempts one to refer to them as guns.

The three officials all tried to say something after a time; but the thing was beyond words so soon after the impact. The secret agent, trained for such occasions, was the first to collect his wits. He began examining the rifled tank. He had not gone far before he began to swear softly to himself. The tank was composed of porcelain in a steel retainer. He pointed to the two rods that ran parallel lengthwise of the empty receptacle. These two rods were covered with a saddle of yellow metal throughout their extent.

Suspended from the rods were hooks roughly cut out of the same sheet of metal. Suspended from the hooks on one rod were some fifty canvas sacks, each the size of a man's sock. They contained crude bullion, from which the plating solution extracted its pure gold. On the other rod, suspended from similar hooks, were yellow plates ten or twelve inches long, varying from one-eighth to an inch thick, covered with a fine incrustation of yellow crystals, clustering together like grains of damp sugar.

"What is all this stuff?" he asked bluntly, turning to his companions who had sprung to his side when he exclaimed. "Is it gold?"

The two men nodded assent. It was solid gold, pure gold—even to the roughly hewn hooks. The very electrical connections were of gold.

"What's it worth?" demanded Whitaker.

"I could tell you in a second from my books ——" began the superintendent.

"Never mind your books! A million?"

The superintendent shook his head. He could not yet grasp details.

"Half a million?"

"Easily!" responded the refiner. "Yes; quite that, I should say."

Whitaker lifted one of the incrusted plates, still wet from the solution in which it had been immersed so short a time before. He swung it on his finger by means of its golden hook.

"Doesn't it strike you as a bit strange," he said, "that a thief with wit enough to make away with six hundred pounds of your precious juice should have left behind half a million dollars in raw gold, lying loose in the middle of a room?"

This was a nut that for the time being resisted cracking. The secret agent said, "Humph!" and fingered his vest pocket for the interdicted cigar, which was not there.

"In emergencies," he said absent-mindedly, "it is justifiable." He turned to Banks and added: "See that no one leaves the building until I return. The first thing to do—it's foolish, but it must be done—is to round up all your employees and bring them here. I suppose all of them knocked off for the day with a clean shower?"

Yes; all the men had passed through the changing room, emerging therefrom after a shower bath, a fresh suit of clothes and an inspection. Such is the daily routine.

Whitaker walked thoughtfully down the ramp to the street and sought out a shop where he might procure fuel for thought—cigars; long, strong and black. Then he felt better. As he turned into Pine Street from Nassau he noted a small boy, of the free tribe of street urchins, holding up one dirty foot and howling with pain.

Whitaker's methodical mind noted that the foot was of a singularly blotched appearance, as though from a burn; but he had weightier things on hand than rescuing small boys in distress. The details of the start of the investigation were soon put through when he reëntered the office. Every employee of the institution was rounded up, though it was ten o'clock before the last startled porter was led protesting before the stern officials and put to the question. The trail was blank.

"It's a blessed thing we have got you with us," said Banks, who had been biting his fingernails since the opening of the drama. "It kind of takes off the curse."

He looked at Whitaker, truly thankful that so broad a pair of shoulders was there to take the burden.

"Humph!" said Whitaker, who was studying the toes of his shoes as though they contained the answer to the riddle. "It is quite evident," he began, "that eight hundred pounds of gold, especially in a fluid state, did not get up and walk off without help. I think," he said, rising, "that before we go further I will take lessons in electrolytic chemistry. We haven't lost much time on this case and we can afford to waste a few minutes getting at fundamentals."

They retired to the seventh floor, the floor of the yawning porcelain tank; and in a short time Whitaker was in possession of the facts. It was a simple system, when all is said and done, this system of refining gold, which had been worked out by the greatest students of the time. The secret agent was put through the elementals of the process of transmuting gold from the alloy by means of the electric current.

"Very clever indeed!" remarked Whitaker. "Also, gentlemen, let me add that it is very clever indeed to lock up gold bars downstairs in safes that cost a fortune, and leave a tankful of the stuff standing in the center of an unprotected room like this."

"But who could come seven stories up in the air and get away with stuff of this bulk?" querulously interjected Hamilton. "The thing is preposterous!"

"The preposterous thing," said Whitaker, with his drawl, "has occurred—apparently under your very noses; and, from the looks of things, the fact that the liquor was steaming hot did not interfere with the plans of the thief in the least. What is that collection of pipes?"

He indicated a nest of black-varnished iron pipes running along the outside of the tank.

"Those are the conduits to carry the electric wires," explained the master refiner.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he exclaimed aloud and leaped into the empty tank, running his fingers with feverish haste over the conduit outlets.

"By Gad! I have got it!" he cried, his voice a high falsetto under stress of his excitement. "Hand me a portable light quick!"

With an electric bulb at the end of a portable cord, he inspected every inch of the tank, more especially the outlet boxes of the electric wires. Four tubes were required to carry the electric current.

There were five! The fifth was empty of wires. So cunningly concealed it lay behind an elbow-joint that only eyes sharpened by an idea born of genius could have detected it. With a cry of triumph, the refiner dashed to the door and down the stone stairs. He was at the panel of the switchboard in the converting room, where the electric current is properly tuned for its task of assaying. There were only four conduits leading from the upper floor—the fifth had lost itself somewhere among the studdings and joists of concrete and steel.

The astonished Whitaker, finding his recently acquired knowledge insufficient to follow the leaping mind of Hamilton, finally seized that individual and cornered him.

"What is it?" he cried.

"It's as plain as the nose on a man's face!" cried Hamilton. "That fifth tube! Good Heavens! man, are you so stupid? That fifth tube could drain that tank of its last

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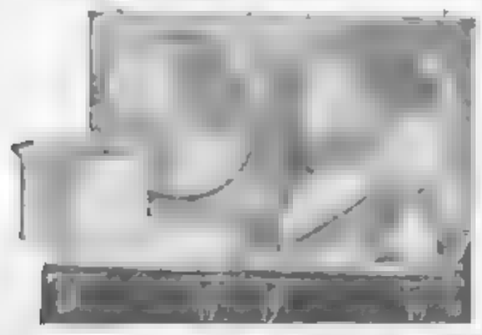

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drop by siphoning it out!" He broke away, cheering. "They have taken our gold out of the tank, but they haven't got it away from the building yet. Find where that fifth tube runs to and there you will find our gold!"

Through the simple means of a siphon their forty gallons of precious liquor could have been removed through an aperture scarcely larger than a pinhole. The dawn was beginning to break. Whitaker's mind, clogged by its abnormal meal of technical details, was beginning to run cleanly again.

"Stop!" cried Whitaker. "I am in charge of this affair. I want you to answer my questions. In the first place," he cried, seizing the refiner by the arm and twisting his hand above his head, "what is the matter with your hands?"

Hamilton's hands, where he had been pawing about in the electrolytic tank, were stained brown, as though from cautery. They were drawn with pain, though in his excitement, up to this moment he had not noticed it.

"Cyanide of potassium!"

"Where did it come from? Quick!"

"Oh, you fool! The tank—the tank, of course. The process—I went all through it with you. The tank contained chloride of gold dissolved in cyanide of potassium!"

"Does it hurt?" inquired Whitaker, with an irritating slowness.

"Hurt! Do you think you can take a bath in red-hot acid and—— Help me trace that extra tube. How the deuce do you suppose that tube ever got there?"

Instantly the picture of a small burned foot came before Whitaker—an inspiration. He held the struggling Hamilton as in a vise.

"If you will sit still three minutes," said Whitaker, his eye gleaming and a forbidden cigar cocked fiercely, "I will guarantee to lead you to the place where your precious gold is—or was; I won't promise which. Or, here—come along with me!" he said as an afterthought; and the pair started for the street on the run.

Whitaker came to a stop on the corner where he had seen the barefooted boy yelling with pain.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to a wet spot on the pavement where a liquid had collected in the ruck about a sewer opening. Hamilton dug his hands in the dirt and sprang up with a cry. In the mud were tiny needles of an orange yellow color.

"There it is! There's our gold!" he cried ecstatically; and then, with a despairing gesture: "In the sewer!"

Whitaker was taking advantage of the refiner's desolation to quiz an interested policeman. Yes; it was a fact that a steel dumpcart and a steel derrick wagon had brushed hubs at this corner about six o'clock, and that the shock had washed as much as a bucketful of mud out of the dumpcart.

Did the policeman happen to have the names of the drivers? He did, because there had ensued quite a flow of language over the accident, but no arrests. The derrick wagon belonged to the Degnon Company; and the dumpcart was one of the wagons of the General Light and Power Company. Whitaker broke into an easy laugh.

Half an hour later the foreman of the stables of the General Company was on the carpet before the fierce cigar. Could he produce Dumpcart Number Thirty-six, to which—Whitaker blew rings about his head—was attached a horse with a slight curb on its nigh hind leg? The horse was driven by a man who wore rubber gloves. Thus the expert thief-catcher.

"Simple as falling off a log!" Whitaker's gesture seemed to say as he put the question to the stable boss. Then he said:

"It all goes to show that the average thief loses in the long run in the battle of wits, because he leaves some apparently inconsequential clew on his trail—some tiny clew that is as broad as a state road to a trained intelligence. If, for instance," he said, forgetting for the moment the man standing before him twirling his hat in his hands—"If, for instance, that mud rat had not played on my one weakness, by blowing the smoke from his infernal cutty into my face, the chances are that he would have given me a long chase."

"The mud rat!" exclaimed the two officials in unison.

The trained intelligence accepted their implied and wondering admiration of his powers of divination with a nod, and turned again to the stable boss.

"Now, my man!" he said, "I want Dumpcart Number Thirty-six, the man who was driving it this afternoon, and the horse here at the gate in fifteen minutes. I will send one of my men with you."

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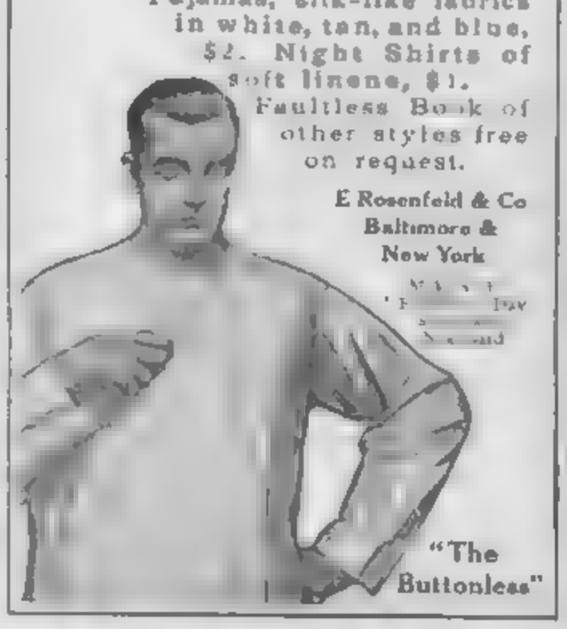

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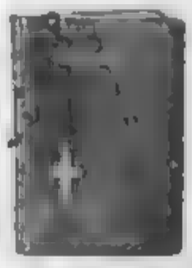

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"If you can tell me where to lay hands on it, sor," said the stable boss, still rotating his hat, "I would be much obliged to you, sor. Dumpcart Thirty-six was stolen from the stables this noon, and we had just sent out a general alarm for it through the police when your man nabbed me."

At this point in the prosecution of the investigation of the looting of the Assay Office of its liquid assets the irresistible force of the trained intelligence in charge met with an immovable post. It never got much farther. The missing wagon was found—abandoned in the Newark meadows—the humane driver having provided the horse liberally with grain and hay before departing.

Curiously enough, the interior of the wagon had been coated with some acid-proof varnish. In the bottom, crystallized by the cold, was a handful of needles of gold, to show that Dumpcart Number Thirty-six was indeed the receptacle in which the thief had carted off forty gallons of gold worth ten cents a drop.

It was a simple matter to trace the mysterious pipe from the gold tank through the junction boxes of the electric system to the electric manhole in the street. Evidences were numerous that this extra conduit had been installed by the far-thinking thief at some time during the period when the building was in process of erection. In the bottom of the manhole were found a few pints of the precious stuff that had been siphoned down through seven floors to the street by the adroit expedient of breaking open a concealed plug.

"I must confess I am not much of a scientist," said Whitaker a week later; "and before we turn the page on this subject I want to find out one thing: Admitting that our dumpcart friend got away with a quarter of a million dollars' worth of gold in the form of mud, what value would it be to him? How could he get the gold out of it?"

An indulgent smile curled Hamilton's lips.

"The process of extracting gold from mud is one of the simplest in chemistry and mechanics. And the joke is," he went on, screwing up the corners of his mouth, "that when that crafty mud rat has manufactured it into bullion again he will probably have the supreme gall of bringing it here and asking us to buy it. The devil of it is that we shall have to buy it too!"

At this remote date the Assay Office officials are still in doubt whether they have repurchased their stolen treasure. It is worth while to say in passing that the surety companies responsible for the men responsible for the treasure of the Government Assay Office are still engaged in suing each other and the various contractors responsible for fitting and inspecting the interior of the new building.

The robbery undoubtedly had been planned and the properties arranged months ahead of time; but, aside from the fact that an expert electrician named Dahlog, who had been employed on the premises at odd times—a man with a pronounced Danish accent—turned up hopelessly missing, the case has not progressed. It promises in time to become as celebrated in court annals as the antique litigation of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce.

Whitaker seldom confessed his failures; but several months later, over cigars in the library of his friend Godahl the exquisite, he related the story—unabridged—of the most remarkable bit of thievery in his experience. It was his secret hope that the acute mind of this celebrated dilettante, who had many times pointed his researches with astounding analyses, might help to the solution. Godahl laughed.

"Let us go below the surface," said Godahl. "Abolish the lure of gold and the world will be born good again. Your mud rat is the apotheosis of the pickpocket. How much better they managed the whole thing ten thousand years ago! To the remote races of the Andes gold was not a vulgar medium of trade and exchange. It was a symbol of kingship—a thing to be possessed only by kings.

"In my small way," said Godahl deprecatingly, with a wave of his fine hands, "I have erected a monument to the Incas in this room. My frieze—have you noticed it? A poor thing! Where I have used grains of gold, they used pounds. But to me it symbolizes the same poetic idea. Will you join me in a fresh cigar? Ah! I beg your pardon! One's physician is a tyrant!"


## "YANKEE" WINS

in the struggle with pesky, little screws. You start the tiny screw by turning with thumb and forefinger on the Knurled Washer (as illustrated), while your hand steadies the tool and holds the screw in place. Then by ratchet movement of the handle the screw is quickly driven home. This Knurled Washer screw-driver is a "blessing" to cabinet makers, electricians, camera men; anyone who has to drive small screws. You beat "tough jobs" every time with:—

**"YANKEE" TOOLS**

*Make Better Mechanics*

Made in four lengths, ¾ of an inch diameter, blade nickel plated, polished handle.

"YANKEE" RATCHET Screw-driver No. 15

2-in. blade 40c 4-in. blade 50c
3-in. blade 45c 5-in. blade 55c

Your dealer can supply you.

*Write for "'Yankee' Tool Book" for mechanics or householders; "'Yankee' Tools on the Garage" for motorists*

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All pens may look alike, but expert inspection and wear show the real qualities. Esterbrook pens stand the test of constant use.

Their reputation extends over half a century. A style for every writer.

*Write for illustrated booklet.*

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
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*Esterbrook Pens*



## If You Are a Boy

and want to earn money drop us a line. Thousands of boys all over the country are doing it now by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman*. You can be among the number.

*Sales Division*
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia

Jeffery

Four $1550

# It is plain now what the public wanted

## A light car of quality—powerful, staunch and fast, yet comfortable—Jeffery built it. We have accomplished in the Jeffery Four and Six what we believe other car designers have overlooked.

Good mechanics know that the day of the big, lumbering car is gone—the great fuel wasting, giant motors and terrific tire expense.

True, the public has bought and used such cars—in fact, two years have passed with slow progress toward economy. Changes have been generally in equipment and body design.

The public wanted lighter and more economical cars. The majority bought low-priced cars—not because they were most comfortable or most satisfactory, but because they were light and economical.

Then came the Jeffery Four and Six, each dominant in its class. Designed alike and representing the latest foreign and American practice.

The leading American and foreign engineers had forecast such cars for 1916, but Jeffery did not wait. No one thought the new and ultimate type would come quite yet—and at such a price.

They counted without the public. They thought the American people demanded bulk, great size and wasted power. They counted without Jeffery, as the history of four eventful weeks will show.

Early in November the Jeffery Four and Six were announced.

Then came the demand. Telegrams from dealers selling other cars; good offers from big organizations willing to place orders for hundreds of cars. Then thousands of inquiries from prospective buyers and a flood of applications from salesmen wanting jobs.

The result? A five million dollar plant running night and day to produce the goods. But there will be no trouble about deliveries. The thousands that want Jeffery cars can get them because a plant like the Jeffery can produce them.

Now, just what did the public want?

They wanted what we have produced in the Jeffery Four. A high speed, light, monobloc motor, 3¾ x 5¼, counted not large in this country where many have been taught to measure horse-power by engine bulk instead of engine speed.

Yet, it is a big fellow when placed side by side with the great majority of the motors shown last month at the Paris show. Fifty-two out of eighty-six cars shown had smaller motors.

The public wanted the latest body—a Rothschild body. Not a streamline body—but a new design—two years in advance of the one frequently seen now in many low-priced cars.

The Lancia brought this design to the Paris show when streamline was popular and it caught the crowd. Rothschild took it to New York and Jeffery introduced it to the American public.

You know the rest. You've heard it talked on the streets—the highest grade car in its class in America.

## The specifications tell the story

U. S. L. starting and lighting, without chains, gears or belts. Imported annular ball bearings. Speed it up to forty miles an hour, shut off your engine and coast half a mile.

Spicer universal joints, combination force feed and splash oiling system; four forward speed transmission—the lightest and easiest to operate.

High grade full floating type rear axle on imported annular ball bearings—a delight to the mechanic. Flexible leather coupling between clutch and transmission.

Vanadium steel in springs, rear axle drive shafts and front axle.

Rayfield carburetor; left drive and center control. Pressure feed gasoline tank; pump operated through cam shaft. Bosch Duplex ignition. Solar lamps with dimmer, operated by four position switch.

The Jeffery Four equipment includes Neverleek top, rain-vision windshield, Stewart-Warner speedometer, ammeter, extra demountable rim, with carrier; electrically lighted dash replete with latest attachments. Klaxet horn and complete tool equipment.

## Do you want the book?

The Jeffery is a car that will delight the mechanic who takes pride in high grade materials and efficient design.

We have a booklet which will interest the mechanic or the layman. It's an unusual story, revealing some facts about motor cars that any mechanic might tell you in confidence.

*Clip the coupon below and get the book*

THE THOMAS B. JEFFERY COMPANY
Kenosha, Wis.

I want that book which you call "The Mechanic's Ideal Car."

Name

Street

City

The Jeffery Six weighs 3700 pounds, with full equipment, motor 3¾ x 5¼, 48 horse power, Bosch Duplex ignition; wheel base 128 inches; wheels 36 x 4½ and on enclosed cars 37 x 5. Rayfield carburetor; Warner autometer, ammeter, engine driven power tire pump, Rothschild body and full floating rear axle.

Five passenger touring, or two passenger Roadster, $2250. Six passenger, $2300. Sedan five passenger, $3250. Limousine, $3700.

**If it's in the Jeffery**
**It's High Grade**

The Jeffery Four. From nothing to forty miles in twenty seconds.

# The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin

# Studebaker "SIX"

ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED
ELECTRICALLY STARTED
SEVEN-PASSENGER

## Adds New Distinction to A Grand Old Name

At a price lower than the price of any other "Six" in the world—a seven-passenger Studebaker "SIX" of surpassing beauty and smoothness—embodying more than six thousand minute and accurate manufacturing operations.

The demand for this car is tremendous. Our advice is to see your Studebaker dealer at once.

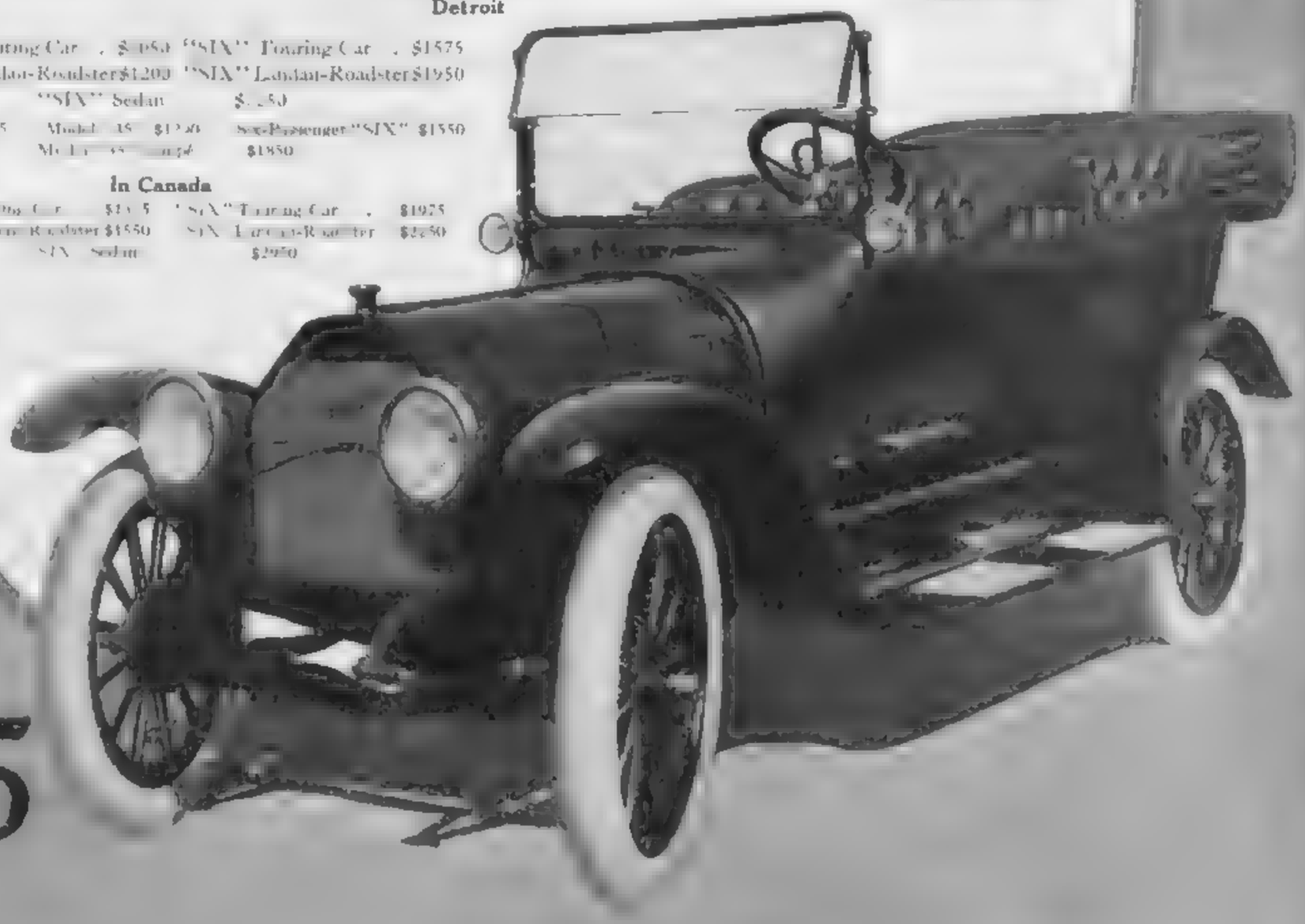
**Studebaker**
**Detroit**

Canadian Office,
Walkerville, Ont.

"FOUR" Touring Car . $1050 "SIX" Touring Car . $1575
"FOUR" Landau-Roadster $1200 "SIX" Landau-Roadster $1950
"SIX" Sedan $2250
Model 35 $885 Model 48 $1250 Six-Passenger "SIX" $1550
Model 48 Landau $1850

**In Canada**

"FOUR" Touring Car $1475 "SIX" Touring Car . $1975
"FOUR" Landau-Roadster $1550 "SIX" Landau-Roadster $2450
"SIX" Sedan $2950



$1575

Buy it because it's a Studebaker

*Sold only in UNITED CIGAR STORES all over the U. S., or by mail at same price, postage prepaid.*

**HIGHEST QUALITY HAVANA CIGARS**

In over 800 UNITED CIGAR STORES in 179 cities of the U. S. the HAVANA-AMERICAN brand of cigars rules in sales of Clear Havanas.

In the Universal size (10 cts. each, or by the box of 50, $5.00) this cigar has established itself as the greatest Clear Havana at 10 cents in the world.

The HAVANA-AMERICAN will automatically come under the regulation of the Tariff Law which puts the Government's long-sought guarantee on genuineness.

No tobacco other than the best grown in Cuba was ever used in the Havana-American factory in Tampa. *That factory anticipated the new law.*

Workmanship the same as produces the celebrated brands of Imported cigars.

Money refunded if the cigars are not satisfactory. *The smoker decides.*

If not within reach of a UNITED CIGAR STORE send a mail order with remittance to UNITED CIGAR STORES, (M. O. S.) Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. City. Catalogue free.

UNITED CIGAR STORES


## THE MAN BEHIND THE TICKET

(Continued from Page 15)

a smart, swarthy little man walked into his office and bought four tickets to New York. The agent was overjoyed. He talked for a moment with the customer.

The customer was going much farther than New York with his family. The customer was going overseas by a big transatlantic carrier. The agent looked up the sailing date of that ship—a bare thirty-six hours distant. Then his brow clouded. He knew something of the operating situation on the road's main line just at that time. For a moment he struggled with a tremendous temptation. Then he opened his cash drawer and began counting out the exact sum that the patron had given him.

"You had better give me back those tickets and take the P—— or the L—— X——," he said. "Our line's been getting some delays lately. I would not want to have you reach New York just in time to see your boat going down the harbor."

The exchange was made; the man thanked the agent and walked out. The representative of the railroad picked up his hat and left his office. He wanted to cool off in the fresh air. He had done an altruistic thing—also a perfectly fool thing, he concluded. He had played Good Samaritan to an absolute stranger whom he would never see again and had lost about $73 of good money in a dull season.

But he did see the man again. The man was starting a factory in the Ohio town—a factory that waxed wonderfully prosperous. He came to the agent time and time again, not only for tickets, but to route his freight as well. The agent in this case was a passenger man. He answered entirely to the passenger department. But the shipper, who pays freight bills of something more than $100,000 to the road almost because of that very episode, sees to it that the road knows the reason why. And some day that particular agent is going to cease to be the man behind the ticket and is going to take a bigger job at headquarters. They need men of that sort there. Longheadedness pays quite as well at a roll-top desk as behind a shiny-topped counter.

### *Unwritten Laws of Battling Lines*

Here is another case of rival station agents, this time a considerable distance west of Chicago. Up into the wonderful granary states to the northwest of that great commerce hub two considerable railroads not only thrust themselves, but lace and interlace their lines until there is hardly a county or an important town reached by the one that the other does not also reach. These two railroads have splendid reputations. Their passenger trains have a fame that is more than national. And it is difficult to say that, as a whole, the service of one excels that of the other. When one adds a fine new train the other does likewise, placing a train of similar speed, equipment and position upon the timetable.

That is one absurdity of a situation that almost invariably arises in this country between railroads that are not only supposedly but actually competitive. Between Chicago and the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis are six competing railroads, at least three of them the equals of any overland carriers the world over. Yet their timetables are wonderfully similar, and in the case of the bigger three their through trains arrive and depart almost simultaneously.

A similar situation prevails in the passenger service from St. Louis to Chicago. In other words, twelve elaborate and expensive trains are run in a service which, as far as the comfort and facility of the average traveler is concerned, might easily be performed by a single well-managed railroad running three through trains each day. Competition between the big railroads, with the rate-slashing and rebating especially prohibited by Congress, might be thought to result in a sharp service battle. It does not. It is expensive to slash, and so it is that the big rivals, in territory that is more than comfortably supplied with railroads, get together and tacitly agree upon minimum running times and schedules. And woe betide the railroader who is rash enough to try to run athwart of these unwritten laws of American transportation!

In days when rate competition is dead and service competition practically so it seems to have become a question of man

Safety
with the Hansen Hand-Protection

The combination of perfect protection with easy wear, adaptability and style—has made Hansen's Gloves and Mittens famous for motoring and driving—for men in every line of work or sport.

There are 500 styles—each a perfect example of *specialized construction.*

Hansen's Gloves

Materials the finest possible, in weights from strongest horsehide for the heavy trades, to the delicate softness for dressy wear. Can be cleaned readily with gasoline, and wetting cannot stiffen the leather. Write for the free book describing the Hansen line for railroad men, mechanics, doctors, hunters—everybody.

For Traveling and General Wear

When your glove must combine strength with *good looks*, nothing equals this Dan Patch Buckskin Glove, unlined or with mercerized lining. Correct fit, velvet softness and rawhide wear.

If your dealer is not supplied, let us send you full information where to buy.

O. C. Hansen Mfg. Co.
100 Detroit St. Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.00 DOWN

Play Billiards at Home

The expense is scarcely noticeable. You will be surprised to find how easily you can own a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

You can play on it while you are paying for it. The prices are from $15 up—on easy terms of $1 or more down, and a small amount each month. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Balls, cues, etc., free.

No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining room or library table, or mounted on its own legs or folding stand, and quickly put aside when not in use. Burrowes Tables are used by experts for home practice. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost accuracy.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on

E. T. BURROWES CO., 809 Center Street, Portland, Me.
Please send catalog of Billiard Table offers.

Name _____

Address _____

*Light on Dark Places For Ford Car Owners*

No more groping in the dark, guessing the distance and taking chances on time or speed.

No more looking for trouble making repairs by [illegible] or setting fire to your Auto—straining your eyes, wearing your nerves, or wrecking your temper when you have

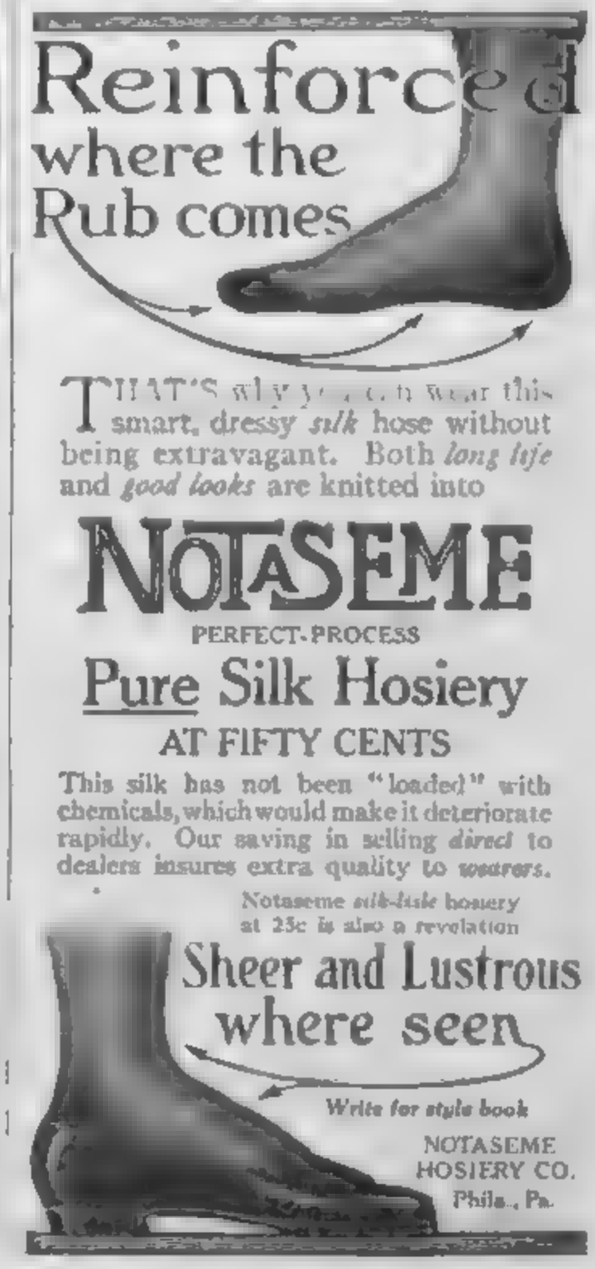
THE DeLITE
Combination Dash and Trouble Lamp

Converted in a minute from a dash light into an [illegible] combination dash and trouble lamp on the market. Elegantly fashioned, made of the best material, ornamental as well as useful.

Sent postage prepaid [illegible]

FRANKLIN SPECIALTY COMPANY
Worcester, Mass.
P O Box 466

Reinforced where the Rub comes



THAT'S why you can wear this smart, dressy *silk* hose without being extravagant. Both *long life* and *good looks* are knitted into

NOTASEME
PERFECT-PROCESS
Pure Silk Hosiery
AT FIFTY CENTS

This silk has not been "loaded" with chemicals, which would make it deteriorate rapidly. Our saving in selling *direct* to dealers insures extra quality to *wearers.*

Notaseme *silk-lisle* hosiery at 25c is also a revelation

Sheer and Lustrous where seen

*Write for style book*

NOTASEME HOSIERY CO.
Phila., Pa.

## Remarkable Strength in One Sheet of
# Scotch Linen Ledger

THE men here shown weigh together 669 pounds. The apparatus weighs 75 pounds. In sustaining this weight, a one-ton block chain pulley was used. This experiment was made in the presence of a crowd of about fifty. They wanted to see if it was real paper, so afterwards tore the sheet in pieces for souvenirs.

Sustaining 744 Pounds

BESIDES its wonderful strength and a body that resists wear, Scotch Linen Ledger has a perfect surface that makes its use a pleasure.

Scotch Linen Ledger has the same writing and erasing qualities on both sides of the sheet. After erasing, the paper takes the ink without blurring.

The character of Scotch Linen Ledger is woven into it and you can study its formation by holding it to the light. It is made to stand the most severe test to which a business paper can be put. For Flat Opening Books of Scotch Linen Ledger we supply without cost our unexcelled hinge. There is none better. Your printer or stationer will be glad to furnish you with Scotch Linen Ledger in your books and office stationery if you specify it.

PARSONS HOLYOKE, U.S.A.

*You Cannot Get More Value*

**PARSONS PAPER COMPANY, Holyoke, U. S. A.**

*Makers of Scotch Linen Ledger, Defendum Linen Ledger, Parsons Bond, Old Hampden Bond, Mercantile Bond, London Bond, Parsons Linen, Parchment Bristol. These papers are standard in their respective grades.*



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Erickson Leg

Arms, Braces, Wheel Chairs, Crutches, Stockings.

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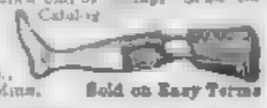
Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump. Send for Catalog



Sold on Easy Terms



MORTGAGES ARE AS RARE AS PLUG HATS AND WRIST WATCHES in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. For this is the land of $5,000,000 apple crops—one county alone shipped more apples last year than the whole state of Oregon; this is the land of big yields of corn and wheat and alfalfa. It is the land, too, that welcomes the newcomer and sells him orchard ground at prices within his means. An orchardist in the Pacific Northwest sold his holdings there for $2000 an acre and became a Virginian for $100 an acre. Big estates are being cut up and there's a chance for you if you want it after reading Along the Shenandoah Valley Pike, in next week's issue of *The Country Gentleman*.

THE OLD FARM HAD LOST EVEN ITS LAST LEGS when a business man from the city took hold of it. His only assets consisted of a small amount of capital and unbounded belief in farm-management principles. The neighbors felt sorry for him, but he went ahead and today he's making more money than any of them. How? He made the old farm new. The story of his and other Old Farms Made New is in next week's issue of *The Country Gentleman*.

The weekly that is taking farming out of the rut of hard work and small profit and putting it on the plane of Big Business is *The Country Gentleman*. Five cents the Copy of all newsdealers; $1.50 the year by mail.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania


competition. Courtesy becomes a commercial asset of railroads in such positions—and courtesy does not begin or end with the men upon the passenger trains. Courtesy begins with the man behind the ticket: the knowing, wise and accommodating fellow who begins the transaction for the railroad. The big traffic men have long since realized this, and competition long since began to eliminate the surly ticket clerk wherever it could find him. It was only this past summer that a splendid Eastern road, which prides itself upon its cleanliness and the excellence of its service, lost a valuable patron because of the midsummer untidiness of its representative in a big Western city.

It is not in the big cities alone, with their maze of branch offices, that the railroad draws its revenue. In the big and little towns, even in very little towns, with richly productive acres round about them and big farmhouses equipped with touring cars and folk of luxurious tastes, lie traffic fields that must not be neglected. And so, up in this northwestern territory we are considering, the two station agents of the most bitter competitive rivals in any single town should, all other things being also equal, divide the traffic about evenly. Of course their ranking officers will argue otherwise. If you heard them both you would think that the roads should divide so that each agent would get about eighty per cent—and then go gunning for another twenty. But even Wall Street mathematics cannot quite accomplish such a feat.

### *Going Browning One Better*

In most cases they do divide evenly. And when there is an exception to the rule there is generally a new station agent sooner or later—generally sooner. In Buttonville there came a new agent some two years ago. Call him Peterson—it will do. Peterson was one of a succession of new agents, some of whom barely had opportunity to measure the charms of Buttonville before they were moved on again. For the competitive road—the big Z—— system—had in Browning a regular Blinks. He had all of Blinks' capabilities and then a few more. And he was a native son, in addition to belonging to every lodge in the county and being a charter member of the local commercial club. Buttonville had a down-East favoritism for its home-grown product.

Within thirty days Peterson realized that. He was courteous and people liked both him and his road; but they bought their tickets of Browning and sent their freight over Browning's road, which could offer not one whit better service than Peterson's. Peterson saw quickly why the tenure of office at Buttonville had been short in recent years. His predecessor had lasted just ninety days. He wondered if he himself would last that long. The pressure from headquarters for results grew more intense all the while.

Then Peterson had an inspiration. He also had a sixteen-year-old son and the sixteen-year-old son had a printing press. Peterson brought all these into what the financial world loves to call a working combination. This particular working combination sent down to the road's advertising department and secured a large package of printed matter. A week later and Buttonville awoke to a new sensation.

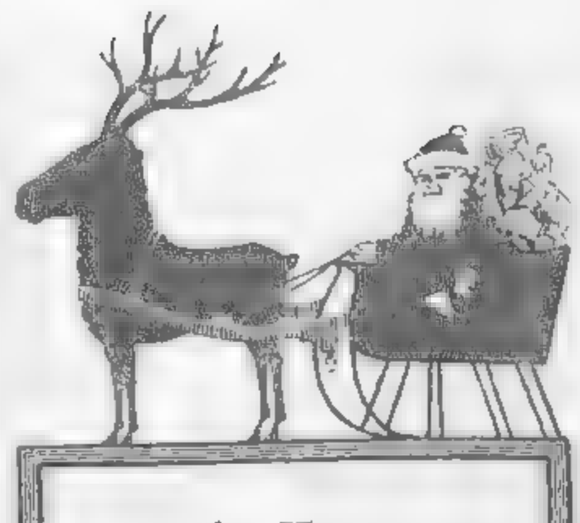
Emil Johnson's case was typical. Emil Johnson runs a grocery store over on the west side of Buttonville, just beyond the power house and the gas works. It is a small store, perhaps, but not to Emil Johnson. Emil Johnson in his own eyes is a bigger merchant than Marshall Field ever was. Give him capital and he is sure that he would be a tuanty a bigger man. His faith in himself is infinite.

Imagine Emil Johnson's pride at receiving from one of the roads from its Chicago headquarters a small file of its more important schedules and printed matter, each piece printed—not typewritten or rubber-stamped, but really printed—and reading:

FILE COPY FOR PERSONAL USE OF
MR. EMIL JOHNSON
308 WEST MENOMINEE STREET
BUTTONVILLE, WISCONSIN

"I guess the X—— thinks a good deal of my business," says Emil, as he decides that his next trip to Chicago will be over the X—— lines, and he shows the printed schedules to his wife and daughter as evidence of his standing in the community.

All over Buttonville individually printed timetables were being admired, shown

The Traces of Xmas

are visible everywhere. Make Him happy with the garter that wears best. It's a

Brighton

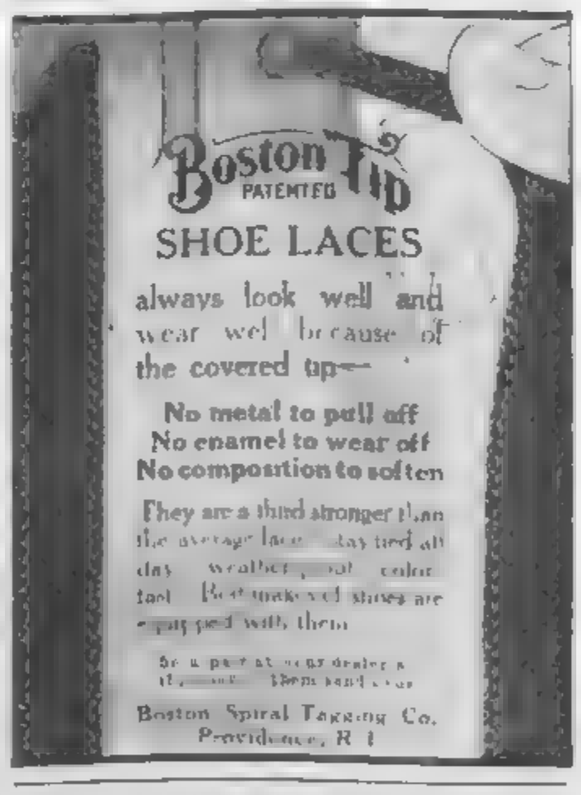
Pad with rubber button

25c and 50c

At all the good shops in fine Holiday Boxes

Pioneer Suspender Co.
Philadelphia




Boston Tip
PATENTED
SHOE LACES
always look well and wear well because of the covered tip—
No metal to pull off
No enamel to wear off
No composition to soften
They are a third stronger than the average lace
Boston Spiral Lacing Co.
Providence, R. I.



*RIDER AGENTS WANTED*

Write for our latest special offer
1914 Models $10 to $27
1912 and 1913 Models $7 to $12
100 Second Hand Wheels
All makes and models, $3 to $8
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We Ship on Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
TIRES, coaster-brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs at half usual prices. DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogue and offer. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. G-85 Chicago, Ill.

Money Saved OR MADE Print Your Own Cards,

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.



PLAYS for amateurs, Monologs, Recitations, [illegible] Sketches, Ideas for all kinds of entertainments. Send for free catalog
DRAMATIC PUB. CO., 542 South Dearborn St., Chicago

**Scientists will tell You of the value of Hot Water**

as a beverage—how it stimulates and refreshes.

In bouillon, made by dropping an Armour Bouillon Cube into a cup of hot water, you have all the benefits of hot water, plus the delicious, palatable flavor of beef (or chicken), garden vegetables and the proper seasoning.

Grocers and Druggists Everywhere

For Free Samples, Address Dept. 523 Armour and Company, Chicago

Armour's Bouillon Cubes


about and then carefully packed away; for Peterson had guessed shrewdly that no man will ever throw away anything in which his own name is printed. The self-respect of the town of Buttonville rose fifty per cent that morning, and all because of Peterson, Peterson's boy and Peterson's boy's printing press. But Peterson did not keep his job. They moved him on again. Buttonville was too small a place for Peterson; there was a job for him at headquarters. The X—— also believes that there is room for longheadedness at roll-top desks.

But the officials at headquarters did not always show so much appreciation of progressive ideas. Blinks can remember the fearful lecture he got from the old superintendent of his division within a month after he was made station agent at Briar Hill. They had celebrated the centennial of the fine old town; there had been a gay night parade in which all the merchants of the village were represented. Some of them had sent elaborate floats into the line of march, but Blinks had been content to have his two boys march, carrying transparencies that did honor to the traffic facilities of the Great Midland. The transparencies had cost $6.75, and Blinks had the temerity to send the bill for them on to headquarters. If he had stolen a train and given all his friends a free ride upon it he could hardly have caught worse censure.

But Blinks' road has begun to see a great light. It has begun to realize that Blinks and his fellows are the tentacles by which it is in contact with its territory. As the traffic steadily grows heavier, the road has relieved him of the routine of telegraphic train orders by establishing a block tower up the line at the top of the hill, where regular operators make a sole business of the management of the trains and so widen the margin of safety upon that division. It has appointed supervising agents—men of long experience in depot work, men who are appointed to give help rather than criticism—who go up and down its lines giving Blinks and his fellows the benefits of practical suggestions.

### *The Agent Comes Into His Own*

It has done more than these things. Today it would not censure him for spending $6.75 out of his cash drawers for giving it a representation on a local fête day. It would urge him to spend a few more dollars and make a really good showing. It is giving him a little more help in the office and insisting that he mix more with the citizens of the town. It will pay his dues in the Chamber of Commerce and in one or two of the local clubs—providing the dues are not too high. For in that sort of thing the road is still feeling its way.

We think that it is moving in the right direction. It has long maintained an expensive staff of traveling solicitors for both freight and passenger traffic, expensive not so much in the matter of salaries as in their hotel and food bills. It has ignored the possibilities of Blinks and his fellows, long-established tentacles in the smaller towns. Now all this is changing.

Out in the Middle West they are trying still another experiment. Several roads have begun letting their local agents pay small and obvious transit claims right out of their cash drawers, instead of putting them through the devious and time-taking routine of the claim departments. Under the new plan the agent first pays the claim—if it does not exceed $25 or thereabouts—and the claim department checks up the papers. There may be cases where the road loses by such methods, but this loss is hardly to be compared with the value of friends it gains. An express company has adopted the plan; three or four railroads are giving it increasing use. The idea is bound to spread and grow. And not the least of its good effects will be the increased self-respect of the agents themselves. The trust that the road places in them gives them new trust in themselves.

Blinks has a little way of talking about courtesy, which in effect goes something after the same fashion. He generally gives the little talk when a new man comes upon his small staff.

"The best exercise for the human body," he tells the man, "is the exercise of courtesy. For it not only reflects upon the man who is its recipient, but in unseen fashion upon the man who gives it."

After all, railroading is not so much engineering, not so much discipline, not so much organization, as it is the understanding of men.

**Make this Xmas Her Happiest**

**Surprise Her with a Gift that Carries the Christmas Spirit into Every Day of the Year**

Think of the long, tedious hours your wife, mother or sister spends in sweeping—brushing—dusting. Put yourself in her place. Consider the pleasure your gift of a light, compact, inexpensive Frantz Premier will bring.

It will free her from those nerve-racking, endless hours of daily cleaning. When you get home at night you'll find her as fresh and light-hearted as when you left in the morning. Every room in the house will be bright and clean. With the Frantz Premier she can do her day's cleaning in a single hour after breakfast. She will have no further use for dust-scattering brooms, dust pans, brushes and dusters. Her furniture, draperies and wall-paper will last twice as long. Her floor-coverings will never need beating. They will always have that brand-new appearance. She will have no tiresome "house-cleaning times" to contend with. Her house will always be clean—always ready for unexpected callers. The Frantz Premier can be carried anywhere—in one hand. Won't fatigue a child. Home demonstrations free. Write for dealer's name and "9-A. M." booklet.

Self-Adjusting Air Driven Brush

*Exclusively Frantz Premier. Gets lint, ravelings, cotton, matches, etc. Won't injure rug. Raises and lowers automatically.*

**THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER CO.**
**1121 Power Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio**

Canadian Headquarters: Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., 21 Richmond St., West, Toronto, Ontario.

*Dealers Wanted in Unassigned Territory*

$30 *Weighs but nine pounds*

**Frantz Premier**
*Electric Suction Cleaner*

**AGENTS** A BRAND NEW LIGHTER

Novel watch-shaped Lighter. Operated with one hand; gives an instantaneous light every time. No electricity, no battery, no wires, non-explosive; does away with matches. Lights your pipe, cigar, gas jet, etc. Dandy thing for the end of your chain. Tremendous seller. Write quick for wholesale terms and prices.

A. Brandt Lighter Co., 148 Duane St., N.Y.

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Department 169, Springfield, Mass.

**HELP BOOST! PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION**

WEAR ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL SAN FRANCISCO 1915 WATCH FOBS. SEND $5.1 TO E. M. JAGGER, 130 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. AND RECEIVE ONE BY RETURN MAIL.

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White's Weather Prophet forecasts the weather 8 to 24 hours in advance. Not a toy but a scientifically constructed instrument working automatically, made doubly interesting by the little figures of Hansel and Gretel and the Witch, who come in and out to tell you what the weather will be. Handsome, reliable and everlasting.

**An Ideal Xmas Gift** Size 6½ by 7½; fully guaranteed. Sent prepaid to any address in the U. S. or Canada for **$1.00**

DAVID WHITE, Dept. S, 419 East Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

**Snug Comfort for Tired Feet**

in **Parker's Arctic Socks**

Reg. in U. S. Pat. Off.

Soft, restful footwear for bedchamber, bath and sickroom. Easier than stiff-sole slippers. Worn in Rubber Boots. Absorb perspiration. Made of knitted fabric lined with soft white wool fleece. Washable, unshrinkable. Sold in all sizes by dealers or sent postpaid for 25c a pair. Catalog free. *Look for Parker's name in every pair.*

J. H. PARKER CO., Dept. F, 25 James St., MALDEN, MASS.

**Handsome Holiday Gift Box "ANGELUS" The California Candied Fruit** Special Price! **$1.25** Pound Sent Prepaid

A new confection with a real food value. 1, 2, 3-lb. boxes—net weight. Specially selected, full-flavored, sun-ripened California oranges, figs, apricots, cherries, pears, plums, Hawaiian pineapple, assorted in beautiful burnt wood box decorated with California scenes. Better than candy. Absolutely pure. Send P. O. or Express order today! Money back if not satisfied. Reference, any Los Angeles Bank.

Send 25c for prepaid sample of California Cactus Candy.

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Opens Perfectly Flat. Contains 50 leaves 8 x 10. Will hold from 100 to 200 unmounted Photos.

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The Real **Duluth Mackinaw**

A most useful gift for man, woman or child. By Parcel Post direct to the wearer. The old-time woodman's jacket fashioned for gentlefolk—model 1913-14. *Write for catalog and sample of cloth.*

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This booklet, of vital interest to parents, will be mailed you free of charge. It summarizes our fourteen years' experience with boys. Address

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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

"GOODFELLOWS!"

*Some of us with too much and some of us with too little. Some jobless and hopeless. Some toyless and not at all understanding why they should be.*

*Goodfellows distribute and equalize the world's happiness. Sometimes you'll find a whole family of Goodfellows, all sizes and both sexes—as in this tableau of Christmas cheer—in "the Car of the American Family."*

**"32" Touring Car or Roadster**

**$1050 f. o. b. Detroit**

*In Canada, $1250 f. o. b. Windsor factory.*

EQUIPMENT—Electric horn; rain vision, ventilating windshield; mohair top with envelope; inside quick adjustable curtains; speedometer; cocoa mat in tonneau; gas headlights; oil lamps; trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Touring Car or Two-passenger Roadster with two-unit electric generator and starter; electric lights; oversize tires, 33 x 4 inches; demountable rims, extra rim and tire carrier at rear. $1200 f. o. b. Detroit.

*In Canada, $1380 f. o. b. Windsor factory.*

# Hupmobile

Like the spirit of Christmas, the Hupmobile brotherhood encircles the globe.

In Europe, in South Africa, in Australia and the Philippines—there also the Hupmobile has become a family-institution; there it occupies the same high place in public regard as here in America.

You need nothing more to confirm this than the fact that our European and other foreign demand will not be satisfied with less than half of the 1914 output; and that the South African market alone stands ready to absorb $1,000,000 worth of Hupmobiles this year.

And why shouldn't this be so?

To your neighbors across the seas, the Hupmobile has shown itself a car of superior economy and superior ability to meet their needs.

Their experience differs in no wise from yours—they speak and hear nothing but good about the Hupmobile.

**Hupp Motor Car Company, 1229 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**

Canadian Plant, Windsor, Ontario

Last August the Hupp Motor Car Company closed the biggest year in its history.

Competent authorities rank it as one of the six greatest successes of 1913.

We have received deposits from our dealers on 20,000 Hupmobiles for the season of 1914.

Since September 1st, orders for immediate shipment have broken all previous records, so much so, that our winter production, ordinarily at low water mark because of lighter demand, now amounts to the pro rata daily output for the entire year; and still falls far short of filling our orders.

These conditions indicate two things:

First: That our belief that the Hupmobile is the best car in its class in the world has been indorsed in an extraordinary and emphatic way. We have never in any one season built enough Hupmobiles to fill the demand.

Second: That 1914 will differ from previous years in this respect only—that it will push our production facilities to a greater extent than ever to satisfy the growing army of Hupmobile believers.

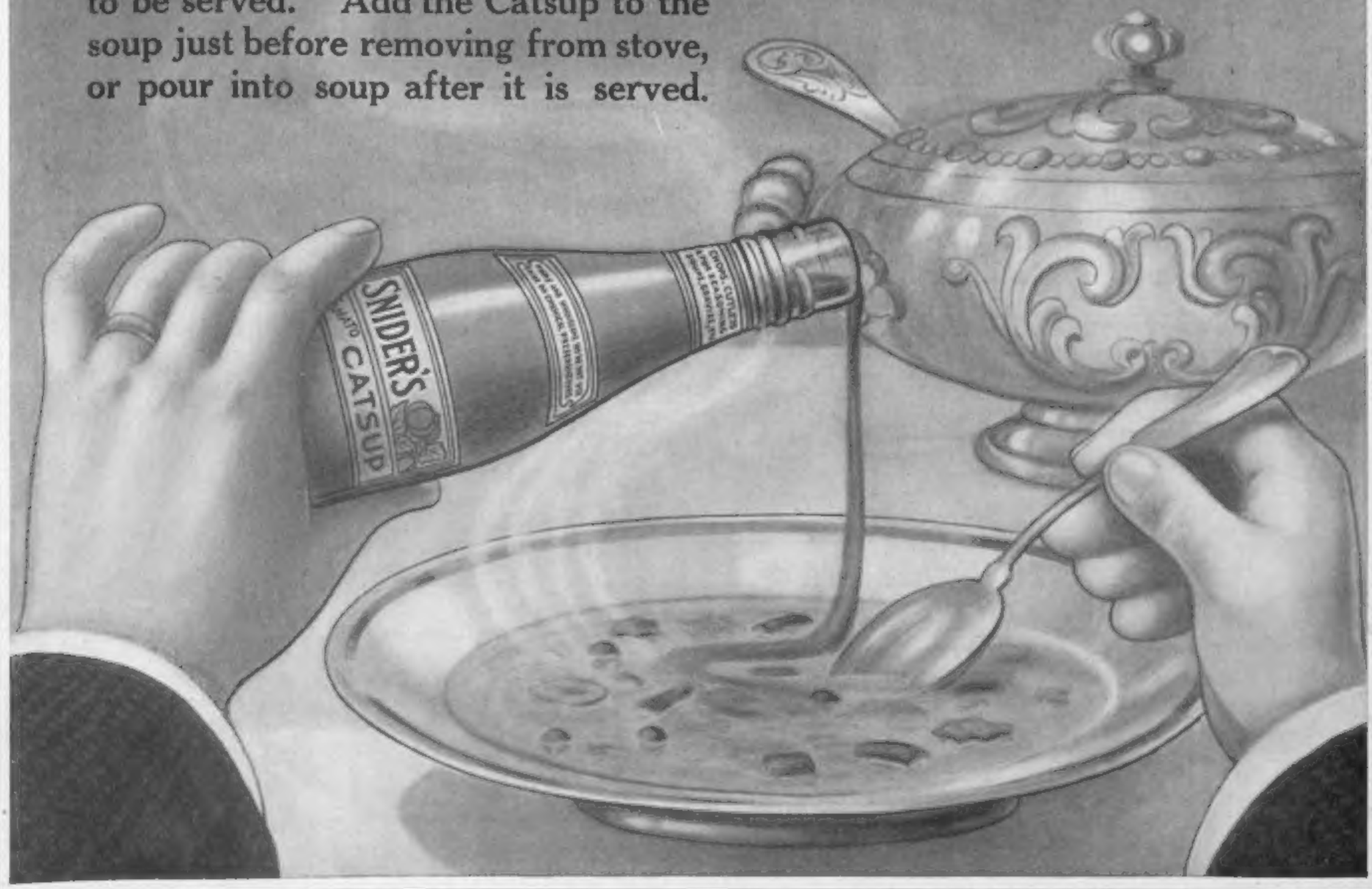
# The car of The American Family

# SNIDER'S CATSUP

Is a superior table condiment. It is delicious, wholesome and pleasing to the taste. We have thousands of customers who have used our Catsup exclusively for a quarter of a century. They are still our customers and are loud in their praise of its merits.

FOR USE IN SOUPS:

One to one and one-half tablespoons of Snider's Catsup for each person to be served. Add the Catsup to the soup just before removing from stove, or pour into soup after it is served.



# These great artists come to your home Christmas with the Victrola

You can search the whole world over and not find another gift that will bring so much pleasure to every member of the family.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victrola.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $500. The instrument in illustration is the Victrola XVI — mahogany (or oak)—$200.

**Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.**

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors